

THE NEW SCIENCE OF SUCCESS

the Atlantic

DECEMBER 2009 THEATLANTIC.COM

DID CHRISTIANITY CAUSE THE CRASH?

**HOW PREACHERS
ARE SPREADING A
GOSPEL OF DEBT
BY HANNA ROSIN**

FORECLOSURE

**FOR
SALE**

**PLUS:
THE CASH-ONLY RELIGION
BY MEGAN McARDLE**

**The Best
Books
of 2009**

BY BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

**Einstein's
Jewish
Problem**

BY WALTER ISAACSON

**Mexico's
Disastrous
Drug War**

BY PHILIP CAPUTO

CLEANER. FASTER.

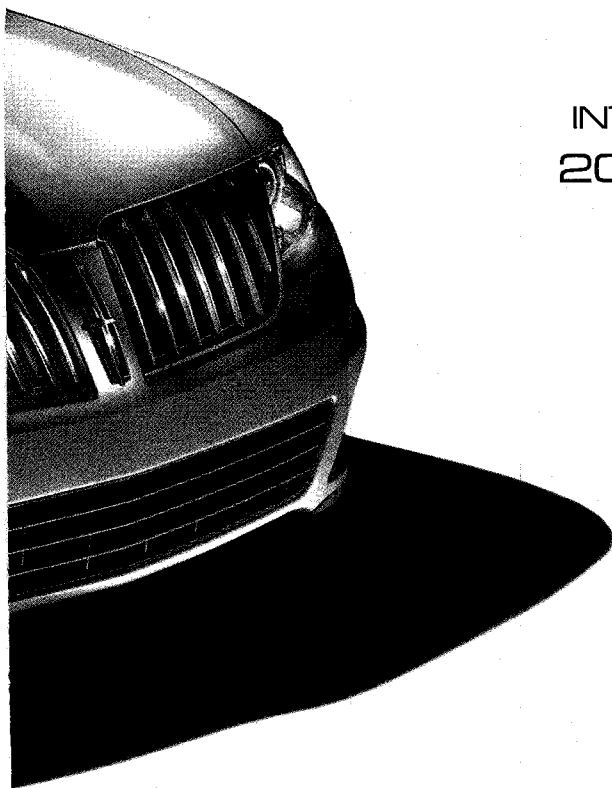


LINCOLN
REACH HIGHER

LINCOLN.COM

IER. SMARTER.

355 hp EcoBoost™ V6, with new twin-turbo direct-injection technology, delivers 30% more hp, less CO₂ emissions, and higher fuel efficiency than MKS AWD 3.7L V6.*



INTRODUCING THE NEW
2010 LINCOLN MKS
with available



*Horsepower achieved with premium fuel. Faster than MKS AWD 3.7L V6 based on 0-60 mph times.
EPA-estimated 17 city/25 hwy mpg, EcoBoost™ AWD. Optional features shown.

➤ Every dollar invested in energy efficiency today could return two dollars in energy savings.

Energy efficiency doesn't just reduce carbon emissions, it also yields remarkable economic gains. A recent report by McKinsey & Company concludes that investments in U.S. energy efficiency of \$520 billion in the next 10 years would generate energy savings of \$1.2 trillion.*

At Chevron, we've focused on energy efficiency for decades. Since 1992, we've improved the energy efficiency of our own global operations by 28%. And with Chevron Energy Solutions we help other businesses and governments do the same – from Colorado where we're upgrading municipal buildings to reduce energy costs by 25% to 30% – to Pennsylvania where we're helping schools reduce their energy bills by more than a million dollars a year.

Over the last 25 years, America has made enormous strides in energy efficiency. Today, we can accelerate the pace of improvement by resolving to use energy more wisely.

This is the power of Human Energy.

chevron.com

*McKinsey & Company's report examined greater efficiency in the stationary uses of energy in the U.S. only. All data from this report are expressed in net-present-value terms.

CHEVRON, the CHEVRON HALLMARK, and HUMAN ENERGY are registered trademarks of Chevron Intellectual Property LLC.
© 2009 Chevron Corporation. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





THE RED. THE WHITE. AND THE BLUE.

USA TO EUROPE
FIRST AND BUSINESS CLASS WINE LIST:
Seven Sisters "Vivian" Sauvignon Blanc
Pascal Bouchard Chablis Vieilles Vignes
Joseph Drouhin Rully
Feudi di San Gregorio Falanghina
Groom Adelaide Hills Sauvignon Blanc
Riff Pinot Grigio
Landmark Overlook Chardonnay
Willm Riesling
Conde de Valdemar Blanco Fermentado en
Barrica
Montes Classic Series Chardonnay
Val di Suga Brunello di Montalcino Sangiovese
Colonial Estate Explorateur Old Vine Shiraz
Cyan Prestigio Toro
Steel Creek Pinot Noir
Chateau Batailley Grand Cru Classe
Kaiken Malbec
Fontanafredda Briccotondo Barbera
One World Pinotage
Santa Rita Medalla Real Cabernet Sauvignon
Arrowood Sonoma County Merlot
Graham's Tawny Port
Pommery Champagne



We know why you fly **AmericanAirlines®**

AA.com

Wine selections may vary by flight and by cabin. AmericanAirlines, AA.com and We know why you fly are marks of American Airlines, Inc. oneworld is a mark of the oneworld Alliance, LLC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS

10...LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GALLERY

48...An Outline
of Psychoanalysis
By Stephen Doyle

69...SOCAR Oil
Fields #3, Baku,
Azerbaijan, 2006
By Edward Burtynsky

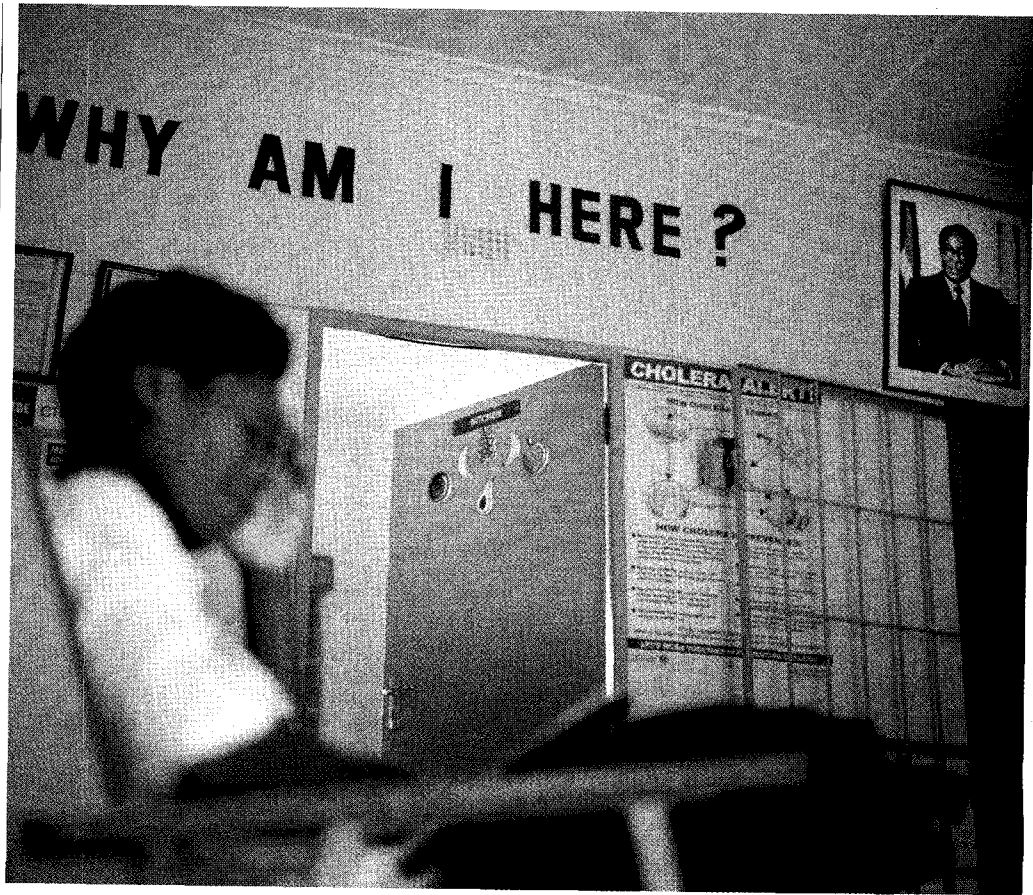
82...The New New
Advertising
By Yuko Shimizu

POETRY

74...Fern Glade
By Robert Morgan

112...WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Vegetarian extermination,
and other advice
By Jeffrey Goldberg



Education woes plague Zimbabwe, where 20,000 teachers have fled the country, page 23.

Dispatches

BORDERS

19...The Tijuana of the Caspian

In Astara, on the Iran-Azerbaijan
border, everything's for sale: sex,
booze, tattoos—and maybe some
revolutionary fervor.

By Peter Savodnik

SPORT

20...Ground War

Army's best option for finally
beating Navy

By Paul Wachter

POLITICS

23...Frenemies of State

Fear and loathing in Zimbabwe's
shaky unity government

By Joshua Hammer

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

24...The Great Guinea Hen Massacre

Good intentions collide with dumb
birds on a small farm in Pennsylvania.

By Mark Bowden

TRAVEL

26...A Winter's Tale

Squaw Valley celebrates
its Olympics, 50 years later.

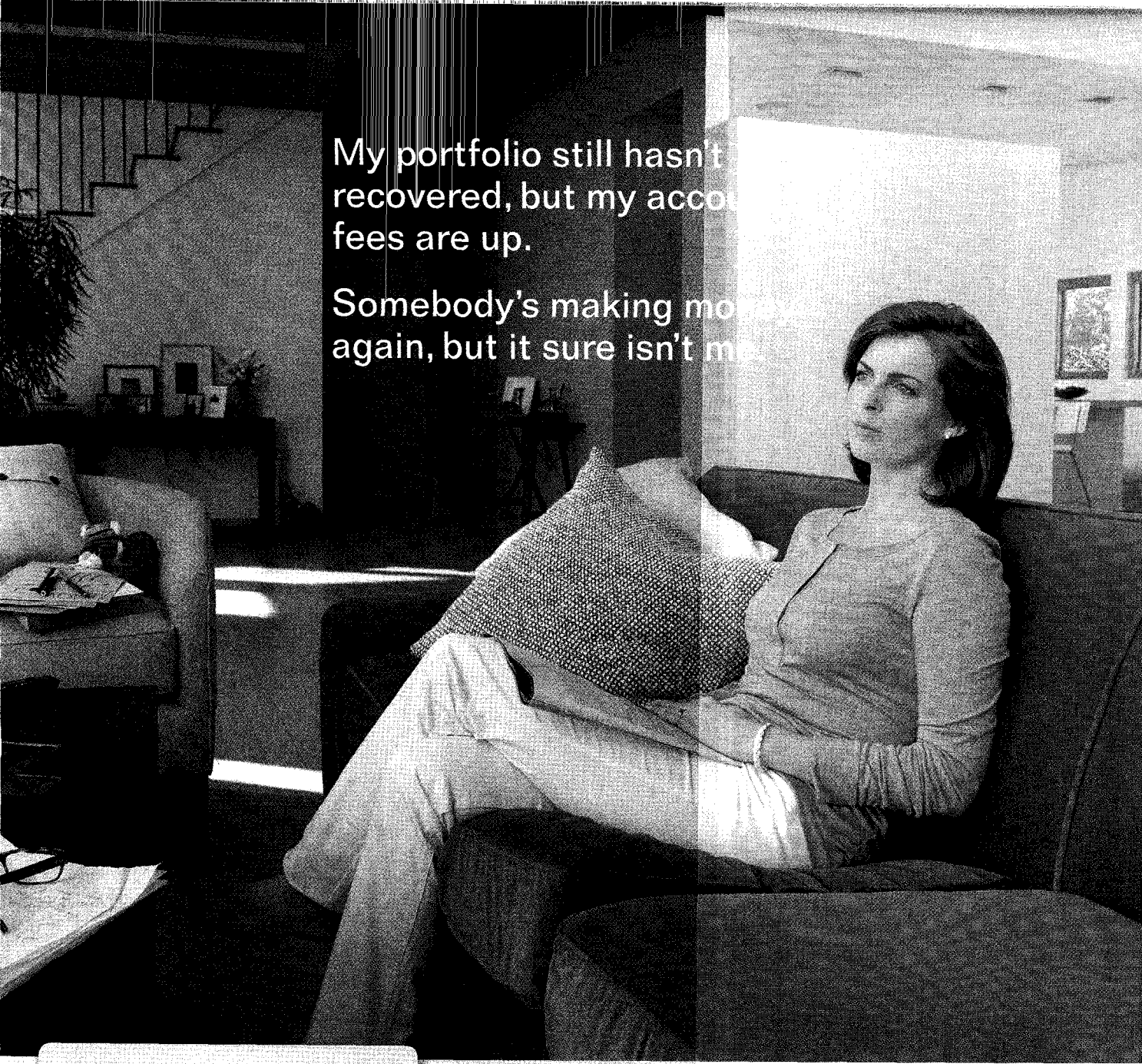
By Eddy Ancinas

TECHNOLOGY

30...Night Light

A new fuel-cell technology
promises to revolutionize
access to cheap, clean energy.

By Lane Wallace



My portfolio still hasn't
recovered, but my account
fees are up.

Somebody's making money
again, but it sure isn't me.

OPEN AN ACCOUNT TODAY
AND GET \$100

TDAMERITRADE.COM
877-TDAMERITRADE

PLUS 30 DAYS OF FREE ONLINE
STOCK TRADES*

This is no time for an investment firm that doesn't earn its keep. Or for fees that aren't simple and transparent. At TD AMERITRADE, online equity trades are a flat, straightforward \$9.99, whatever your balance. Monthly account maintenance fees don't exist. Every charge is detailed up front, on our Web site. And free, independent research and guidance are plentiful. Think you'd like being treated like a valued client instead of a revenue stream? Call, click or visit a TD AMERITRADE branch today.

TD AMERITRADE

Market volatility, volume and system availability may delay account access and trade executions. *Offer valid for one new Individual or Joint TD AMERITRADE account opened by 12/31/2009. **Minimum funding (within 30 days) of \$2,000 required for free trades, and \$25,000 for cash bonus.** Cash bonus subject to 9 month funding duration condition, and not available for IRA or tax-exempt accounts. See Web site for details and other restrictions/conditions. This is not an offer or solicitation in any jurisdiction where we are not authorized to do business. TD AMERITRADE, Inc., member FINRA/SIPC. TD AMERITRADE is a trademark jointly owned by TD AMERITRADE IP Company, Inc. and The Toronto-Dominion Bank. © 2009 TD AMERITRADE IP Company, Inc. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS



Nora Ephron's films instruct viewers in the comedic value of empathy, page 36.

Columns

BUSINESS

32...Lead Us Not Into Debt

The finance guru Dave Ramsey wins followers with a simple message: find God and lose your credit cards.

By Megan McArdle

MOVING PICTURES

36...Double-X Films

Not just chick flicks, the movies of Nora Ephron and Nancy Meyers defy categorization and provide a sentimental education for everyone.

By James Parker

Books

EDITOR'S CHOICE

85...Books of the Year

The best in a crowded field

By Benjamin Schwarz

86...On Being a Bad Mother

True confessions

By Sandra Tsing Loh

103...The Zealot

Arthur Koestler's manic intellectual career

By Christopher Hitchens

110...Cover to Cover

America's birth certificate revealed; paradoxical Pops; and more

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THEATLANTIC.COM



VIDEO

Monkeys and Men

Stephen Suomi introduces his primate research subjects and reflects on what they've shown him about the human mind.



SLIDESHOW

Mexico on the Brink

The photographer Julián Cardona shares images from Juárez, Mexico, where violent drug cartels rule the streets and citizens live in fear.



VIDEO

A Woman's Touch

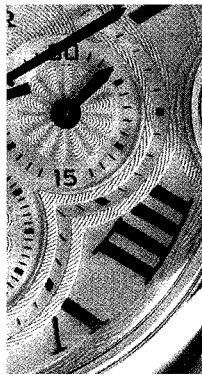
James Parker narrates his favorite scenes from chick flicks and explains the many ways they've taught him to be a better man.



REVIEWS

The 25 Best Books of the Year

Benjamin Schwarz reveals the complete list of his picks for 2009, including new fiction by A. S. Byatt and Alice Munro.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



THE STAIN OF TORTURE

Andrew Sullivan's open letter to President Bush ("Dear President Bush," October *Atlantic*) is an eloquent expression of the deep moral ramifications of torture. The question is not whether the United States deliberately tortured its prisoners, and thereby committed war crimes; the questions now are What does it mean that we did so? and What should we do about it? Sullivan contends that Bush's authorization of "harsh interrogation" was an aberration from a man who is fundamentally honorable because he, at various times in the past, has condemned torture, proclaimed that America is above all "a nation of law and justice," called evil by its name, and professed adherence to a Christian faith that recognizes the inherent dignity of all God's children, no matter how great their sins. But the article, perhaps unintentionally, makes clear that Bush's embrace of the abuses is a natural outcome of the Decider mentality: I'll decide what is torture and what is not; I'll decide what is legal and what is not; I'll decide what is evil and what is not; and I'll decide in whom dignity inheres and in whom it does not. In the world of hypotheticals, Bush may indeed be the ideal figure to help heal the damage done. In reality, the improbability that Bush will now decide to acknowledge any mistakes whatsoever, much less take full responsibility for the torture he knowingly authorized, means that unless we as a country are resigned to live with the stain of dishonor Sullivan so compellingly describes, it will be left to someone else to demand atonement for this ignoble legacy.

BRYON WILLIAMS
LIGONIER, PA.

Andrew Sullivan says, "It would be too damaging and polarizing to the American polity to launch legal prosecutions against" President Bush. I absolutely disagree. Our nation has deep reservoirs of strength. We are a great and noble people, and we were dragged into the sewers by the Bush administration. I want to know what happened, who ordered it, and who did it, and I want the guilty punished. We have survived far greater crises. We can survive this.

ROBIN STUART
AUSTIN, TEXAS

With the statement "You are not known for Clintonian parsings of moral truths," Andrew Sullivan demonstrates that at one level he himself fails to understand President Bush's actions. His entire article is predicated on exactly that: the parsings of moral truths. Mr. Bush and his cadre of advisers parsed the moral truths embedded in the Constitution, in the Geneva Conventions, in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and in common sense, to arrive at justifications for these morally unjustifiable and reprehensible acts. Mr. Clinton may have tried to dance around on the head of a pin with his question as to the meaning of *is*, but his actions and prevarications only damaged his standing among some; they did not undermine decades of unassailable moral leadership on the international stage. So although I join Mr. Sullivan in his plea to Mr. Bush to take responsibility for the torture promulgated in our name, I would lay the blame on Mr. Bush for precisely his parsings of moral truths.

DAVID ROWLEY
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE MERITS OF VACCINE

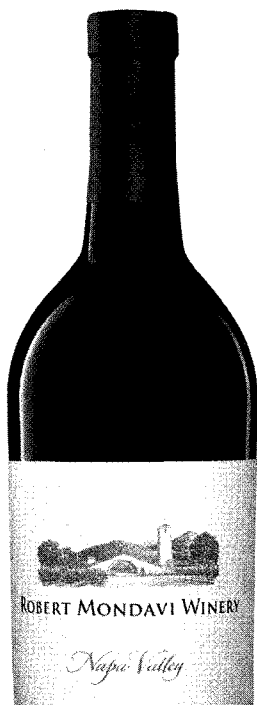
When I spoke to Jeanne Lenzer, the co-author of "Shots in the Dark" (November *Atlantic*), about influenza vaccine, my answer to the question "Does the vaccine matter?" was (and is) "Most definitely yes." Unfortunately, you would never know that from reading the article.

Lenzer is certainly entitled to her own opinions on the uses and efficacy of influenza vaccines. When she and I discussed my research on the uses of nonpharmaceutical interventions (NPIs) for pandemic mitigation, I clearly stated that hand-washing and social distancing alone would not protect the majority of Americans from a severe influenza pandemic. And when she brought up stocking canned goods, I averred that although storing food and water is a reasonable thing to do when preparing for any crisis, it hardly protects against influenza.

What the writers chose not to include from my comments (and what *Atlantic* readers need to know) is that NPIs serve only to slow or blunt a pandemic for a short period of time, at best. They do little to contain, let alone prevent, it. This is because you still have a huge population susceptible to the novel influenza strain, and once it does spread, as it always seems to, millions of people will get sick from it.

Socially disruptive measures like quarantines, public-gathering bans, or school closures would be a consideration in 21st-century America only in the event of a highly lethal and widespread flu pandemic (like the disastrous 1918 flu pandemic). If employed, the aim would be to buy a little extra time until mass amounts of vaccine could be

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS/VI; JASON REED/REUTERS/CORBIS;
COMEDY CENTRAL/KOBAL COLLECTION



*Some wines reflect the character of their makers.
Some reflect the size of their dreams.*

Robert Mondavi wanted to make wines that belonged among the world's finest. And he wanted to make them in Napa Valley. Sometimes a dream is big enough to sustain you. Inspiring enough to become true. Today the wines of Robert Mondavi Winery stand in the company of the best in the world.

His name is on the bottle. His story is in it.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

produced and distributed, and reduce the rush of patients to hospitals. Fortunately, the hospitalization and death rates being seen for H1N1 simply do not support the use of more draconian measures like NPIs.

Allow me to state my unfiltered medical opinion based on 25 years of experience as a pediatrician and historian of epidemic diseases and epidemiology: the best and safest way individuals can protect themselves against seasonal or H1N1 influenza is to roll up their sleeves and get a flu vaccine.

HOWARD MARKEL, M.D., PH.D.
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Jeanne Lenzer and Shannon Brownlee reply:

We appreciate Howard Markel's desire to clarify his personal position on flu. As the article says, many experts believe flu vaccine is effective; some believe it is not. The point of the story is that we really don't know one way or the other: our public health policy is built on a very thin base of evidence.

If we inadvertently led readers to believe that keeping canned food in the basement, in and of itself, would offer a shield against the flu, we apologize for the confusion. We were simply trying to add a practical dimension to the often-heard suggestion, one that Markel himself made, that social isolation can help to slow the transmission of flu.

Nonpharmaceutical interventions should not be the only measures used during a pandemic. Our article merely argues that we have historically erred in assuming that what seems obvious

must be true. We call for a reasoned, fact-based examination of what works and what doesn't.

HITCHENS'S CHEAP SHOTS

I usually admire Christopher Hitchens's insights. But his misguided critique of political humorists ("Cheap Laughs," October *Atlantic*) was surprisingly ill-informed. As a literary critic, Hitchens is unequaled. But does the man even have a television?

GARRETT EISLER
KEW GARDENS, N.Y.

Judging the work of Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert on the basis of their books, as Christopher Hitchens does, is a little like judging the artistic abilities of John Lennon on the basis of his drawings and published writings. Yeah, they're not great. But you're kinda missing a little something.

The reason regular viewers of *The Daily Show* and *The Colbert Report* remain so loyal to the hosts is because they can clearly sense that beneath the jokes beats a genuine, unironic heart, an unshakable belief shared by both men that there really are "better angels of our nature": honesty, integrity, intelligence, compassion. And when the political world falls short of those ideals—as it so often does—sometimes the only sane thing you can do is laugh.

NANCY BANKS COSTENOBLE
PORT WASHINGTON, N.Y.

Jon Stewart is not the most trusted journalist in America because of his skills as a comedian. He is the most trusted

journalist in America because he is not cowed—unlike seemingly all actual journalists—by the threat of interview subjects' restricting access. He questions assertions. He points out absurdity where it exists. And he has not publicly exposed himself as a liar or a hypocrite. This is admittedly the bare basics of journalism, and one would hope it took more than simple journalistic blocking and tackling to become our most trusted practitioner. That it doesn't is a very serious problem for all of us.

ROB ZWIEBACH
SAN MATEO, CALIF.

ADVOCACY JOURNALISM

Mark Bowden has always struck me as one of the few straight shooters left in American journalism. In "The Story Behind the Story" (October *Atlantic*), he makes an eloquent plea for the return of objective truth-seeking in journalism. I share his desire for less political conviction and more curiosity in newspapers and the blogosphere. But when he offers only misguided anti-Obama bloggers as examples of the problem he laments—with neither a single example of advocacy dressed as reporting on the other side nor a serious effort to examine the media biases that drive his blogger subjects to do what they do—isn't he doing exactly what he complains about?

ROBERT SCHWARTZ
BOXFORD, MASS.

Two points: one, advocacy journalism would not happen if the public didn't want it. It is the result of freedom in the marketplace of ideas, both good and bad. Mark Bowden will simply have to change the TV channel. Two, can there be journalism without advocacy? Not really. E. B. White put it well: "I have never seen a piece of writing, political or nonpolitical, that doesn't have a slant. It slants the way a writer leans, and no man is born perpendicular." Bowden leans, so do I.

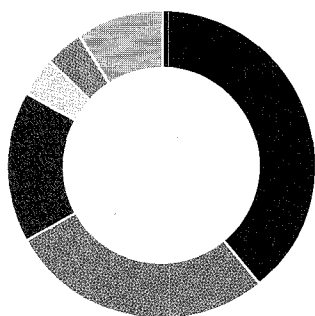
RONALD L. TROWBRIDGE, PH.D.
CONROE, TEXAS

Mark Bowden replies:

As I noted in the essay, liberal bloggers and TV advocates do the same thing

Log

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR IN RESPONSE TO THE OCTOBER ISSUE



39% "Dear President Bush"

By Andrew Sullivan

28% "Cheap Laughs"

By Christopher Hitchens

16% "The Story Behind the Story"

By Mark Bowden

4% "Why I Love Al Jazeera"

By Robert Kaplan

4% "The California Experiment"

By Ronald Brownstein

9% Other Articles

Free your family from restrictive calling circles with the 3G network PC World names most reliable.

Now on the Sprint network, everyone can call Any Mobile, AnytimeSM on any network for one flat rate. And get unlimited text, plus 3G data, video and picture messaging. All on a truly reliable network. The Now Network.TM
1-800-SPRINT-1 sprint.com/anymobileanytime

Any Mobile, AnytimeSM
on an Everything Data Family Plan
\$42.50 /month
per person for a family of four.

Available to existing customers, without a contract extension.

Other monthly charges apply. **New lines of activation require a two-year Agreement per line. \$129.99/mo. for two lines. \$19.99/mo./line for Add-a-Phone.

Sprint

The Now NetworkTM



Buy one
BlackBerry[®] Curve[™] 8330
for \$49.99 and get one
Free.

After a \$100 mail-in rebate, an eligible upgrade (or new-line activation), \$30 or higher data add-on or an Everything plan with data and a two-year Agreement per line.

Sprint tested as the most reliable 3G network overall among U.S. carriers in a 3G performance test conducted by PC World. America's most dependable 3G network, bringing you the first and only wireless 4G network from a national carrier.

****Monthly charges exclude taxes, Sprint Surcharges (including USF charge of up to 12.3% [varies quarterly], Administrative Charge [up to \$1.99/line/month], Regulatory Charge [\$0.20/line/month] and state/local fees by area). Sprint Surcharges are not taxes or government-required charges and are subject to change. Details: sprint.com/taxesandfees**

PC World Claim: PC World's tests included thirteen major cities with more than twenty tests per city from all regions of the country during a two-month period from March to April 2009. In all, 5,443 individual tests from 283 testing locations were conducted for each provider's nationwide 3G service. Testing was one minute in duration, and network performance can be highly variable from neighborhood to neighborhood. The thirteen cities included Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Denver, New Orleans, New York City, Orlando, Phoenix, Portland, San Diego, San Jose, San Francisco and Seattle. Sprint won for reliability in Boston, Chicago, Denver, Portland, San Diego, San Francisco and Seattle. Sprint tied for reliability in Orlando. **America's Most Dependable 3G Network Claim:** "Dependable" based on independent third-party drive tests for 3G data on connection success, session reliability and signal strength for the top 50 most populous markets (including Puerto Rico) from January '08 through May '09. 4G: 4G is currently available in limited areas and on select plans and devices; check sprint.com/4G for Sprint 4G coverage/device information. **Offers:** May require up to a \$36 activation fee/line, credit approval and deposit. Up to a \$200 early termination fee/line applies. **Phone Offer:** \$149.99 (two-year price) - \$100 (mail-in rebate) = \$49.99 (final price); activation required at the time of purchase for both phones on the same account in one sales transaction. Taxes excluded. No cash back. **Mail-in Rebate:** Requires purchase by 1/9/10 and activation by 1/23/10. Line must be active 30 consecutive days. Allow 10 to 14 weeks for rebate. **Upgrade:** Existing customers in good standing with service on the same device for more than 22 consecutive months currently activated on a service plan of \$34.99 or higher may be eligible. See in-store rebate form or sprint.com/upgrade for details. Pricing, offer terms, fees and features may vary for existing customers not eligible for upgrade. **Everything Data Plan:** Includes 1,500 shared Anytime Minutes per month (for calling landline, indirect, etc.). Additional Anytime Minutes: Up to \$0.40/min. Nights: Mon.-Thurs. 7pm-7am; Weekends: Fri. 7pm-Mon. 7am. Partial minutes charged as full minutes. **Any Mobile, Anytime (AMA):** Applies when directly dialing/receiving standard voice calls between domestic wireless numbers as determined when the call is placed using independent third-party and Sprint databases. Standard roaming rates and restrictions apply. Only available with select Sprint plans and while on the Nationwide Sprint or Nextel National Networks (excludes calls to voicemail, 411 and other indirect methods). **Messaging:** Includes text, picture and video for domestic messages sent or received. International messages are \$0.20/message sent or received. SMS voice messages may incur an additional data charge of \$0.03/KB. Texts to third parties to participate in promotions or other may result in additional charges. International services are not included. **Data:** Premium content and downloads (games, ringtones, songs, certain channels, etc.) are additional charge. **Usage Limitation:** Sprint may terminate service if (1) more than 800 minutes, (2) a majority of minutes or (3) a majority of kilobytes in a given month are used while roaming. **3G:** Not all services or devices are 3G and coverage may default to a separate network when 3G is unavailable. **Other Terms:** Coverage not available everywhere. The Nationwide Sprint Network reaches over 275 million people. The 3G Sprint Mobile Broadband Network reaches over 253 million people. Offers not available in all markets/retail locations or for all phones/networks. Pricing, offer terms, fees and features may vary for existing customers not eligible for upgrade. Other restrictions apply. See store or sprint.com for details. ©2009 Sprint. Sprint and the logo are trademarks of Sprint. Other marks are the property of their respective owners.



MASTERS
of the
CRAFT

SPECIAL PROMOTION



"THE IMITATOR DOOMS HIMSELF TO HOPELESS MEDIOCRITY."

The Divinity College Address (1838)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

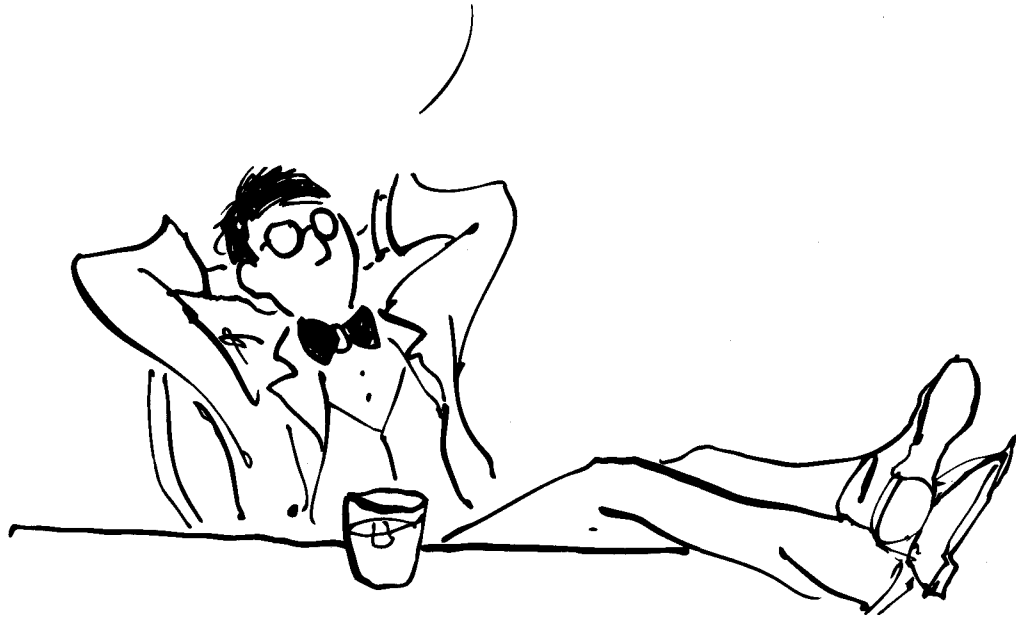
WRITER, THINKER, AND A FOUNDER OF *THE ATLANTIC*

When he helped found *The Atlantic* in 1857, Ralph Waldo Emerson was already regarded as one of the most famous and influential writers of the day. His most celebrated essay, "Nature," is widely believed to have ushered in the Transcendentalist movement of the 19th century and a new way of thinking for generations of writers and philosophers to come. With *The Atlantic*, Emerson hoped to foster a tradition of high culture in America—to promote deep and serious thought and an attention to learning. He noted of the project:

The best the Editor can do, is, to see that nothing goes into the Book but important pieces. Every piece must have something sterling, some record of real experiences. It suffices that it be weighty ... Great scope and illumination ought to be in the Editor, to draw from the best in the land, & to defy the public, if he is only sure himself that the piece has worth and is right.

More than 150 years later, *The Atlantic* continues to honor and demonstrate the wise philosophy of its founders. The magazine is authentic, uncompromising, and bold. And it has remained, for all this time, the book of record for our country—reaffirming Ralph Waldo Emerson's wisdom and his position in history as a Master of the Craft.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT MR. EMERSON WOULD HAVE
ENJOYED A GLASS OF THE BALVENIE. AFTER ALL, ONE
MASTER OF THE CRAFT IS WELL SUITED TO
APPRECIATE ANOTHER.



THE BALVENIE®

The Most Hand-Crafted Single Malt

Craftsmanship is what The Balvenie is all about. Whether it's growing our own barley or employing a team of coopers to tend to all our casks and a coppersmith to maintain the stills, we approach every aspect of the creation of The Balvenie with an eye to detail and a commitment to quality. Our craft hasn't changed in over a century and much like Mr. Emerson's thoughts and writings it remains authentic, uncompromising and bold today.

Handcrafted to be enjoyed responsibly.
www.TheBalvenie.com

The Balvenie Distillery, Balvenie Maltings, Scotland. Est. 1892. The Balvenie Single Malt Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc./Vol.
©2009 Imported by William Grant & Sons, New York, NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See what the energy experts had to say.

Shell presents the Roving Reporter video series, showcasing top energy experts at **The Atlantic's 2009 Green Intelligence Forum** answering your questions on our most important energy and environmental challenges.

Visit www.theatlantic.com to view the videos.

Sponsored by



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

as their conservative counterparts. My choice of a conservative example resulted from my appearance on Hannity, and the questions it provoked. The point was not that one side or the other is more at fault, but that real journalism is vanishing in the crossfire. I agree with both Ronald Trowbridge and E. B. White, but would argue there is a substantial difference between the "lean" of a journalist whose work is inescapably colored by his experience and values no matter how hard he labors to be fair, and the "lean" of someone engaged in political advocacy, which is more of a leap.

THE HEALTH-CARE DEBATE

As a Canadian, I just shook my head at David Goldhill's article ("How American Health Care Killed My Father," September *Atlantic*). Canada and western Europe pay significantly less for their health care and have much better outcomes. The reason: socialized medicine. As Mr. Goldhill said, "Our nation's health-care bill is too big to be paid by anyone other than all of us."

Now, I know I'm not supposed to use a word like *socialized* when conversing with Americans if I don't want them to run for cover screaming "The Com-mies are coming," and I know I should soft-sell it by speaking of "single-payer systems." But if there is ever to be a reasoned debate regarding health-care reform in America, certain truths have to be faced up to. In Western democracies, a socialized or collective approach to health care simply works better—that's why everybody (except America) uses this approach.

As for Mr. Goldhill's great faith in the brilliance of American capitalism, all those in favor of having your health care provided by GM, Chrysler, Lehman Brothers, Freddie Mac, and Fannie Mae, raise your hands.

MICHAEL D. BLYTHE
SCOTLAND, ONTARIO

I was disappointed that David Goldhill didn't point out the correlation between increasing health-care costs and the Western diet. Since the 1970s, our American diet has evolved into a far more corn-based, fast-food diet, which has had some unforeseen consequences.

Mr. Goldhill might have proposed that we, as a nation, decide to eat *real food*, not the processed "food-like substances" so widely available in our supermarkets. Eating at a fast-food restaurant on a weekly basis is pretty much a guarantee that you will be entered into the health-care system sooner rather than later. By tweaking our farm policies to reflect the truth that we are in fact what we eat, we as a nation could well reduce our need for such expensive health care.

SCOTT DURKEE
VASHON ISLAND, WASH.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

The image identified in Rachel Dickinson's "A Hundred Miles on the Erie Canal" (October *Atlantic*) as that of "Lock 16," one of "the original hand-cut limestone canal locks," is neither of an original lock nor of Lock 16. The lock in the image is Lock 33 of the so-called Enlarged Erie Canal; this lock was built in the early 1840s, not during construction of the original canal circa 1820. Lock 16 of the current canal, built in the 1910s, is nearby. The original lock in the area was Lock 39, of which no trace remains. The reason for the decline in the numbers for a lock in the same area, from 39 to 33 to 16, is that with each succeeding enlargement of the canal, the locks got bigger, and fewer were needed.

GERARD KOEPEL
NEW YORK, N.Y.

To submit a letter to the editor, please e-mail us at letters@theatlantic.com. Include your full name, city, and state.

EDITORIAL OFFICES & CORRESPONDENCE *The Atlantic* considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column. Correspondence should be sent to: Editorial Department, *The Atlantic*, 600 New Hampshire Avenue NW, Washington, DC 20037. Letters may also be sent to: letters@theatlantic.com. Receipt of unsolicited manuscripts will be acknowledged if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Manuscripts will not be returned. Please do not send manuscripts by e-mail. CUSTOMER SERVICE & REPRINTS Please direct all subscription queries and orders to: 800-234-2411. International callers: 386-246-0196. For expedited customer service, please call between 3:30 and 11:30 p.m. ET, Tuesday through Friday. You may also write to: Atlantic Customer Care, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Reprint requests (100+) should be made to The YGS Group, 717-399-1900. A discount rate and free support materials are available to teachers who use *The Atlantic* in the classroom. Please call 202-266-7197 or visit www.theatlantic.com/teach. ADVERTISING OFFICES *The Atlantic*, 286 Madison Avenue, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10017, 212-284-7647.



FOR THE NEW ENERGY FUTURE, WE NEED THE RIGHT INGREDIENTS.

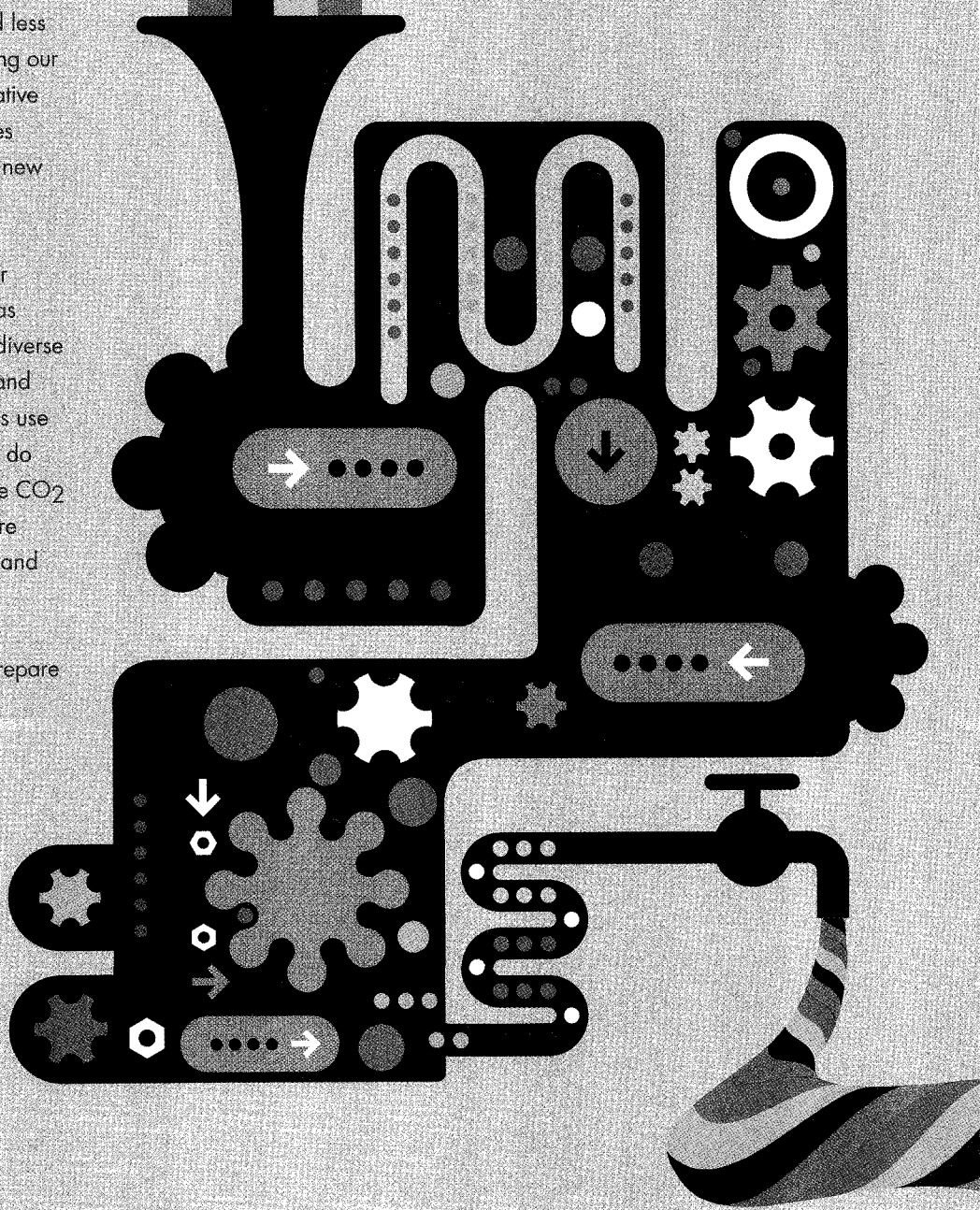
ENERGY SECURITY
CO₂ MANAGEMENT

ENERGY DIVERSITY
ENERGY EFFICIENCY

The world needs more energy and less CO₂. So, at Shell, we're channeling our creative thinking to produce innovative solutions to meet the four challenges that we believe are critical for the new energy future.

We continue to help deliver greater energy security with our oil and gas business. We're also developing diverse new energy sources like biofuels and finding ways to help our customers use energy more efficiently. While we do this, we must find ways to manage CO₂ more effectively, which is why we're actively exploring carbon capture and storage technology.

To find out how Shell is helping prepare for the new energy future, visit
www.shell.us/energytalk



The World is Our Stage

BBC
EARTH



Now on DVD and Blu-ray!*

DISPATCHES

BORDERS *Peter Savodnik discovers where Iranians go for beauty shops, barbecue, and body piercing.*

SPORT *Paul Wachter evaluates Army's new miracle weapon—and whether it will beat Navy.*

POLITICS *Joshua Hammer talks to Robert Mugabe's most unlikely minister.*

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY *Mark Bowden notes the uncanny similarities between cable news and guinea fowl.*

TRAVEL *Eddy Ancinas remembers the Cold War camaraderie of Squaw Valley's 1960 Winter Olympics.*

TECHNOLOGY *Lane Wallace wonders whether Martian technology can light up the Earth.*



BORDERS

The Tijuana of the Caspian

IN ASTARA, EVERYTHING'S FOR SALE: SEX, BOOZE, TATTOOS—AND MAYBE SOME REVOLUTIONARY FERVOR.

By Peter Savodnik

AT 8:45 A.M., the Azerbaijani cabbies were clustered in the courtyard next to the customs terminal, waiting for the Iranians to walk through a narrow, rusted door. They do this every morning in the town of Astara, which dates back 6,000 years and today sits on the border between the post-Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan and the Islamic Republic of

Iran. It can be hard for the uninitiated to distinguish Azerbaijani Azeris from Iranian Azeris, but the drivers know their clientele.

"The Iranian girls are fairer, and they always have their heads down and their head scarves on," said Misha Mamedli, a tall, slouching man with a gold front tooth and a stash of self-rolled

cigarettes in his breast pocket. But the Iranian men, who have the cash and do the negotiating, drew the most attention from the cabbies. Decker in tight jeans and T-shirts with Italian print, they emitted a cool, confident brusqueness as they marched through the rusted door: their gateway to pork products, alcohol, and easy sex.

"Here, it's open," Misha said. "No one cares what you do."

This makes the mullahs in Tehran very nervous. Books, DVDs, fashions, and—most important—ideas that are inaccessible in Iran are ubiquitous in Azerbaijan. Iranians line up daily to cross the Astara River to buy and sell

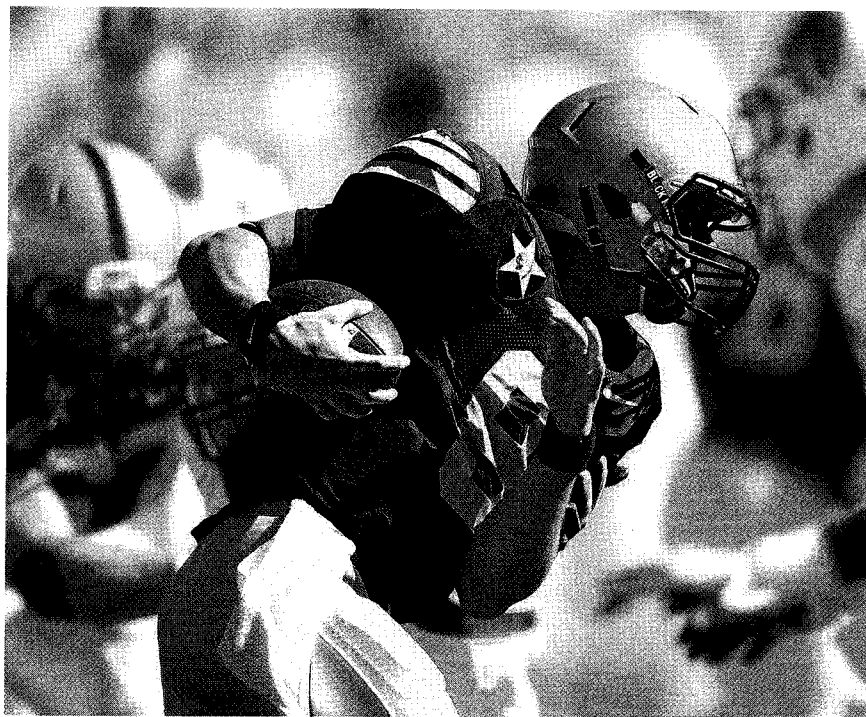
ASLON ARFA

jeans, chickens, bras, laptops—and often sex and schnapps and heroin. This commerce, combined with cultural curiosity and shared Azeri bloodlines, has transformed Astara into the Tijuana of the Caspian.

Astara doesn't scream so much as strongly hint at the possibility of sin. Next to the customs terminal's courtyard and above the row of babushkas selling tea and beef kebabs, there's a convenient motel ("Ideal for bringing the girls back to," one Iranian told me). The fluorescent-lit cafés on Aliyarbeyov Street are stocked with Russian vodka and French cognac, and the Turkish Salon, on Fountain Square, offers, among other things, tattoos, piercings, astrological forecasts, and "full-body massage."

All of this is made possible by the Azerbaijanis' somewhat attenuated relationship with God, the product of seven decades of Communist rule and a steady influx of Westerners after oil was discovered in the mid-1800s. Iranians find the Azerbaijanis' mildly ironic attitude toward Islam a welcome relief from the stern theocracy of the ayatollahs. During Ramadan many Azerbaijanis do not fast, and the cafés in Astara do a bustling lunch business, serving lamb shashlik, or barbecue, to visiting Iranians. Manana Shafieva, a stylist at the Turkish Salon, said many Iranian men bring in their wives to be spruced up. "They say, 'I know she can be beautiful. Can you make her beautiful?' They know we know about hair and what it means to have a modern image."

But the Iranian mullahs are not merely concerned about the affectations of modernity. Mamedli, the cab driver, said that the crowds lining up for entry to Astara have surged since June, when hundreds of thousands of Iranians protested the allegedly rigged reelection of President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. This has worrisome implications: the potential for political upheaval is acute in Iran's north, where the bulk of the country's university students live, along with most of its 15 million to 30 million ethnic Azeris (out of a total population of about 73 million). Prominent ethnic Azeris in Iran include Ahmadinejad's presidential rival, Mir-Hossein Mousavi, the poet Mohammad Hossein Shahriar, and the filmmaker Kamal



Army's starting quarterback, freshman Trent Steelman, in the Black Knights' victory over Ball State, September 2009

Tabrizi. Even the supreme leader of Iran, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, is part Azeri. Many Azeris are so swollen with ethnic pride that Iranian officials suspect them of dual loyalty.

As a result, an Azerbaijani Ministry of Foreign Affairs official told me, "it's common knowledge that the Iranians want the border shut down."

At night, the courtyard next to the customs terminal was empty except for a few malnourished cats. On the Iranian side of the border, an imam and his flock were praying. Their voices drifted across the river and through the mesh of walls and fences. On Fountain Square, kids blasted Israeli pop music. A guard stopped me as I navigated the darkened market stalls, redolent of tea and rotting nectarines.

"The border is closed until morning," he said. Then he nodded at the motel. "You want a room? It's very nice, with a television and a girl."

I said I was staying near the square and just taking a stroll.

"Only 10 manats," he persisted. "I can get you this. Anything you want." I laughed, and he lit a cigarette. "Come on," he said, "don't be a Muslim." ■

Peter Savodnik is a writer in New York.

SPORT

Ground War

ARMY'S BEST OPTION FOR FINALLY BEATING NAVY

By Paul Wachter

"PEOPLE SAY IT'S a metaphor for combat," said Rich Ellerson, the U.S. Military Academy's new football coach, before the season began, "so I think it's important that Army has a good team." Ellerson comes from a military family, and should know better than most that his sport is nothing like war. The United States should be grateful that it isn't: Army's last winning season was in 1996.

No one expects the Black Knights to compete for national championships, as they once did—winning in 1944, '45, and '46—nor to challenge big-conference teams filled with mercenary players angling for the NFL. But Army's supporters do expect it to beat Navy, at least some of the time. The Army-Navy rivalry is among the most hallowed in sports, and its outsize importance is drilled into the cadets of both academies early and often: the weights in the Navy gym are stamped BEAT ARMY, while West Point's gift shop sells toddler clothing

DAMIAN STROHMEYER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/GETTY IMAGES

"It was a horrible feeling.
I couldn't believe
I was having a heart attack."

~Dean K.
Airmont, NY
Heart attack: 12/19/2003



"I should've done more to take care of myself.
Now I'm exercising, watching my diet, and I trust my heart to Lipitor."
Talk to your doctor about your risk and about Lipitor.

- Adding Lipitor may help, when diet and exercise are not enough. Unlike some other cholesterol-lowering medications, Lipitor is FDA-approved to reduce the risk of heart attack and stroke in patients with several common risk factors, including family history of early heart disease, high blood pressure, low good cholesterol, age and smoking.
- Lipitor has been extensively studied with over 17 years of research. And Lipitor is backed by 400 ongoing or completed clinical studies.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION:

LIPITOR is not for everyone. It is not for those with liver problems. And it is not for women who are nursing, pregnant or may become pregnant.

If you take LIPITOR, tell your doctor if you feel any new muscle pain or weakness. This could be a sign of rare but serious muscle side effects. Tell your doctor about all medications you take. This may help avoid serious drug interactions. Your doctor should do blood tests to check your liver function before and during treatment and may adjust your dose.

Common side effects are diarrhea, upset stomach, muscle and joint pain, and changes in some blood tests.

INDICATION:

LIPITOR is a prescription medicine that is used along with a low-fat diet. It lowers the LDL ("bad" cholesterol) and triglycerides in your blood. It can raise your HDL ("good" cholesterol) as well. LIPITOR can lower the risk for heart attack, stroke, certain types of heart surgery, and chest pain in patients who have heart disease or risk factors for heart disease such as age, smoking, high blood pressure, low HDL, or family history of early heart disease.

LIPITOR can lower the risk for heart attack or stroke in patients with diabetes and risk factors such as diabetic eye or kidney problems, smoking, or high blood pressure.

Please see additional important information on next page.



Have a heart to heart with your doctor about your risk. And about Lipitor.

Call 1-888-LIPITOR (1-888-547-4867) or visit www.lipitor.com/dean

*You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA.
Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.*

IMPORTANT FACTS



LIPITOR
atorvastatin calcium
tablets

(LIP-ih-tore)

LOWERING YOUR HIGH CHOLESTEROL

High cholesterol is more than just a number, it's a risk factor that should not be ignored. If your doctor said you have high cholesterol, you may be at an increased risk for heart attack and stroke. But the good news is, you can take steps to lower your cholesterol.

With the help of your doctor and a cholesterol-lowering medicine like LIPITOR, along with diet and exercise, you could be on your way to lowering your cholesterol.

Ready to start eating right and exercising more? Talk to your doctor and visit the American Heart Association at www.americanheart.org.

WHO IS LIPITOR FOR?

Who can take LIPITOR:

- People who cannot lower their cholesterol enough with diet and exercise
- Adults and children over 10

Who should NOT take LIPITOR:

- Women who are pregnant, may be pregnant, or may become pregnant. LIPITOR may harm your unborn baby. If you become pregnant, stop LIPITOR and call your doctor right away.
- Women who are breast-feeding. LIPITOR can pass into your breast milk and may harm your baby.
- People with liver problems
- People allergic to anything in LIPITOR

BEFORE YOU START LIPITOR

Tell your doctor:

- About all medications you take, including prescriptions, over-the-counter medications, vitamins, and herbal supplements
- If you have muscle aches or weakness
- If you drink more than 2 alcoholic drinks a day
- If you have diabetes or kidney problems
- If you have a thyroid problem

ABOUT LIPITOR

LIPITOR is a prescription medicine. Along with diet and exercise, it lowers "bad" cholesterol in your blood. It can also raise "good" cholesterol (HDL-C).

LIPITOR can lower the risk of heart attack, stroke, certain types of heart surgery, and chest pain in patients who have heart disease or risk factors for heart disease such as:

- age, smoking, high blood pressure, low HDL-C, family history of early heart disease

LIPITOR can lower the risk of heart attack or stroke in patients with diabetes and risk factors such as diabetic eye or kidney problems, smoking, or high blood pressure.

POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF LIPITOR

Serious side effects in a small number of people:

- **Muscle problems** that can lead to kidney problems, including kidney failure. Your chance for muscle problems is higher if you take certain other medicines with LIPITOR.
- **Liver problems.** Your doctor may do blood tests to check your liver before you start LIPITOR and while you are taking it.

Call your doctor right away if you have:

- Unexplained muscle weakness or pain, especially if you have a fever or feel very tired
- Allergic reactions including swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat that may cause difficulty in breathing or swallowing which may require treatment right away
- Nausea, vomiting, or stomach pain
- Brown or dark-colored urine
- Feeling more tired than usual
- Your skin and the whites of your eyes turn yellow
- Allergic skin reactions

Common side effects of LIPITOR are:

- Diarrhea
- Muscle and joint pain
- Upset stomach
- Changes in some blood tests

HOW TO TAKE LIPITOR

Do:

- Take LIPITOR as prescribed by your doctor.
- Try to eat heart-healthy foods while you take LIPITOR.
- Take LIPITOR at any time of day, with or without food.
- If you miss a dose, take it as soon as you remember. But if it has been more than 12 hours since your missed dose, wait. Take the next dose at your regular time.

Don't:

- Do not change or stop your dose before talking to your doctor.
- Do not start new medicines before talking to your doctor.
- Do not give your LIPITOR to other people. It may harm them even if your problems are the same.
- Do not break the tablet.

NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- Ask your doctor or health care provider.
- Talk to your pharmacist.
- Go to www.lipitor.com or call 1-888-LIPITOR.

Uninsured? Need help paying for Pfizer medicines? Pfizer has programs that can help. Call 1-866-706-2400 or visit www.PfizerHelpfulAnswers.com.

 **helpful
answers**



Manufactured by Pfizer Ireland Pharmaceuticals, Dublin, Ireland
© 2009 Pfizer Ireland Pharmaceuticals All rights reserved.
Printed in the USA.

Distributed by Parke-Davis, Division of Pfizer Inc.
New York, NY 10017 USA
June 2009

Rx only

with the counter-inscription. Yet Army has now dropped seven straight games to its rival, the longest losing streak in the teams' 109 meetings. Last year, Navy fans held aloft signs taunting, CONGRESS, BAIL OUT ARMY! as the Midshipmen delivered a 34-0 drubbing, the first shut-out in 30 years.

"It was heartbreaking to watch," Army's freshman quarterback, Trent Steelman, told me in September. A native of Bowling Green, Kentucky, Steelman is handsome and polite and, like his fellow cadets, appends *sir* to most of his statements. Though he has a grandfather and uncle who served in the Army, that wasn't what drew him to West Point. "I wanted to get a good education and play football," he said. The academy was the only Division I school that offered him a football scholarship.

Steelman is the focal point of the team's new triple-option offense, which Ellerson ran successfully for the past eight years at California Polytechnic State University. A deceptive running attack, the option (when it's executed properly) can catch faster, stronger teams off guard. Both Navy and Air Force run versions of the same offense, and last year both teams finished 8-5 and went to bowl games. Army, which in 2000 instituted an airborne attack predicated on big-armed quarterbacks and jet-fast receivers that it didn't possess, has finished 3-9 the past three seasons.

In Army's season debut in September at Eastern Michigan, Steelman completed only two passes, and they were short ones, but Army won. The 27-14 victory was a milestone in the academy's history: it marked the first time a freshman had ever started a season opener, and it was the team's first opening win in 13 years. Technically, Steelman is not even allowed to address upperclassmen by their first names—but the rule is ignored on the football field. The rules will bend for the entire corps in the week leading up to the Army-Navy game on December 12, as cadets drum themselves into a frenzy for the trip to Philadelphia.

"We're on the right path," Steelman told me after the team's second win of the season, against Ball State, but "it's a process." He had played that day with cracked ribs, and late in the game, a

hard tackle had sent him briefly to the sidelines, across the field from a permanent fixture of Michie Stadium, a bronze plaque inscribed with the words of General George C. Marshall: I WANT AN OFFICER FOR A SECRET AND DANGEROUS MISSION. I WANT A WEST POINT FOOTBALL PLAYER. The general was talking about sending troops to die in World War II, not converting on third-and-long. But Army players take inspiration from the words—they touch them before every home game.

Steelman leaned over, puked, and rushed back onto the field. ■

Paul Wachter is a writer in New York.

POLITICS

Frenemies of State

FEAR AND LOATHING IN
ZIMBABWE'S SHAKY UNITY
GOVERNMENT

By Joshua Hammer

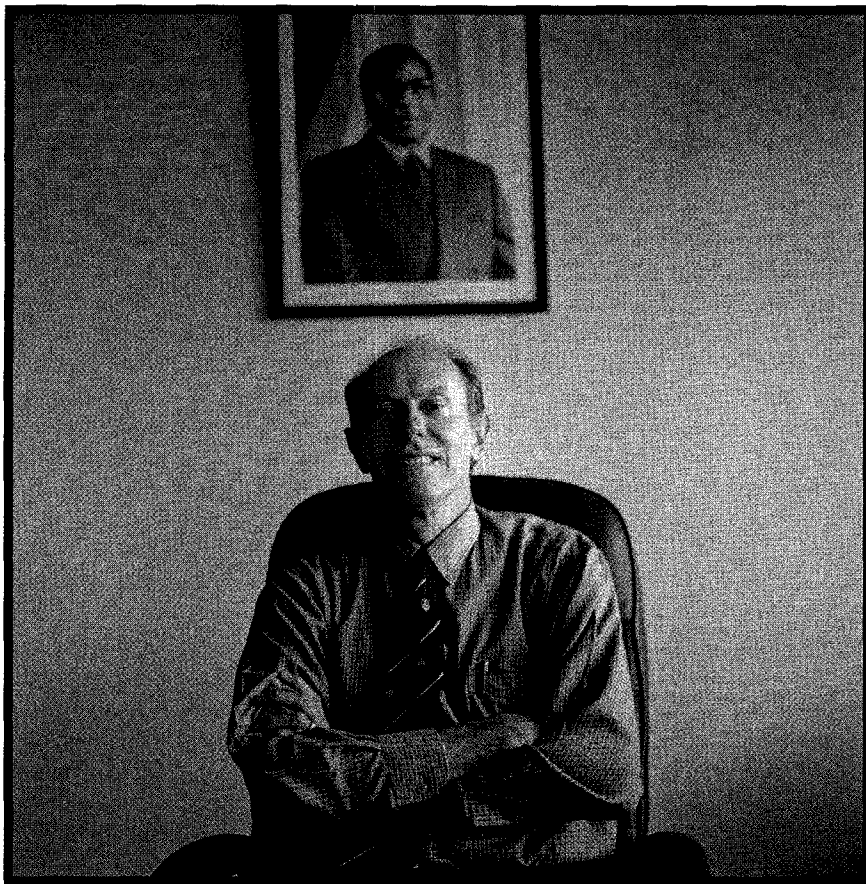
IN 1981, IN CAPE TOWN, David Coltart was a gangly university student from newly independent Zimbabwe, where Robert Mugabe had just become prime minister. Coltart believed that Mugabe's government was sincere about promoting racial reconciliation in Zimbabwe, and he tried to recruit the country's ministers to come to Cape Town to address white Zimbabwean students there. After being hassled for his efforts by South Africa's apartheid regime, he received a personal telegram from Mugabe. "He wrote, 'I've heard about the work you are doing, and I want to encourage you,'" Coltart told me. "There is a place for all of you [in Zimbabwe], and you have nothing to fear but fear itself."

In recent years, however, Coltart could not have imagined himself standing in the same room with Mugabe without fear. A still boyish-looking 52-year-old lawyer, Coltart spent the past two decades as one of the most outspoken opponents of the Zimbabwean ruler. As Mugabe morphed from independence hero into despot, Coltart helped found the Movement for Democratic Change, the country's main opposition group; became one of a handful of whites in the parliament; and defended human-

rights activists and other enemies of the regime. For five years, I've met with him repeatedly on my clandestine visits to Zimbabwe, as I've reported on the country's spiral into repression, violence, and economic ruin.

But in February of this year, after a tumultuous concatenation of political events that eventually saw his party join a unity government with Mugabe, Coltart found himself serving as minister of education. At weekly cabinet meetings, he now sits two seats away from Emmerson Mnangagwa, the minister of defense and a key member of Mugabe's Joint Operations Command, which orchestrated the torture and killing of countless members of Coltart's party last year. "It's a bizarre situation," Coltart told me over dinner at the York Lodge, a leafy retreat in a suburb of Harare, the Zimbabwean capital. At an awkward swearing-in ceremony at the State House, recalled Coltart, "we were called one by one into [Mugabe's] office, and it was a bit like naughty schoolboys going to see the headmaster." When his turn came, he said, "Mugabe launched into a monologue about how important schooling was, and he made this strange comment, saying, 'You will appreciate that we've got some problems in education.'"

That was an understatement. By February 2009, when Coltart took over, Zimbabwe's education system had collapsed: 20,000 teachers had abandoned their posts and left the country because they were being paid in worthless currency, and nearly all of the country's 7,000 schools were shuttered. One of the first moves of the new unity government was to outlaw the Zimbabwean dollar and convert to a U.S.-dollar economy. Coltart set salaries at \$155 a month, and he received a flood of applications from teachers wanting their old jobs back. (Even so, many teachers say they're unsatisfied with the new salaries, and one teachers union went on strike in early September to protest their "abject poverty and perpetual debt.") But Coltart has learned that fixing the system is not so easy when Mugabe—or Mugabe's surrogates—are looking over his shoulder. The Education Ministry's permanent secretary, a Mugabe loyalist who "views all the teachers as MDC sympathists," Coltart



David Coltart at his office in Harare, March 19, 2009

says, has thrown up bureaucratic roadblocks such as mandatory police checks; as a result, only a few hundred teachers have been rehired. "It's not a pleasant process, and if I wasn't a determined, stubborn type of fellow, it would be harrowing," he told me.

Coltart would like to start introducing education reforms—adding human-rights courses to the curriculum and getting Zimbabwean schools to address such controversial issues as the military's massacre of thousands of civilians in Matabeleland in southern Zimbabwe in 1983. But Coltart knows moving too fast could bring everything crashing down. "It's a flawed agreement, and anyone who thinks that overnight it would yield dramatic changes is simply being unrealistic," he told me.

As logs crackled in the fireplace, and our waiter brought in a dessert of pears in white-wine sauce on fine English china, Coltart told me that he was heading to a fishing lodge in Zimbabwe's eastern highlands, for a weekend retreat where he would spend three days breaking bread with members of Mugabe's inner circle. "You meet and get to know

these people, and it becomes less tense," he says. "But you're still very wary." Not without reason, it seems: at his swearing-in, Coltart reminded Mugabe of that long-ago telegram sent to him in Cape Town in 1981. "I told him, 'You said we should all come back and we should have nothing to fear. Well, I'm back.'" Mugabe just laughed. ■

Joshua Hammer is a writer based in Berlin.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

The Great Guinea Hen Massacre

GOOD INTENTIONS COLLIDE WITH DUMB BIRDS ON A SMALL FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Mark Bowden

I LIVE ON a small farm in Oxford, Pennsylvania, and this summer my wife, Gail, and I decided to install on our modest acreage a flock of guinea fowl.

Birds are colorful and entertaining, worthy of cultivating for their own sake,

but we had a darker purpose. Guinea fowls eat deer ticks. Like every unpaved acre in this part of the world, our property harbors an ever-growing herd of white-tailed deer, and is thus infested with the little Lyme disease-carrying arachnids. In the world of tick, we were assured, guinea fowls are feathered hell.

They arrived in early June as chicks, 25 of them, each small enough to fit quivering in the palm of one hand. They quickly grew into rambunctious and noisy keets, and by the end of August were about the size and shape of rugby footballs, wandering our property in a chattering flock. There were whites, royal purples, pearls, and lavender. All sorts of grotesque wattles and other growths popped out of their heads, above and below their orange beaks, but they had lovely plumage. The pearls, in particular, are so named because their dark-gray coloring shows off an even spray of white specks.

One stood out. From birth, this bird was fearless. Whenever Gail or I would show up to change their water or clean their box in our bathroom, the birds would form a writhing, screaming mass that tried to merge itself into the far corner, or become invisible. This one, a pearl, whom we named Luke, after Cool Hand Luke, would sit alone on the top perch and eye us up and down, as if to say, "You again?" He would sometimes fly out of the box and strut around the bathroom, and when we stooped to pick him up, he didn't even try to get away. We figured he was either the world's smartest guinea fowl or the stupidest—the latter distinction being highly competitive.

When they became too raucous, and started tearing apart their jury-rigged indoor cardboard nest, we built a coop in the yard. Actually, less of a coop than a poultry condo, complete with a 14-foot ceiling and five roosting levels. The coop was roughly 20 times as expensive as the birds, but once you have hand-raised a flock, you have a harder time abiding the idea of a fox, dog, raccoon, or feral cat digging its way into your birds' lair and

BENEDICTE KURZEN/THE NEW YORK TIMES/REXUS

turning them into a poultry smorgasbord. We have plenty of wild predators on our farm, and even if we didn't, we have a Jack Russell named Duey who, beneath his puppy-like cuteness, is a ruthless serial killer.

Put it this way: Duey once saw a chicken. Seconds later, the bird was no more. Duey 1, Chickens 0.

Make that Duey 2, Poultry 0, since he nailed one guinea when Gail left the door to the coop open behind her for an ill-advised split second. The Jack has ever since been biding his time, nose pressed to the screen. Mind you, dogs are especially good at biding their time.

Guineas have four modes: eating, sleeping, chattering, and screaming in terror. Chicken Little had some guinea in her. Here's what you need to know about a flock: it has no idea what is happening, it is scared of everything, it makes noise constantly, and its long-term memory is about five seconds. You may note a resemblance here to how news disseminates on the Internet and cable TV.

Communication among flock members is very simple. In English, it would go something like this:

"I'm okay."

"Me, too."

"Good over here."

"I'm okay too."

"Wait!"

"What was that?"

"Oh, my God!"

"Oh, my God!"

"Oh, my God!"

"Look out!"

"Look out!"

"Run!"

"Run!"

At which point they flee and flutter pell-mell. Unbridled terror lasts for just a few seconds, which is as long as it takes them to forget whatever it

was that prompted the stampede. The behavior repeats.

We let them out of the coop for the first time when they were about three months old, well past the recommended time. At first they sensibly refused to step out—all except for Luke, that is, who promptly hopped into one of the pastures and started chasing our Andalusian mare around like he owned the place. It took the others a few hours to venture forth.

And then ... they ran off. Contrary to encouraging advice about the breed, gathered mostly from books and the Internet, which assured us that they would not stray far from their coop, they took off like a mob of unleashed teenagers, the whole flock of 23 (another, alas, had expired in the coop on the hottest day of August, prompting the installation of a fan). They bore southwest and just kept on going, as if drawn by some poultry siren over the horizon, making their way across several broad Thoroughbred horse pastures, then across Route 472, and so on toward the setting sun. After it became clear they were not planning to turn around, we made a heroic effort to herd them back, leaping tall fences, crossing the road, and, with curious horses peering over our shoulders, driving them before us with long sticks. The guineas were having none of it.

We gave up, and the guineas vanished.

Gail took it harder than I did. She is of the Bambi school, while I am more of a "nature, red in tooth and claw" person. We had given it our best shot, I figured, and had succeeding only in serving a moveable feast to our neighborhood foxes, dogs, and hawks. Neither of us ever expected to see them again.

But, lo! Three days later, they were back, chattering away in our middle pasture, minus two. One of the missing was Luke. We admire fearlessness, but it is a poor survival strategy. Not bad, all in all, I thought—only one fatality per night in the wild. The flock seemed chastened, and to have lost its appetite for wandering.

Temporarily.

Then came the great guinea-hen massacre.

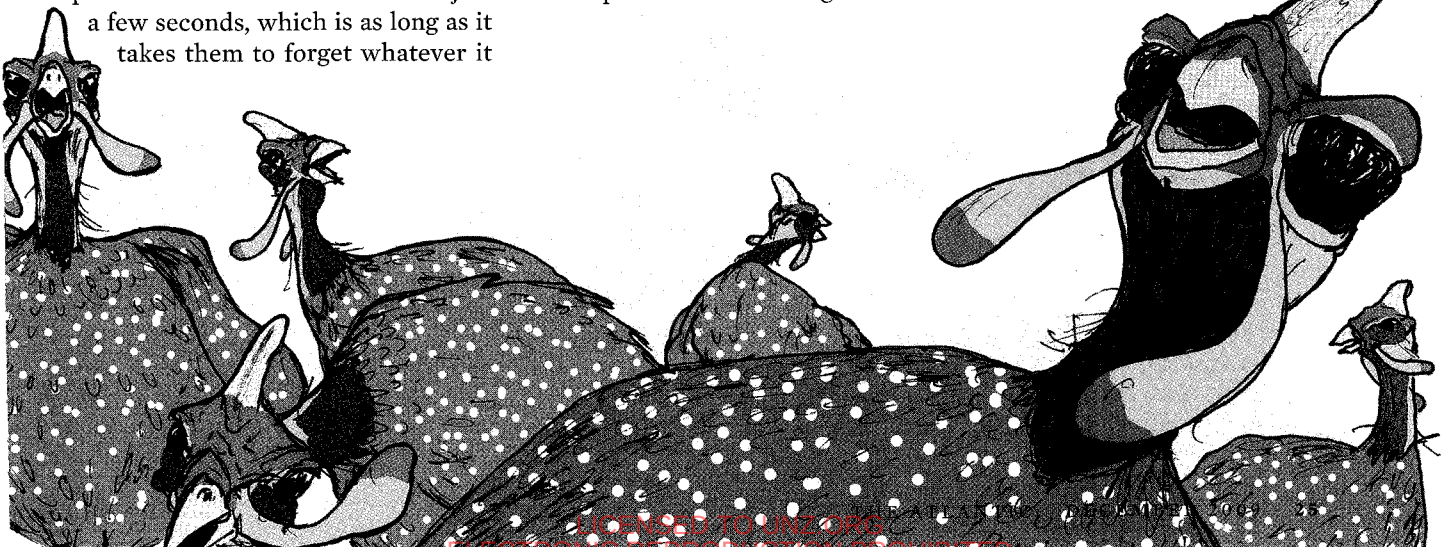
We have a fairly large property, so the flock has many safe acres in which to roam, chatter, panic, and vacuum ticks. But some madness, weeks later, propelled them once more to alien pastures. You would think that eons of evolution would have clued the guinea to Labradors. But, no. Amber, the chocolate Lab in question, is an especially obedient and friendly dog. She never saw a human hand she wasn't eager to lick, and never strays from her own farm.

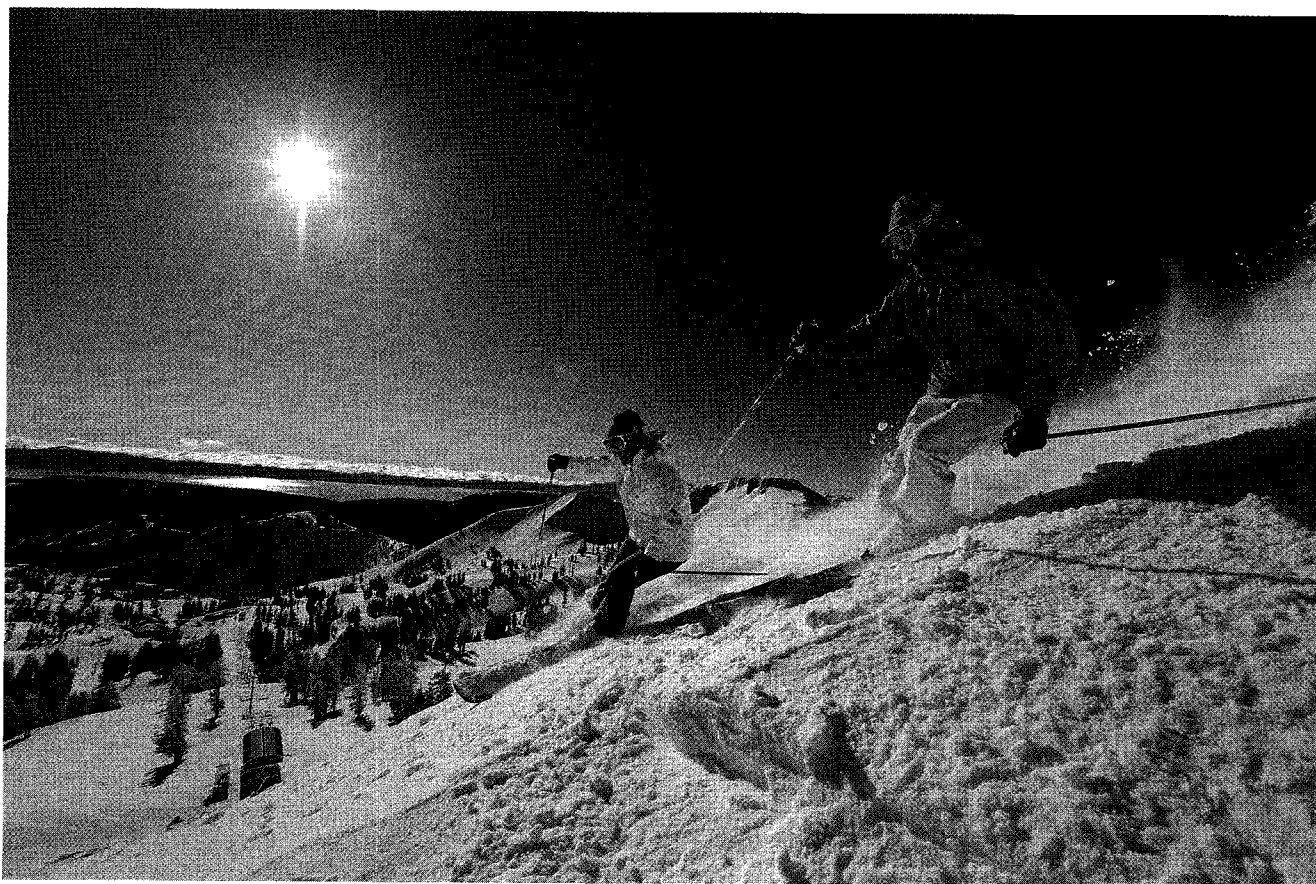
"She just tore into them," said Chuck, our neighbor and Amber's owner, who witnessed the slaughter and came away shocked by the flock's stupidity. "I kept thinking they would try to get away," he said.

Chuck found four carcasses, and five other birds just vanished, either down Amber's gullet or felled by sheer terror in the high weeds.

The rest returned, an even dozen—less than half of those we raised. Duey is still biding his time. Gail is afraid to let them out of the coop. At night, mixed in with the usual racket of tree frogs and katydids, I swear I can hear deer ticks out there, laughing at us. ■

Mark Bowden is an Atlantic national correspondent.





The views of Lake Tahoe from the high Sierra peaks at Squaw Valley are one of the ski resort's big draws.

TRAVEL

A Winter's Tale

SQUAW VALLEY CELEBRATES ITS OLYMPICS, 50 YEARS LATER.

By Eddy Ancinas

ON THE AFTERNOON of February 18, 1960, in a blinding snowstorm, I maneuvered my car onto the one-lane road into Squaw Valley, California. The *click-clack* of my tire chains measured slow progress as I inched—in a steady line of cars—toward the opening ceremonies of the 1960 Winter Olympics.

I hadn't skied Squaw Valley since the early '50s. In those days Alex and Justine Cushing, owners of the fledgling ski resort, would join their guests for lunch on the deck in full view of the mountain run, or around the fireside for drinks in the evening. In the winter of 1950, and for the next two winters, avalanches demolished "Squaw One," the ski area's one and only chairlift. The next winter the valley had serious floods, and not long after, the lodge burned down. Still,

in 1955 Alex Cushing had charmed and cajoled the International Olympic Committee into awarding the VIII Olympic Winter Games to Squaw Valley.

Next month, to mark the 50th anniversary, Olympians will be back at Squaw to celebrate an event that transformed a remote mountain valley in the Sierra Nevada to what is now one of the largest ski resorts in the United States. There will be a torch relay, fireworks, tours of alpine courses, and historic longboard races.

As a volunteer guide for the Squaw Valley Olympics, I had been issued a parking permit and a pass to Blyth Arena's opening ceremonies. Snow obliterated the wide-open meadow on my left—green and grassy in summer, laced with cross-country ski tracks in winter. At the head of the valley, Squaw Peak, with its open bowls, tree-lined

slopes, and the men's downhill course, was invisible. So was the familiar wall of granite cliffs to the right of Squaw Peak. I edged my car into the parking lot and, at last, joined hordes of hooded figures groping their way in near-zero visibility to the entrance, and to our seats looking over the indoor arena.

The flags of Greece, the United States, and the Olympics were raised. The band played "The Parade of the Olympians," the sun splintered through the clouds as the athletes marched in, and Vice President Richard Nixon declared the Games open. Outside, Andrea Mead Lawrence, 1952 gold medalist, skied down Papoose run, carrying the Olympic torch. Fireworks exploded and two thousand "doves of peace" (in fact, pigeons) were released. California's blind luck added another foot of snow to the mountain that night, and then bestowed a week of clear skies over the Sierra.

The Squaw Valley Olympics was the first Winter Games to be televised exclusively (and extensively) on one network (CBS); it was the first time instant replay

HANK DEVRE

Investing involves risk. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

Merrill Lynch Wealth Management makes available products and services offered by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Incorporated (MLPF&S)

and other subsidiaries of Bank of America Corporation. MLPF&S is a registered broker-dealer and Member SIPC.

Investing products are provided by Bank of America, N.A. and affiliated banks, Members FDIC and wholly owned subsidiaries of Bank of America Corporation.

Investment products: **Are Not FDIC Insured | Are Not Bank Guaranteed | May Lose Value** © 2009 Bank of America Corporation. All rights reserved. AR-522911 10/2009



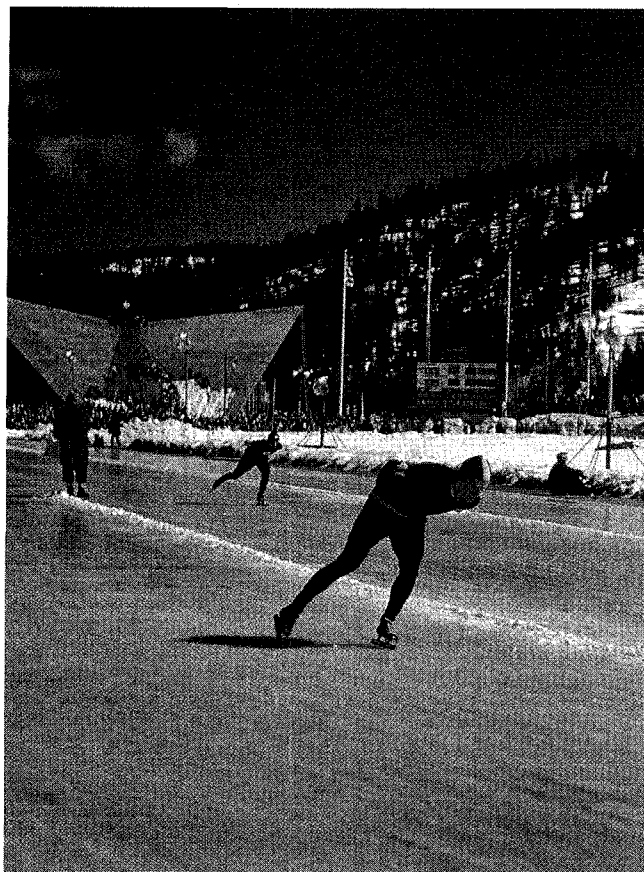
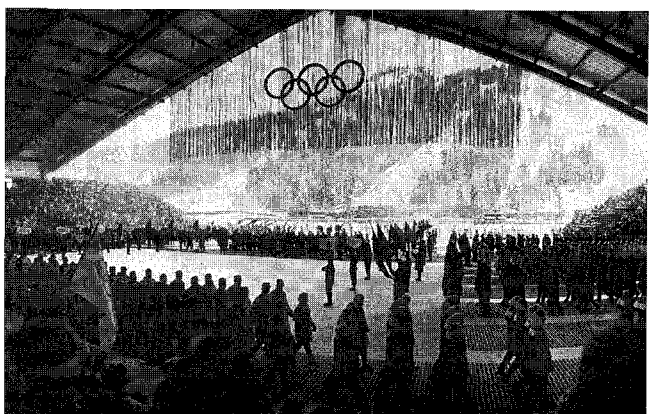
help2enjoy

Drawing wisely from your portfolio during retirement can be critical. One of our Financial Advisors can help you plan for your income needs with the Merrill Lynch Retirement Income Service® and help you manage your cash with the new My Retirement Income™ solution. Visit ml.com/help2retire or call 866.820.1493.



Merrill Lynch
Wealth Management

Bank of America Corporation



Clockwise from top: Squaw Valley village today; Olympic speed-skating practice; and the 1960 opening ceremony in Blyth Arena

was used; the first electronic tabulation of results and scores involving speed, distance, and style (IBM); the first Winter Olympics held in the western United States. It was the first time women competed in speed skating, and the first time the biathlon was an Olympic event. It was the first and only time that all alpine and skating events, and the 80-meter ski jump, were within walking distance of one another. Skiers and skaters watched and cheered at each other's events on the way to and from their own competitions. It was the only modern Olympics where all the athletes and coaches lived and dined in one village.

After the Games, I went to a nearby ski area and found myself waiting for the chairlift with a member of the Argentine Olympic team. I had heard him play guitar the night before, and seen him on the slalom course. I thought I might improve my Spanish if I rode the chairlift with him. Now, my Spanish much improved, he and I live in Squaw Valley, where we have raised three children and three ski shops, and watched the ski area grow from a village

designed to stage the Olympics to an international resort.

Blyth Arena is now a parking lot. The lodge, surrounded by shops, restaurants, condos, and a village, has been reinvented for day use, the view from the old deck blocked by new ski lifts. The Athletes' Village is corporate offices.

In 1960, there were four double chairlifts and a rope tow; today, there are 33 lifts on six different peaks, including a cable car to High Camp at 8,200 feet, with its tennis courts, swimming pool, spa, and restaurants—all in full view of Lake Tahoe. Before the Olympics there was one hotel in the valley; there are now seven, including the luxury Resort at Squaw Creek, with ski-lift access in winter and golf in summer. It's not the number of lifts or amenities that make Squaw special, however. When I ski across an open bowl or down a steep chute, or glide on a gentle track through the pine forest, I know it's the mountain—and the assurance that some things just can't be improved upon.

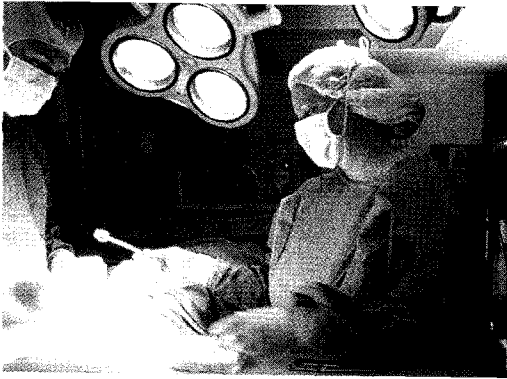
Still, I often think of 1960. In those 11 days, Jean Vuarnet of France won

the men's downhill on metal skis, and left the favored Austrians to wonder why their wax didn't work in the Sierra's changing cement-to-slush conditions. One of Korea's skiers, Kyung Soon Yim, having rarely skied on snow (he practiced on grass), finished almost every race last in front of a cheering crowd. And of course, the U.S. hockey team, an improbable assortment of college friends, insurance salesmen, carpenters, a soldier, a fireman, and a TV advertising salesman, who had played together for only a month, took on the formidable Russians. Watched by the entire world, the scrappy team grabbed a last-minute win in a heart-pounding game, and then went on to win the first U.S. gold medal in hockey by defeating the Czech team, with the support (and advice from the coach!) of the defeated Russians, who famously—during the height of the Cold War—claimed they liked the spunk and determination of the Americans. ■

Eddy Ancinas is a writer who has lived, with her husband, in Squaw Valley for 46 years.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LARRY TURNER; HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; GEORGE SILKTIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

3,000 lives.



How can we provide better health
for more people?

Healthymagination.

It's innovation that's changing the way
doctors work, and the way patients feel.

Today, like every day, GE is helping doctors
save 3,000 lives. We're investing billions of
dollars in healthcare advances, like early
cancer detection and electronic medical records.

Because we believe that by keeping people well,
we all do well.

The American Renewal is happening.

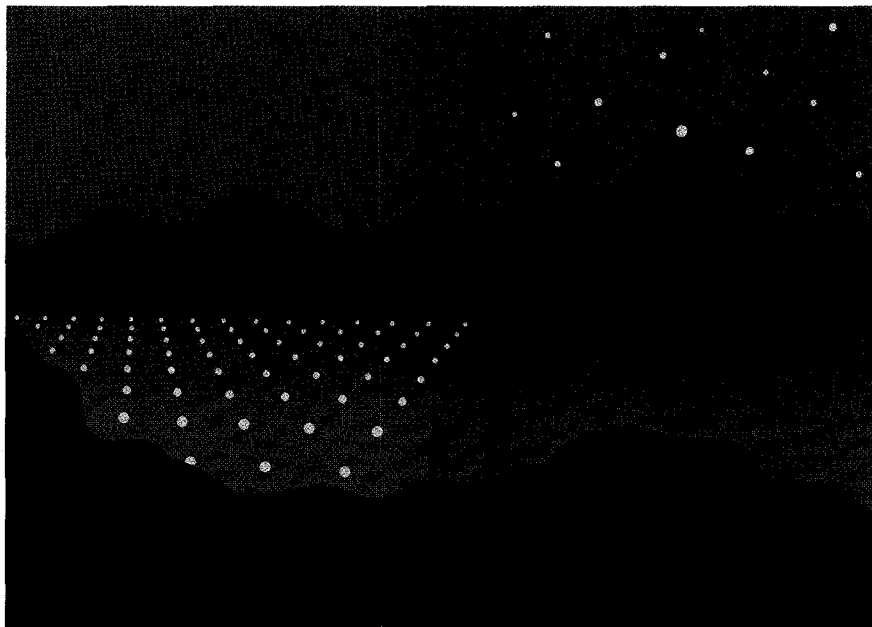
Right now.

Innovation Today for America's Tomorrow.



imagination at work

healthymagination.com



TECHNOLOGY Night Light

A NEW FUEL-CELL TECHNOLOGY PROMISES TO REVOLUTIONIZE ACCESS TO CHEAP, CLEAN ENERGY.

By Lane Wallace

IN THE BOARDROOM at Bloom Energy, a single picture hangs on the wall: a satellite image of the world at night. Clusters of bright lights mark the industrial centers, and thin white lines trace connecting passageways such as the U.S. Interstate System and the Trans-Siberian Railroad. In between, huge swaths lie in shadow.

Standing almost reverently before the image, K. R. Sridhar, the CEO of Bloom, points to the dark areas—places where electricity isn't accessible or reliable. "This is my motivation for everything," he says. To improve the lot of the more than 2 billion people living in those dark areas, he says, you have to get them reliable, affordable energy. And if you don't want to doom the environment in the process, you have to make that energy very clean.

Impossible? No more so than creating enough water and oxygen to keep astronauts alive on Mars. And Sridhar's already figured out how to do that. In fact, his research on oxygen generators for NASA laid the technical groundwork for his current venture: highly efficient solid-oxide fuel cells that run on everything from plant waste to natural gas and provide electricity while emitting

relatively little carbon dioxide.

Such technology might sound far-fetched, but the basic patent behind Sridhar's cells, which he calls "Bloom boxes," dates to 1899. Fuel cells—which facilitate a chemical reaction between oxygen and hydrogen or hydrocarbon fuel without burning anything—have been used aboard NASA vehicles and Navy submarines for years. The biggest challenge in adapting them for commercial use was making the technology reliable and affordable. That's where Sridhar's NASA background gave him a breakthrough advantage.

"To send anything to Mars is so expensive, you have to extract the most use possible out of it. Which means you have to change your underlying assumptions about everything," he explains. "So with [the Bloom boxes], I did the same thing. I looked at each component and, for example, set a price point that it absolutely had to make."

Nearly eight years and a reported \$250 million in venture-capital investment later, Sridhar has a working product that's been in field trials for the past two years and is about to go on the global market, at a price he says will be competitive with existing energy

options. As for results: in an ongoing trial at the University of Tennessee, a five-kilowatt Bloom box (the size of a large coffee table and capable of powering a 5,000-square-foot house) has proved twice as efficient as a traditional gas-burning system and produced 60 percent fewer emissions.

Since the boxes are "fuel agnostic," customers can run them on existing propane, natural gas, or ethanol sources. But they'll also run on plant waste, or almost anything else containing hydrogen and carbon. And the eventual "killer app"? Processing wind- or solar-generated electricity with water to create storable oxygen and hydrogen, then reversing the process to generate electricity at night or in low-wind or cloudy conditions.

That alone gives the technology impressive potential.

"If you have clean, affordable energy, you can get clean air and clean water whenever you want," Sridhar says. "You can make recycling affordable. You can turn latent local resources into marketable ones."

But the truly disruptive aspect of Bloom's fuel cells isn't their clean, quiet, affordable efficiency. It's their ability to operate independent of a power grid. That's critical for developing countries, which lack infrastructure. It could also allow Bloom to revolutionize energy-generation in industrialized nations.

"I want to open up access to energy the way that PCs and the Web opened up access to information," Sridhar says. "So people can live where they want, and still be connected, without someone telling them when they can do their laundry." A distributed energy system would also be far less susceptible to attack or natural disaster.

Should the utility companies be worried? Possibly. As Sridhar points out, "The companies who saw their business as selling mainframe computers are gone." Of course, the utilities could also do as IBM did, and adapt. "The human ability to innovate out of a jam is profound," Sridhar says with a smile. "That's why Darwin will always be right, and Malthus will always be wrong." ■

Lane Wallace, a correspondent at *theatlantic.com*, is the author of *Surviving Uncertainty: Taking a Hero's Journey*.

STEPHEN SAVAGE



IDEAS SPOTLIGHT: INNOVATION IN EDUCATION

At Altria, we believe that strong educational systems empower students with a sense of pride, civic engagement and the passion to succeed. We're particularly passionate about programs that think beyond the classroom and recognize the important roles that parents, community organizations and policymakers play in preparing young people for success in life and work. That's why we'd like to highlight an innovator in helping community leaders think and act differently—the Ready by 21 Partnership.

The Partnership is implementing new ways to bring leaders together to link the many supports and services children experience throughout their days and years and ultimately surround kids with an environment that challenges and prepares them for the brightest of futures. Philip Morris USA, an Altria company, is proud to be a major sponsor of the Ready by 21 Partnership, and we are excited to have this approach taking hold in our home community of Richmond, Virginia. We encourage leaders from across the country to join in support of the Partnership and this important work.



Altria

Philip Morris USA ■ U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Company ■ John Middleton
Ste. Michelle Wine Estates ■ Philip Morris Capital Corporation

To learn more, visit:

www.altria.com/beyondtheclassroom

POWERFUL SOLUTIONS FOR PASSIONATE LEADERS

Rebuilding our economy has to include a commitment to prepare our youth for college, work and life. American students are not achieving their full potential. One-third of the students who enter ninth grade do not graduate from high school on time. Four out of ten of the students who do graduate are not ready for work. Only four in ten young adults are doing well—productive, healthy and connected.

The solutions are within our grasp. We know what students need to succeed. By making simple investments, we can dramatically improve the odds for children and youth. Countless education, community, business and government leaders share a common passion to help but need more effective ways to join their efforts. Ready by 21® challenges leaders to turn their passion into practice.

The challenge is not that leaders don't care or don't know about the problem. It is that they don't know how to harness their current efforts to forge a common solution. The Forum for Youth Investment, the creators of the successful Ready by 21 approach, is partnering with seven prominent national organizations whose members touch the lives of more than 100 million children and youth—organizations such as the United Way of America, Corporate Voices for Working Families and the National Conference of State Legislatures.

Together, these Partners are providing the tools and incentives their members need to change the way they do business on the ground. This approach is catching on. Dozens of communities and states across the nation are taking on Ready by 21's bold challenge, increasing the quality and reach of learning opportunities in school and out. United in their common mission, these communities are applying the Ready by 21 action-oriented approach so that many more young people are ready for college, work and life.

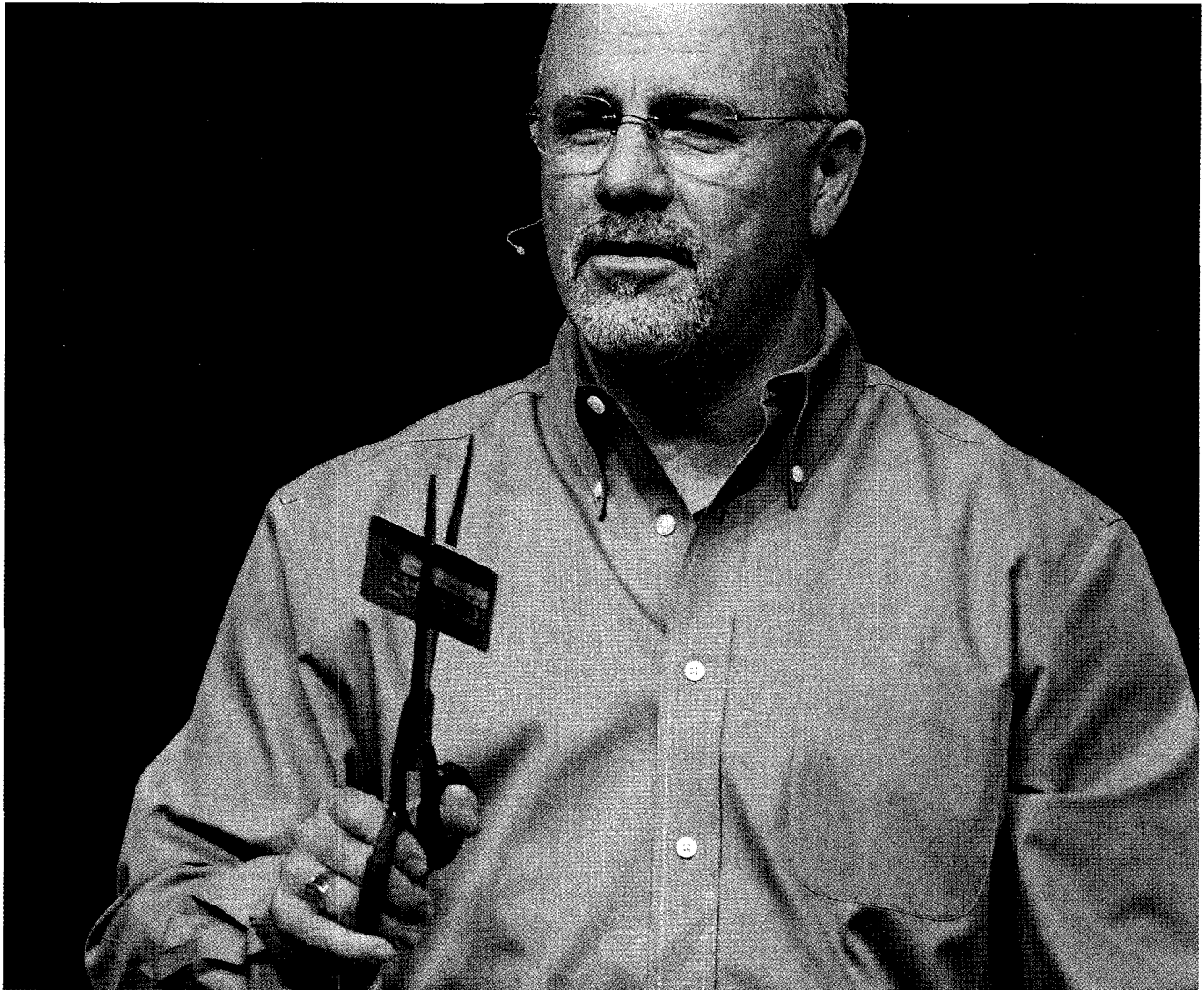


"The Ready by 21 framework is exactly right. It's not just about education. It's about families. It's about community. It's about working together to make sure that young people succeed."

**Brian Gallagher, President and
CEO, United Way of America**

**Learn how you can help ensure our
children and youth are Ready by 21
at www.readyby21.org**

Ready by 21 is a registered trademark of the Forum for Youth Investment.



The kindest cut? Dave Ramsey gets real in Kansas City, in 2006.

Lead Us Not Into Debt

Finance guru Dave Ramsey wins followers with a simple message: find God and lose your credit cards.

By Megan McArdle

DAVE RAMSEY LOOKS nothing like a televangelist. He's a little on the short side, neither fat nor thin, and he wears jeans and a sports jacket, not a shiny suit and an oily smile. With his goatee and what's left of his graying hair trimmed close to his head, he looks mostly like what he is—a well-

groomed, middle- to upper-middle-class American professional. But when he runs out onstage and starts dispensing financial advice, you realize that he could have been a great preacher.

On a fine summer day at the end of August, I paid \$220 for front-row seats on the floor of a minor-league hockey rink in Detroit, just to hear Ramsey talk

for five hours. The ostensible topic: getting your financial life in order. Afterward, my fiancé, who grew up in the Bible Belt, called me to ask what I'd thought.

"I think I just attended my first prayer meeting," I told him.

There was, of course, a great deal of talk about money, and what to do with

COURTESY DAVE RAMSEY

it. But the format was more tent revival than accounting seminar, with the first 90 minutes or so mostly devoted to Ramsey's personal story of ruin and redemption. We heard how, during the second half of the 1980s, a young Ramsey built up a multimillion-dollar real-estate empire—then lost it all as the bank got nervous and called his loans, ultimately forcing him and his wife into bankruptcy. How, searching for help in his hour of need, he turned to the Bible and discovered Proverbs 22:7: "The rich rule over the poor, and the borrower is slave of the lender." At that moment, he told an audience so hushed that we could hear the ice squeak, Ramsey decided to never borrow another dollar again.

By all accounts, he hasn't—a commitment that many business owners would like to catch him out on, since his disciples routinely shun lucrative financing deals at car dealerships, furniture stores, and electronics warehouses. The merchants' loss is Ramsey's gain: he has become rich spreading his debt-free gospel. The Dave Ramsey program got traction in evangelical churches, which are still one of the biggest distribution networks for his 13-week video program, Financial Peace University. Ramsey is not the first evangelical to sell financial advice to his co-religionists, of course. Jim Sammons, Crown Financial Ministries, and others all offer similar messages to get out of debt, tithe, and so on—not to mention the far more numerous proponents of the so-called prosperity gospel, who encourage consumption rather than restraint because they believe that God will shower the faithful with riches (see "Did Christianity Cause the Crash?," page 38).

But although other evangelical financial advisers flourish mostly within their religious communities, Ramsey has made himself the breakout act, bringing his basic message to the wider world. His programs are available in high schools and on military bases, and Ramsey himself can be heard through his daily radio show, his nightly Fox Business broadcast, his Web sites, his live events, and his many books, including a special line of children's stories. His company, the Lampo Group, now has hundreds of employees.

Ramsey offers some investment advice (much of which would have struck horror in my business-school professors), but for most of his followers, the main attraction is a simple program: give 10 percent of your income to charity, save 15 percent for retirement, build up a sizable emergency stash and a college fund for your kids, and above all, stop borrowing money. Ramsey devotees pay cash for everything they can. They are allowed only one exception to the no-more-debt rule: a 15-year fixed-rate mortgage. He is so serious about shunning debt that his Web site takes only debit cards; try to pay with a Capital One Visa, and the system rejects the card, then tut-tuts at you. These simple, austere, unbreakable rules are, as Ramsey likes to say, "the advice that God and Grandma gave you."

Most things sound a lot crazier from the outside, and so once I'd decided to write about the friendly, slightly bombastic man on the television screen, I thought I should try his program, as outlined in his book *The Total Money Makeover*. At the beginning of August, I had dutifully sat down with Peter, my fiancé, to draft a budget. Once we'd given every dollar a name (as the book puts it), I drove to the bank and withdrew 1,800 of them. Huddled over the wheel to hide this stupendous wad of cash from prying eyes, I doled out the money among various envelopes for groceries, parking, entertainment, clothing, and so on, as recommended by Ramsey—and, funnily enough, by my grandmother, who invented a nearly identical system to manage my grandfather's meager earnings from delivering groceries during the Great Depression.

When you pay for something with a credit card, or even a debit card, you can easily spend a few extra dollars here and there. But as Ramsey explained—while waving a handful of hundred-dollar bills to illustrate the point—if you have to actually hand over some of your dwindling cash supply, you tend to

ponder every purchase. That impulsive latte buy becomes a little less enjoyable when every time you haul out your wallet, a quavering voice inside your head asks, "You want to send Uncle Abe away?" And sure enough, though we thought we'd budgeted conservatively for just the necessities, we nonetheless finished the month with extra money in every envelope.

It's also hard to spend cash, because so many people look at you funny when you try. The very first day, I spent almost 20 minutes trying to check out in the "better dresses" section of a department store. The saleslady stared at the hundred-dollar bill in her palm as if I'd just handed her an eel. After a series of plaintive looks at my obviously card-free wallet, she started stabbing at the cash-register keyboard with a sort of bleak despair. To my immense surprise and relief—and clearly, also to hers—the cash drawer eventually opened.

Ramsey calls this "being weird." The phrase came up over and over again in his five-hour spiel, always punctuated with the same rejoinder: "Normal is broke." During

our first month on the Dave Ramsey program, I was startled to find out how true this is. When I described my project, a really shocking number of people, many of them married professionals with good incomes, confessed that they had no control over their money.

They aren't much different from most of America. According to a recent survey from CareerBuilder, six of every 10 workers "always" or "usually" live paycheck to paycheck. Affluent, educated people do a little better, but they certainly aren't immune—three in 10 of those with salaries above \$100,000 also report that they're spending it as fast as they make it.

In fact, in some ways, education makes living above your means easier. In business school, my fellow students and I became big fans of the idea of "consumption smoothing," as laid out in the work of economic luminaries

The impulsive latte buy is less enjoyable when every time you open your wallet, a voice in your head asks, "You want to send Uncle Abe away?"

like Milton Friedman and Laurence Kotlikoff. At least as we read it, the theory told us to do what we wanted, which was to spend money on stuff we didn't quite need. After all, we'd be making good money when we graduated, so why not borrow a little against that future income to buy a car or go to Cancún?

Ramsey could have told me why not, but I doubt I would have listened; it's a lesson you can perhaps learn only firsthand. I graduated into the teeth of the 2001 recession \$100,000 in debt. My six-figure job offer evaporated when the consulting firm fell on hard times. It took me two years to find a permanent job, and when I did, that job was in journalism, which paid about a third of what I'd been expecting.

Just like me, our nation has experimented with the "educated" overuse of leverage, aka debt. Homeowners who believed that they would have been fools to rent when a mortgage-interest tax deduction was available have poured their savings and their hearts into homes they are now losing to foreclosure. M.B.A.s are shuttering the companies they leveraged to the hilt as they chased tax deductions and higher returns. Even our politicians speak of deficit spending as a sort of investment opportunity. In industries from autos to housing, even as the private sector has retreated to repair its balance sheets, the government has dangled money it has borrowed in front of potential buyers to tempt them to further purchases.

Debt magnifies our fortunes, whichever way they're going. When incomes are rising, debt helps us live even better. When incomes are falling, fixed debt payments can push us into the abyss. If you have substantial assets, you can lose a lot more than your sterling FICO score in a bankruptcy, and bankruptcy makes it hard to save, or start over. Even if you don't go bankrupt, debt payments make it difficult for you to accumulate wealth, or to take the kind

of risks that can make your life better, like switching jobs, starting a business, or getting married. And of course, if everyone takes on too much leverage at once, the whole system can collapse.

Really, we know all this. We knew it before. Just as G. K. Chesterton once remarked of Christianity, the Grandma Plan hasn't been tried and found wanting, so much as found difficult and left untried. It's hard to make a collective decision to delay gratification—and even harder to "get your grandma on" when everyone else is out charging the good life to MasterCard.

After all, many people who got caught out in the housing bubble didn't exactly want to take out an adjustable-rate mortgage with a 3 percent down payment. But there was no other way they could afford even a modest-size house in a decent school district. Houses were being priced, not on some notion of intrinsic value, but on the maximum payment that likely

buyers could afford. As other buyers and many bankers became more willing to take absurd risks, even previously prudent consumers felt they had to follow suit. They couldn't get "weird" without sacrificing their children's education.

Dave Ramsey has little patience with this sort of argument. Some of his most scathing mockery is reserved for people who take

out loans to pay tuition at an expensive private college. No school, he avers, is so much better than the local college that it's worth gambling with your financial future.

There's some evidence that he's right about this; a study by the economists Stacy Berg Dale and Alan Krueger famously found that students who were accepted by schools with high average SAT scores, but chose to go somewhere else, earn about the same as those who actually attend the higher-ranked school. But there is also evidence to the contrary; and what nice upper-middle-class family is willing to, well, gamble with their child's financial future?

This may be why Ramsey and the other evangelists for a debt-free existence have thrived most in a subculture that offers something even more sacred than a Harvard education. Though Ramsey's television and radio shows have attracted a large secular audience, his hard-core followers still seem to be overwhelmingly evangelical. Ramsey closed his talk in Detroit with a sober lecture on taking care of yourself mentally, physically, emotionally, and of course, spiritually. "Bluntly," he said, "I'm talking about this man named Jesus, and if you don't know him, *you need to be introduced.*" The arena erupted in a joyous roar.

Though I did take the audio CD of Ramsey's personal witness being handed out free at the exit, I'm afraid that Jesus and I aren't really any better acquainted than we were before. Nonetheless, Ramsey has made a convert out of a secular journalist with one of the pricey M.B.A.s he likes to poke fun at. I have never felt as serenely in control of my finances as I have during these months of knowing that every single dollar is where it is supposed to be: either in the bank, or on a well-chaperoned date with our envelope organizer. The process has been surprisingly painless but, even more surprisingly, pleasant.

Of course, both my fiancé and I have already acquired our expensive educations and a pair of decent cars. We don't have any kids, we don't own a home, and it won't hurt us to rent a few extra years until we have paid off the last of our student loans and can afford a 20 percent down payment on a house. It is easier for us to be weird than for most of our peers.

On the other hand, Americans aren't going to fix our national financial problems until a lot more people decide to drop out of the "normal" competition to see who can borrow the most money in order to bid on a fixed number of homes in affluent school districts and places at selective colleges. You don't need to be a Christian to look for a better way. Even an unbeliever knew enough to listen up when he saw the bright light on the road to Damascus. ■

Megan McArdle is The Atlantic's business and economics editor, and the editor of the business channel at theatlantic.com.

Some of Ramsey's most scathing mockery is reserved for people who take out loans to pay tuition at an expensive private college.

Simple Truth: It's important to keep an eye on costs

Why would anyone
pay six times as
much as they have to?



Many investment firms call themselves low-cost. But, the truth is, many of them charge about six times as much as Vanguard.* This can cost you thousands of dollars. For instance, over 20 years, if you invest \$10,000 a year with an average annual return of 8% before expenses, you would keep about \$58,000 more with the lower-cost fund!** And the longer you invest, the greater the savings. It's your money. Keep more of it. Vanguard. The simple truth about investing.

www.vanguard.com/simpletruth



Visit www.vanguard.com/simpletruth, or call 800-545-9998, to obtain a prospectus, which includes investment objectives, risks, charges, expenses, and other information; read and consider it carefully before investing. Investments are subject to market risk. *Source: Lipper Inc. as of December 31, 2008. **Based on 2008 industry average expense ratio of 1.19% and Vanguard average expense ratio of 0.20%. Hypothetical example does not represent any particular investment.

©2009 The Vanguard Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Vanguard Marketing Corporation, Distributor.

[illegible]

Not just chick flicks, the movies of Nora Ephron and Nancy Meyers defy categorization and provide a sentimental education for everyone.

Back down here, however—back on what John Prescott, a former British deputy prime minister, once referred to as “terra cotta”—the old divisions still obtain. Here the moviegoer sticks sourly and soberly in his or her demographic bracket, and the films of writer-directors Nora Ephron and Nancy

Ephron and Meyers are tag-teaming us this year. As *Julie & Julia* dwindles from the multiplexes, and the hootings of Meryl Streep's Julia Child grow faint, Meyers is hitting us with *It's Complicated*. Passion reignited is the theme, and common sense perplexed. Jane (also played by Streep) is a successful divorcée and mother who in her radiant maturity begins to dally afresh with the man she split from 10 years earlier. Jake, the man in question, is played by Alec Baldwin. This is fitting: sooner or later, either Meyers or Ephron was going to have to deal with Alec Baldwin, to engage with the principle of preposterous virility that he has come to

This Baldwin-ness, this new emanation of late-middle-age manhood, had to be tackled, because Meyers and Ephron are the leading popular interpreters of experience for women of a certain age. Ephron is 68, Meyers is 60. They've been through big-*F* Feminism, witnessed the divorce marathon, the reshuffling of roles. Ephron already had a heap of mordant, anthropologically attuned journalism behind her when she published her 1983 novel, *Heartburn*, drawing on the failure of her marriage to Carl Bernstein: "The moving man sat there reading the section on vaginal self-examination in my spare copy of

ANASTASIA VASILAKIS: MOVIE STILL'S COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

Our Bodies, Ourselves while Charlie and I fought about furniture." *Heartburn* became a 1986 Mike Nichols film, with a screenplay by Ephron. Meryl Streep starred as the heroine, Rachel Samstat—pale and glossy with stress, exquisitely burdened by pregnancy, dishes of food, betrayal. Three years later, Ephron scripted *When Harry Met Sally*; four years after that, she wrote and directed *Sleepless in Seattle*. Deadeye wit, combined with a romanticism that is almost paranoid—*someone out there is waiting for you!*—has been her signature.

Meyers's early credits include the screenplays for *Private Benjamin* and the post-feminist pageant *Baby Boom*. Her output in the 1990s was a cataract of middlebrow—rewrites and remakes, first of the *Father of the Bride* movies, and then *The Parent Trap* (for which she elicited a brilliant, schizogonic performance from the young Lindsay Lohan). *What Women Want*, in 2000, was a life-giving dive into high-concept lowbrow—Mel Gibson in full-on madness-of-King-Mel mode, mugging and prancing as a man gifted (via electric shock) with the ability to read women's minds. Helen Hunt was his foil, with much deployment of that tight, defensive smile of hers; not so much a smile as a flexing of the front of her brain.

Who will triumph at the box office this year? Ephron is famouser—a brand, almost—but Meyers has had the bigger hits; 2003's *Something's Gotta Give* (Diane Keaton, disappointed in love, blowing out the scented candles with age-scored lips) was a very healthy earner, and *What Women Want* was an absolute juggernaut, with a worldwide gross of \$374 million: one of the most successful movies ever directed by a woman.

Thematically, though, there's not much daylight between them. Both women sharpened their mots justes on the complications of life after feminism, the raised consciousness and the lowered anxiety threshold. When Ephron's Harry (Billy Crystal) meets Sally (Meg Ryan) for the second time, he tells her that he's about to tie the knot. Sally asks who the lucky lady is. "Helen Hillson," recites Harry. "She's a lawyer. She's keeping her name." Three little lines, and we know instantly that the nuptials are fraught, modern, and doomed. Then there's Meyers's *Baby*

Boom: Diane Keaton as the businesswoman J. C. Wiatt, shoulder-padding through '80s Manhattan in a cascade of synth-drums. J. C. lives with some kind of insensate banker. "D'you wanna make love?" he says, inclining his pajamaed body toward hers: the bedside clock reads 11:46. In the next shot they're both putting their glasses back on, and panting a little. It's 11:50.

Fairytale Hollywood glitters distantly over the movies of both Meyers and Ephron, for whom the secrets of men versus women were engraved upon the heart of Ernst Lubitsch, and the fabulous maidens were not Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty but Ingrid Bergman and Deborah Kerr. Harry and Sally bicker over *Casablanca*; for the women of *Sleepless in Seattle*, the emotional touchstone is *An Affair to Remember* ("Men never get this movie!"). In Meyers's *The Holiday*, Kate Winslet gets tips from an authentic Golden Age geezer, a creaky Oscar-toting screenwriter who instructs her in the technicalities of the Lubitschean "meet-cute." *Hanging Up* (directed by Keaton, from a script by Ephron and her sister Delia) features Walter Matthau as the dying father, the crumbling Hollywood lion, his mind dimming behind hospital screens as he rambles about the smallness of John Wayne's penis.

Ephron's work in particular is shadowed by a sense that we have degenerated from an era of great verve and classiness into, you know, where we're at: pallid, secondary, watered down. No lusty screwball chemistry between Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan, just a fizzle of technologized yearning—she hears him on the radio in *Sleepless in Seattle*, she talks to him on the Net in *You've Got Mail*. Almost-stalkings take place: a twitch of the dial, and these would have been rather dark pieces.

Julie & Julia silhouettes the loud and irresistible rise of Julia Child against the fitful overcomings of Julie Powell, a young wife in present-day Queens who is working her way through Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. Julia is outsize, pre-orgasmic in her exclamations, a woman with a knack for bliss: she can be mystically sated by a mouthful of buttered fish. (The entire organism

of Meryl Streep is in motion for this performance—her nostrils are like a second set of eyebrows.) Julie, meanwhile, is ... blogging about Julia. *Tippy-tap*, go her fingers on the keys. "You're the third-most-popular blog on Salon.com!" cries her husband, as audience members roll insensibly under their seats.

Meyers is a looser writer than Ephron, whose scripts advance in such nifty parallelisms, one imagines her plotting them with a pair of calipers. She's also broader, and more bodily. At moments of stress her lead characters will often ask someone to check if their glands are swollen. In *Something's Gotta Give* there is a lot of talk about Viagra, and menopause. We see Jack Nicholson's ass—jaundiced-looking, glimpsed between the blue-white wings of a hospital gown. Later in the film he makes love wearing a blood-pressure cuff. Mel Gibson in *What Women Want* has freaky telepathic sex with Marisa Tomei, her overheard thoughts initially distracting him ("Is Britney Spears on *Leno* tonight?") until he finds his superstud magic mojo rhythm: "You knew what I wanted and how I wanted it!" she moans in the sweaty aftermath. *The Holiday* had none of this, offering us instead the charm overdose of Cameron Diaz and Jude Law, and the dismaying sight of Jack Black with his hair brushed.

But even *The Holiday*, seen in the right condition, in the correct state of sentimental expansion, can move and instruct. The scene in which, for example ... The scene where ... Okay, maybe not *The Holiday*. But how about Jack Nicholson's heart attack in *Something's Gotta Give*? Diane Keaton, looming in for the mouth-to-mouth, hissing "You ... fucking ... guy!!" Can men learn from these movies what women want? Can women learn from these movies what women want? Don't ask me. But the best of them leave us tickled, tearful, and somehow reacquainted with the essentials—the basics, to which even Tarantino fans must finally submit: cherish your partner. Empathy is good stuff. Men, try harder. And if you're drinking at 30,000 feet, remember: one in the air is worth two on the ground. **A**

MORE ONLINE

James Parker
comments on
vintage Ephron
and Meyers scenes:
theatlantic.com/ephron.
THEATLANTIC.COM

James Parker is an Atlantic contributing editor.



*Pastor Fernando Garay
outside the Casa del Padre
church in Charlottesville, Virginia*

to
past
prolifer
here and no
of millions of a
optimism. It pum
worst downturn since

Did Chris 1150

That Sunday, Garay was preaching a variation on his usual theme, about how prosperity and abundance unerringly find true believers. "It doesn't matter what country you're from, what degree you have, or what money you have in the bank," Garay said. "You don't have to say, 'God, bless my business. Bless my bank account.' The blessings will come! The blessings are looking for you! God will take care of you. God will not let you be without a house!"

Pastor Garay, 48, is short and stocky, with thick black hair combed back. In his off hours, he looks like a contented tourist, in his printed Hawaiian shirts or bright guayaberas. But he preaches with a ferocity that taps into his youth as a cocaine dealer with a knife in his back pocket. "Fight the attack of the devil on my finances! Fight him! We declare financial blessings! Financial miracles this week, NOW NOW NOW!" he preached that Sunday. "More work! Better work! The best finances!" Gonzales shook and paced as the pastor spoke, eventually leaving his wife and three kids in the family section to join the single men toward the front, many of whom were jumping, raising their Bibles, and weeping. On the altar sat some anointing oils, alongside the keys to the Mercedes Benz.

Later, D'andry Then, a trim, pretty real-estate agent and one of the church founders, stood up to give her testimony. Business had not been good of late, and "you know, Monday I have to pay this, and Tuesday I have to pay that." Then, just that morning, "Jesus gave me \$1,000." She didn't explain whether the gift came in the form of a real-estate commission or a tax refund or a stuffed envelope left at her door. The story hung somewhere between metaphor and a literal image of barefoot Jesus handing her a pile of cash. No one in the church seemed the least bit surprised by the story, and certainly no one expressed doubt. "If you have financial pressure on you, and you don't know where the next payment is coming from, don't pay any attention to that!" she continued. "Don't get discouraged! Jesus is the answer."

America's churches always reflect shifts in the broader culture, and Casa del Padre is no exception. The message that Jesus blesses believers with riches first showed up in the postwar years, at a time when Americans began to believe that greater comfort could be accessible to everyone, not just the landed class. But it really took off during the boom years of the 1990s, and has continued to spread ever since. This stitched-together, homegrown theology, known as the prosperity gospel, is not a clearly defined denomination, but a strain of belief that runs through the Pentecostal Church and a surprising number of mainstream evangelical churches, with varying degrees of intensity. In Garay's church, God is the "Owner of All the Silver and Gold," and with enough faith, any believer can access the inheritance. Money is not the dull stuff of hourly wages and bank-account statements, but a magical substance that comes as a gift from above. Even in these hard times, it is discouraged, in such churches, to fall into despair about the things you cannot afford. "Instead of saying 'I'm poor,' say 'I'm rich,'" Garay's wife, Hazael, told me one day. "The word of God will manifest itself in reality."

Many explanations have been offered for the housing bubble and subsequent crash: interest rates were too low;

regulation failed; rising real-estate prices induced a sort of temporary insanity in America's middle class. But there is one explanation that speaks to a lasting and fundamental shift in American culture—a shift in the American conception of divine Providence and its relationship to wealth.

In his book *Something for Nothing*, Jackson Lears describes two starkly different manifestations of the American dream, each intertwined with religious faith. The traditional Protestant hero is a self-made man. He is disciplined and hardworking, and believes that his "success comes through careful cultivation of (implicitly Protestant) virtues in cooperation with a Providential plan." The hero of the second American narrative is a kind of gambling man—a "speculative confidence man," Lears calls him, who prefers "risky ventures in real estate," and a more "fluid, mobile democracy." The self-made man imagines a coherent universe where earthly rewards match merits. The confidence man lives in a culture of chance, with "grace as a kind of spiritual luck, a free gift from God." The Gilded Age launched the myth of the self-made man, as the Rockefellers and other powerful men in the pews connected their wealth to their own virtue. In these boom-and-crash years, the more reckless alter ego dominates. In his book, Lears quotes a reverend named Jeffrey Black, who sounds remarkably like Garay: "The whole hope of a human being is that somehow, in spite of the things I've done wrong, there will be an episode when grace and fate shower down on me and an unearned blessing will come to me—that I'll be the one."

I had come to Charlottesville to learn more about this second strain of the American dream—one that's been ascendant for a generation or more. I wanted to try to piece together the connection between the gospel and today's economic reality, and to see whether "prosperity" could possibly still seem enticing, or even plausible, in this distinctly unprosperous moment. (Very much so, as it turns out.) Charlottesville may not be the heartland of the prosperity gospel, which is most prevalent in the Sun Belt—where many of the country's foreclosure hot spots also lie. And Garay preaches an unusually pure version of the gospel. Still, the particulars of both Garay and his congregation are revealing.

Among Latinos the prosperity gospel has been spreading rapidly. In a recent Pew survey, 73 percent of all religious Latinos in the United States agreed with the statement: "God will grant financial success to all believers who have enough faith." For a generation of poor and striving Latino immigrants, the gospel seems to offer a road map to affluence and modern living. Garay's church is comprised mostly of first-generation immigrants. More than others I've visited, it echoes back a highly distilled, unself-conscious version of the current thinking on what it means to live the American dream.

One other thing makes Garay's church a compelling case study. From 2001 to 2007, while he was building his church, Garay was also a loan officer at two different mortgage companies. He was hired explicitly to reach out to the city's growing Latino community, and Latinos, as it happened, were disproportionately likely to take out the sort of risky loans that later led to so many foreclosures. To many of his parishioners, Garay was not just a spiritual adviser, but a financial one as well.

MANY OF THE TERMS and concepts used by prosperity preachers today date back to Oral Roberts, a poor farmer's son turned Pentecostal preacher. Garay grew up watching Roberts on television and considers him a hero; he hopes to send all three of his children to Oral Roberts University, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. In the late 1940s, Roberts claimed his Bible flipped open to the Third Epistle of John, verse 2: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health. Even as thy soul prospereth." Soon Roberts developed his famous concept of seed faith, still popular today. If people would donate money to his ministry, a "seed" offered to God, he'd say, then God would multiply it a hundredfold. Eventually, Roberts retreated into a life that revolved around private jets and country clubs.

Roberts's fame had faded by the late 1980s, and prosperity preaching briefly imploded soon after. We all remember Tammy Faye Bakker and her mascara tears, along with her husband, Jim, and his various scandals. They took their place in a procession of slick, showy faith healers on Christian television who ultimately succumbed to earthly temptation.

But since that time, the movement has made itself over, moving out of the fringe and into the upwardly mobile megachurch class. In the past decade, it has produced about a dozen celebrity pastors, who show up at White House events, on secular radio, and as guests on major TV talk shows. Kirbyjon Caldwell, a Methodist megapastor in Houston and a purveyor of the prosperity gospel, gave the benediction at both of George W. Bush's inaugurations. Instead of shiny robes or gaudy jewelry, these preachers wear Italian suits and modest wedding bands. Instead of screaming and sweating, they smile broadly and speak in soothing, therapeutic terms. But their message is essentially the same. "Every day, you're going to live that abundant life!" preaches Joel Osteen, a best-selling author, the nation's most popular TV preacher, and the pastor of Lakewood Church, in Houston, the country's largest church by far.

Among mainstream, nondenominational megachurches, where much of American religious life takes place, "prosperity is proliferating" rapidly, says Kate Bowler, a doctoral candidate at Duke University and an expert in the gospel. Few, if any, of these churches have *prosperity* in their title or mission statement, but Bowler has analyzed their sermons and teachings. Of the nation's 12 largest churches, she says, three are prosperity—Osteen's, which dwarfs all the other megachurches; Tommy Barnett's, in Phoenix; and T. D. Jakes's, in Dallas. In second-tier churches—those with about 5,000 members—the prosperity gospel dominates. Overall, Bowler classifies 50 of the largest 260 churches in the U.S. as prosperity. The doctrine has become popular with Americans of every background and ethnicity; overall, Pew found that 66 percent of all Pentecostals and 43 percent of "other Christians"—a category comprising roughly half of all respondents—believe that wealth will be granted to the faithful. It's an upbeat theology, argues Barbara Ehrenreich in her new book, *Bright-*

Sided, that has much in common with the kind of "positive thinking" that has come to dominate America's boardrooms and, indeed, its entire culture.

On the cover of his 4 million-copy best seller from 2004, *Your Best Life Now*, Joel Osteen looks like a recent college grad who just got hired by Goldman Sachs and can't believe his good luck. His hair is full, his teeth are bright, his suit is polished but not flashy; he looks like a guy who would more likely shake your hand than cast out your demons. Osteen took over his father's church in 1999. He had little preaching experience, although he'd managed the television ministry for years. The church grew quickly, as Osteen packaged himself to appeal to the broadest audience possible. In his books and sermons, Osteen quotes very little scripture, opting instead to tell uplifting personal anecdotes. He avoids controversy, and rarely appears on Christian TV. In a popular YouTube

clip, he declines to confirm Larry King's suggestion that only those who believe in Jesus will go to heaven.

Osteen is often derided as Christianity Lite, but he is more like Positivity Extreme. "Cast down anything negative, any thought that brings fear, worry, doubt, or unbelief," he urges. "Your attitude should be: 'I refuse to go backward. I am going forward with God. I am going to be the person he wants me to be. I'm going to fulfill my destiny.'" Telling yourself you are poor, or broke, or stuck in a dead-end job is a form of sin and "invites more negativity into your life," he writes. Instead, you have to "program your mind for success," wake up every morning and tell yourself,

"God is guiding and directing my steps." The advice is exactly like the message of *The Secret*, or any number of American self-help blockbusters that edge toward magical thinking, except that the religious context adds another dimension.

Your Best Life Now, which has fueled a TV show that Osteen claims is now seen in 200 million homes worldwide, opens with a story of a man on vacation in Hawaii. He was "a good man who had achieved a modest measure of success, but he was coasting along, thinking that he'd already reached his limits." While sightseeing, he and his wife admired a gorgeous house on a hill. "I can't even imagine living in a place like that," he said. For this bit of self-deprecation and modesty, Osteen pities the man: "His own thoughts and attitudes," he writes, "were condemning him to mediocrity," or what is known in the gospel as the "defeated life."

A few pages later comes the corrective, the model of a "victor" and not a "victim." Osteen and his wife, Victoria, are walking around their neighborhood in Houston when they pass a beautiful house being built. "Most of the other homes around us were one-story, ranch-style homes that were forty to fifty years old, but this house was a large two-story home, with high ceilings and oversized windows," he writes. "It was a lovely, inspiring place." Victoria desperately wanted a house "just like it," but Joel was worried about how stretched they already were. "Thinking of our bank account and my income at the time, it seemed impossible to me," he writes. But this,

"If you can't afford a house, you shouldn't buy it," said the pastor's wife. "But if the Lord is telling you to 'take that first step and I will provide,' then you have to believe."

of course, is an example of ungodly, negative thinking. With her unwavering faith, Victoria wouldn't let it drop. Soon she convinced Joel and then he, too, started to believe that "God could bring it to pass." There is no explanation of how they came to own such a house—whether Osteen worked hard to grow his ministry or got rich from his TV show or received an inheritance from his father's estate. In this story they are standing in for an average middle-class couple who set their sights on a bigger house and believed, despite all the financial evidence, that God would bestow it upon them, like a gift. And he did.

THEOLOGICALLY, THE PROSPERITY GOSPEL has always infuriated many mainstream evangelical pastors. Rick Warren, whose book *The Purpose Driven Life* outsold Osteen's, told *Time*, "This idea that God wants everybody to be wealthy? There is a word for that: baloney. It's creating a false idol. You don't measure your self-worth by your net worth. I can show you millions of faithful followers of Christ who live in poverty. Why isn't everyone in the church a millionaire?" In 2005, a group of African American pastors met to denounce prosperity megapreachers for promoting a Jesus who is more like a "cosmic bellhop," as one pastor put it, than the engaged Jesus of the civil-rights era who looked after the poor.

More recently, critics have begun to argue that the prosperity gospel, echoed in churches across the country, might have played a part in the economic collapse. In 2008, on the blog Religion Dispatches, Jonathan Walton, a professor of religious studies at the University of California at Riverside, warned:

Narratives of how "God blessed me with my first house despite my credit" were common ... Sermons declaring "It's your season of overflow" supplanted messages of economic sobriety and disinterested sacrifice. Yet as folks were testifying about "what God can do," little attention was paid to a predatory subprime-mortgage industry, relaxed credit standards, or the dangers of using one's home equity as an ATM.

In 2004, Walton was researching a book about black televangelists. "I would hear consistent testimonies about how 'once I was renting and now God let me own my own home,' or 'I was afraid of the loan officer, but God directed him to ignore my bad credit and blessed me with my first home,'" he says. "This trope was so common in these churches that I just became immune to it. Only later did I connect it to this disaster."

Demographically, the growth of the prosperity gospel tracks fairly closely to the pattern of foreclosure hot spots. Both spread in two particular kinds of communities—the exurban middle class and the urban poor. Many newer prosperity churches popped up around fringe suburban developments built in the 1990s and 2000s, says Walton. These are precisely the kinds of neighborhoods that have been decimated by foreclosures, according to Eric Halperin, of the Center for Responsible Lending.

Zooming out a bit, Kate Bowler found that most new prosperity-gospel churches were built along the Sun Belt, particularly in California, Florida, and Arizona—all areas

that were hard-hit by the mortgage crisis. Bowler, who, like Walton, was researching a book, spent a lot of time attending the "financial empowerment" seminars that are common at prosperity churches. Advisers would pay lip service to "sound financial practices," she recalls, but overall they would send the opposite message: posters advertising the seminars featured big houses in the background, and the parking spots closest to the church were reserved for luxury cars.

Nationally, the prosperity gospel has spread exponentially among African American and Latino congregations. This is also the other distinct pattern of foreclosures. "Hyper-segregated" urban communities were the worst off, says Halperin. Reliable data on foreclosures by race are not publicly available, but mortgages are tracked by both race and loan type, and subprime loans have tended to correspond to foreclosures. During the boom, roughly 40 percent of all loans going to Latinos nationwide were subprime loans; Latinos and African Americans were 28 percent and 37 percent more likely, respectively, to receive a higher-rate subprime loan than whites.

In June, the Supreme Court ruled that state attorneys general had the authority to sue national banks for predatory lending. Even before that ruling, at least 17 lawsuits accusing various banks of treating racial minorities unfairly were already under way. (Bank of America's Countrywide division—one of the companies Garay worked for—had earlier agreed to pay \$8.4 billion in a multistate settlement.) One theme emerging in these suits is how banks teamed up with pastors to win over new customers for subprime loans.

Beth Jacobson is a star witness for the City of Baltimore's recent suit against Wells Fargo. Jacobson was a top loan officer in the bank's subprime division for nine years, closing as much as \$55 million worth of loans a year. Like many subprime-loan officers, Jacobson had no bank experience before working for Wells Fargo. The subprime officers were drawn from "an utterly different background" than the professional bankers, she told me. She had been running a small paralegal business; her co-workers had been car salespeople, or had worked in telemarketing. They were prized for their ability to hustle on the ground and "look you in the eye when they shook your hand," she surmised. As a reward for good performance, the bank would sometimes send a Hummer limo to pick up Jacobson for a celebration, she said. She'd arrive at a bar and find all her co-workers drunk and her boss "doing body shots off a waitress."

The idea of reaching out to churches took off quickly, Jacobson recalls. The branch managers figured pastors had a lot of influence with their parishioners and could give the loan officers credibility and new customers. Jacobson remembers a conference call where sales managers discussed the new strategy. The plan was to send officers to guest-speak at church-sponsored "wealth-building seminars" like the ones Bowler attended, and dazzle the participants with the possibility of a new house. They would tell pastors that for every person who took out a mortgage, \$350 would be donated to the church, or to a charity of the parishioner's choice. "They wouldn't say, 'Hey, Mr. Minister. We want to give your people a bunch of subprime loans,'" Jacobson told me. "They would say, 'Your congregants will be homeowners! They will be able to live the American dream!'"

Where will we find answers to
our nation's toughest questions?

© Siemens AG, 2009. All Rights Reserved



Somewhere in America, you'll find Siemens answers at work.

They're in a hospital in Pennsylvania and a factory in Ohio. They're on the rails in California, plugged into the grid in Texas, and rising up out of the Manhattan skyline. And Siemens is working to bring them to every city and every town and everywhere in between. We're 69,000 people, working in every state of the union. We've already answered some of the nation's toughest questions. And we're ready to do it again.

siemens.com/answers

SIEMENS

GARAY OFTEN TELLS his life story from the pulpit, as an inspiration to the many immigrants in his church, some legal, some not. He grew up an outsider—a citizen by birth, but living a marginal existence in a diverse, working-class neighborhood in Flushing, Queens. His mother left when he was 8, and he was raised mostly by two older brothers; he spent most of his time on the street. “I ate jars of peanut butter for dinner,” he says. The story of how he became a Christian begins in 1989, when he was 28 years old, and involves a large sum of money. He’d been selling drugs in Miami, then started using, and owed some dealers \$30,000 that he didn’t have, and they were going to kill him. He was on his mattress one night, in despair, when a picture of Jesus up on his wall “winked at me.” Soon after, he became a born-again Christian, and he told everyone about it. The dealers, he says, then went away. He doesn’t offer much explanation; he just says, “They were after me. They were going to kill me. And then they just backed off.” He credits Jesus.

Garay tried many churches, but they all felt alien and “dead” to him. “That’s not me, sitting quietly and saying ‘Thank you, God.’” Finally he came upon a Pentecostal prosperity church, much like the one he leads now. The church was full of miracles and real emotion, which drew him in, but it also offered practical benefits. The pastor pointed out Bible passages that referred to finances in specific terms, giving him images of wealth he could almost reach out and touch: “Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over”—a passage that’s now often read at Garay’s church during tithing time.

“Then it started happening. It started happening!” He enrolled in a community college and began selling roses from buckets in the backseat of his Honda (“no AC, no radio”). In no time, as he tells it, he had worked himself up to roses in plastic straws, laid neatly across the backseat of his Cadillac, with no water sloshing on the white leather. With this story, Garay hopes to convince his followers that God has a bounty for them, but that to get it they have to take the first step of faith. One analogy he likes to use is a box of gifts in heaven; if you never reach up to get it, then it won’t come down to you. It’s a curious mix of active (a step of faith) and passive (“It started happening!”).

In Garay’s testimony, his life proceeds that way: part hard work, part miracle. He applied himself, eventually got married, and had children. One day, for no reason, he quit his job as a social worker counseling addicted juvenile delinquents. “I almost hit him with a frying pan,” Hazael, his wife, jokes. But the very same day, his mother-in-law walked into the house and said the bank was looking for a bilingual loan officer. He had no experience and had never used a computer. Yet he got the job and within a year was earning six figures. How did that happen? How did it all come together so neatly, one door opening the moment another had closed? When I asked him that, he smiled and pointed up at the sky.

“I want to buy a house,” Gonzales confessed. “Not a small one but a really huge one. I know, it’s crazy! But nothing is impossible! God, you saved my life,” he said. “And now you will give me a gift.”

Garay is like a father figure to his parishioners; I met a few who had named their children after him or his wife. Parishioners told me stories about his coming with them to their court hearings, showing them how to buy a phone card or find a good school for their children or, for the more entrepreneurial, invest in a small business. Oral Roberts’s seed-faith concept is the source of much suspicion about prosperity churches; pastors, including Garay, ask their parishioners to give 10 percent of their income to the church. But to Garay, seed faith is the church’s central tenet. The tithe, he says, is tangible proof that a believer has taken the first step toward God. It is the spiritual equivalent of spending three years selling flowers door-to-door. He often tells what’s known as Jesus’ parable of the three servants, from Matthew. A lord gives three of his servants money. Two invest the money and double their profit, and a third hides his in the ground. When the master returns, he declares the third “wicked and lazy” and a “worthless slave,” and casts him into the “outer darkness.” “To receive God’s bounty, you cannot hide your head in the sand,” Garay preaches. “You have to take a leap of faith.”

I asked Garay why his parishioner Billy Gonzales, who earns barely \$25,000 and has no money to fix his car, should donate 10 percent of his income. “Because it gives him a new mentality. It teaches him that money can breed more money, that you can have money in your pocket on Saturday morning even though you got paid Friday night. People who support the church week after week have a dedication. Those who just give \$5 or \$10 here and there, you’ll hear them have the same problems week after week.” Jackson Lears would add another explanation: tithing is like the moment the gambler lays his money down on the table—it “promises at least a fleeting opportunity to contact a realm where hope is alive,” he writes. Without it, there’s only the dull regularity of \$2,000 a month and a dead car.

During the boom years, Apostle Garay, as he is known in church, was brasher than he is now. He spoke in very specific terms during church services, promising that a \$100 offering would yield a \$10,000 return: “This is not my promise. It is God’s promise, and he will make it happen!” he would say.

While it sounds absurd, this kind of message can have a positive influence, according to Tony Tian-Ren Lin, a researcher at the University of Virginia who has made a close study of Latino prosperity gospel congregations over the years. These churches typically take in people who had “been basically dropped into the world from pretty primitive settings”—small towns in Latin America with no electricity or running water and very little educational opportunity. In their new congregation, their pastor slowly walks them through life in the U.S., both inside and outside of church, until they become more confident. “In Mexico, nobody ever told them they could do anything,” says Lin, who was himself raised in Argentina. He finds the message at prosperity

churches to be quintessentially American. "They are taught they can do absolutely anything, and it's God's will. They become part of the elect, the chosen. They get swept up in the manifest destiny, this idea that God has lifted Americans above everyone else."

At Casa del Padre, the celebration of consumer culture is quite visible, along with a sense of boundless opportunity. The people in the church, for instance, tend to have very expensive cell phones—never the free ones that come with a calling plan, nor the sort that can be bought cheaply at a convenience store. "They start wanting what's considered the best and the most technologically advanced in this country," Lin says. Garay's church, it seems to me, teaches them that they deserve these things, so they go about getting them, with few resources and infinite adaptability. Before the crash, one group of young men got a \$12,000 loan to start a landscaping company; another man bought a \$270,000 house. One of the church's Bible-study leaders, who'd grown up in a remote village in Mexico with an abusive, alcoholic father, had become a very successful contractor by the height of the boom, managing 30 men on multiple jobs and winning contracts to paint luxury subdivisions in the exurbs.

The tenets of the prosperity gospel, and the practical advice that pastors often give their parishioners, help immigrants learn "not just how to survive but how to thrive; not just live paycheck to paycheck but handle money—manage complicated payrolls, invest in equipment," Lin told me. Along the way, they become assimilated. "While they're trying to be closer to God, instead they become American," he says, from their optimism and entrepreneurialism to the very nature of their dreams.

THESE DAYS, GARAY'S MESSAGE is more subdued than it was at the height of the boom, but not substantially different. In a sermon on Father's Day, he did not make specific claims of financial returns on investments but instead spoke vaguely about how his congregation's prospects were "good and going to get better." After church, I asked Garay about how the gospel was holding up in the recession. It was a hot summer day, and although he had just finished one of his feverish two-hour sermons, he seemed energized rather than drained. "Look," he said, and rounded his hands as if to indicate a protective shield. "The recession has not hit *my* church." He reminded me that when he had asked how many people were out of work, only four people out of about 100 there had raised their hands. But in a church where failure is seen as a kind of sin, it seems credulous at best to expect an honest response to that question. I later met at least one person—Billy Gonzales's younger brother—who didn't have a job but hadn't raised his hand, because he thought he'd "have one lined up soon."

Garay describes the recession as God's judgment—for abortion, taking prayer out of school, bikinis on television, "*Desperate Housewives*, whatever." But God is also giving us a two-year window to repent, he says. He calculates that we've had five years of extreme plenty and now the clock is running out, based on the biblical story of Joseph and the great famine—seven years of plenty followed by seven years of a failed harvest. If we don't repent, we will experience "misery

like we have never known it." These days, if any parishioners or fellow pastors ask Garay for investment advice, he tells them to wait two years before making a move.

Like much of Garay's advice, this recommendation is partly grounded in economic reality, and partly drawn from mystical notions about a biblical calendar. "I'm very real," he once told me. "If you want to eat at Red Lobster, you better have a Red Lobster paycheck, and enough left over to pay your electric bill. But I've also seen miracles of God." Later, during one of our talks over coffee, his wife echoed the sentiment. "If you can't afford a house, you shouldn't buy it," Hazel said, when I asked whether the prosperity gospel might push people to take irresponsible risks. "But if the Lord is telling you to 'take that first step and I will provide,' then you have to believe."

I asked Garay many times about a connection between the mortgage crisis and the gospel, but he does not really see one. From everything he says about his time as a loan officer, it seems he was involved in the kinds of subprime loans that led to so many foreclosures. He was hired in Countrywide's emerging-markets division, which meant he was expected to target the growing Latino community in the area. Like Beth Jacobson, he had no previous experience, but was valued for his connections and hustle. He makes astute criticisms of the risky loans but, like many former loan officers, he does so with a curious sense of distance, as if he had been just a cog in the machine. Loans got "too easy," he says. "Mortgages would be \$1,500 a month, and that was all [the loan applicants] made in a month," he recalls, "but they figured they would rent the basement." He says sometimes he told people the loans were going to kill them, but they would plead, "Please help me, *please*. I want a house." Because he was becoming an increasingly prominent pastor at the time, many people who came to see him assumed he was the president of the bank and could protect them, he recalls.

Garay says as far as he knows no one in his church defaulted. But at a bare minimum, some of his parishioners have run into intense financial difficulties, sometimes defaulting soon after leaving the congregation. The man who'd bought the \$270,000 house threw a huge housewarming party and invited everyone from church. He gave a weepy testimony about the house God had given him, passing around the title for all to see. At the time, he was working as a handyman, putting up drywall, painting, roofing, and doing other odd jobs. Within three months he had three families living in the three-bedroom house, and he still could not keep up with the payments. After five months, he went into foreclosure and ducked out of the country. Tony Lin is careful—and of course correct—to say that neither immigrants nor Latinos caused the crash; adherents of every stripe exhibited the same sort of magical thinking about finances, as did millions of non-believers. Still, he recalls, "I wasn't very surprised when the whole subprime-mortgage thing blew up. I'm sure a loan officer never said, 'God wants you to have a house.' But you've already been taught that. Now here comes the loan officer saying, 'Sign here, and this house will be yours.' It feels like a gift from God. It's the perfect fuel for the crisis."

The guys who'd started the landscaping company also fared badly. They had a pretty good spring and summer in

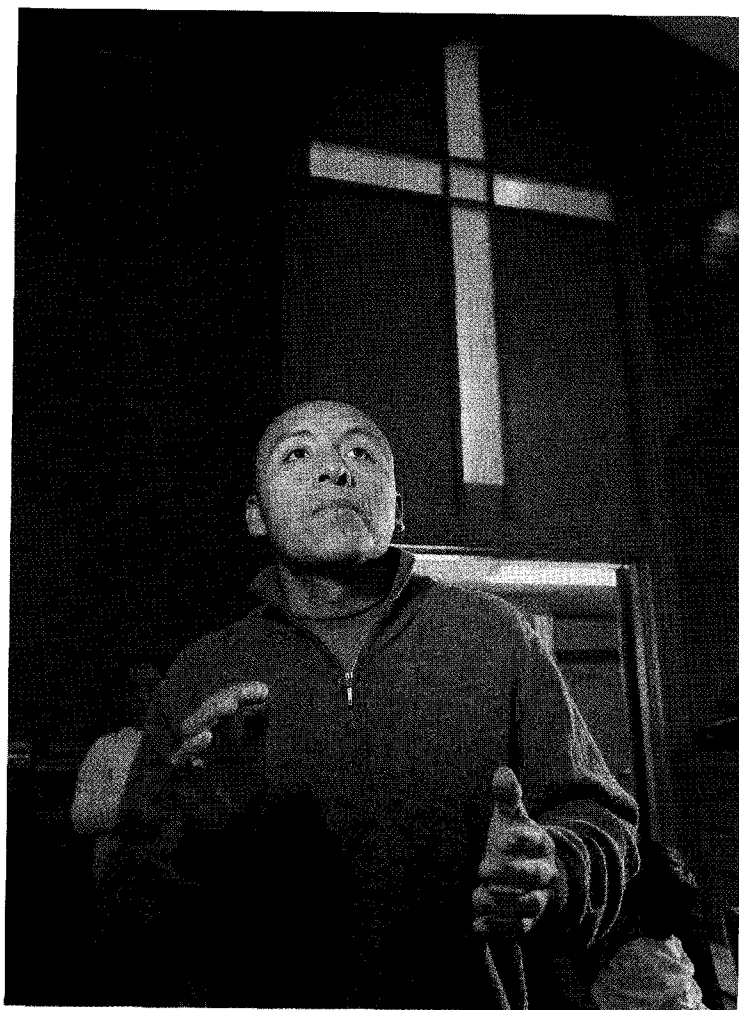
2007, their first year of operation, and then business started to fall off. In church they kept giving positive testimonies, bragging about their success. But by October, they'd begun selling off their equipment; eventually they lost the business and had to go into hiding. The most interesting part of the story is the epilogue. One of the partners in the group, whom I'll call Luis, eventually moved to Richmond, and an acquaintance from Casa del Padre told me that he'd recently run into him there. Luis hadn't been embittered by the experience; he blamed the disaster on the fact that he'd started working on Sundays instead of going to church. Luis asked the man to come visit with some of the parishioners of his new church, to confirm that he had once been a great success. As they talked, he seemed happy and positive. "He wasn't angry that things didn't work out. He wasn't angry at God. He looked back at those days and thought, 'I can still have everything. Look what God gave me. That was a time when I had it all.'"

BY MANY MEASURES, Billy Gonzales does not have it all. He lives with his wife and three children in a tiny apartment on the back side of a development at the edge of town, where people hang out on the stoop until all hours. He works 45 minutes away and his car has been broken down for three months, and he does not have any money to fix it. Every day at work he is faced with a vision of what he does not have. He works for a man who just built a \$4 million house—one of four the man owns. Gonzales's job is to make sure every wine glass, garden statue, and book is dusted and in its proper place. Yet when I talked to Gonzales he was like a child hearing the ice-cream truck, or a man newly in love. "I'm crazy! Just crazy," he said, meaning crazy for the Lord, and giving little jumps out of his chair.

I visited Gonzales one evening after he'd had a long day at work; his brother had given him a ride home. Gonzales has a wide, earnest face that can look like a child's or, if he is tired, like an old man's. He sat in his favorite squeaky leather chair with his Bible in one hand and a soccer ball at his feet. The sofas in the tiny living room are actually backseats ripped out of cars, with cushions thrown on them. He got the cushions from a man he once shared a trailer with, and they turned out to be infested with cockroaches. As we talked, the roaches crawled across the floor or on the sofas. Gonzales apologized but did not pay them much attention.

He told me he feels pity for his employer. He assumes the man must have been close to God at one point, or at least his family must have been, "because the rich are closer to God." But now the man has lost his way. He laughs when Gonzales talks to him about Jesus, and he wastes his money, buying \$500 birdhouses and hiring Gonzales to clean them.

Gonzales was once lost too. He came from a big family in Guatemala so poor "that the poor people would call us poor." For a while after he came to the U.S., he sent money home, but then like many of his friends he lost the rhythm



Billy Gonzales during a church service at Casa del Padre

of work. Instead, he was snorting cocaine and getting drunk four nights a week. "I hated Americans. I *hated* them," he said, and I had trouble believing him, given his now-innocent, open demeanor. He says that back then, he spent most of his days fantasizing about killing his brother-in-law, whom he hated for no reason he can remember. His conversion came two years ago, in the form of a sudden vision like Garay's. One night, in a drugged-out haze, he saw a polished, shimmery stone. He later realized it was a jewel, one of the many treasures in God's vast storehouse, destined for him. Eventually he made his way to Garay, whom he now calls his father.

When I mentioned Gonzales to Garay, the pastor praised him as a model congregant. Indeed, by any standard Gonzales is an admirable man. He is 24, married, works hard, and limits his extracurricular activities to Bible study and soccer. It took me a few visits to realize that two of the three small children in the house are not his. He married a woman with two sons and takes care of them. They call him Papa and he reads to them at night and speaks to them gently, exactly the way he speaks to his own baby son. He has every reason to be frustrated with his circumstances, but I never once saw him express anything but delight. The gospel obviously grounds Gonzales in a very concrete way. But I can also see how, one day, it might send him floating into the air.

MARK PETERSON/REDUX

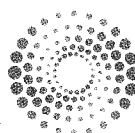


REUTERS/Tim Chong

INFORMATION THAT POWERS THE WORLD.

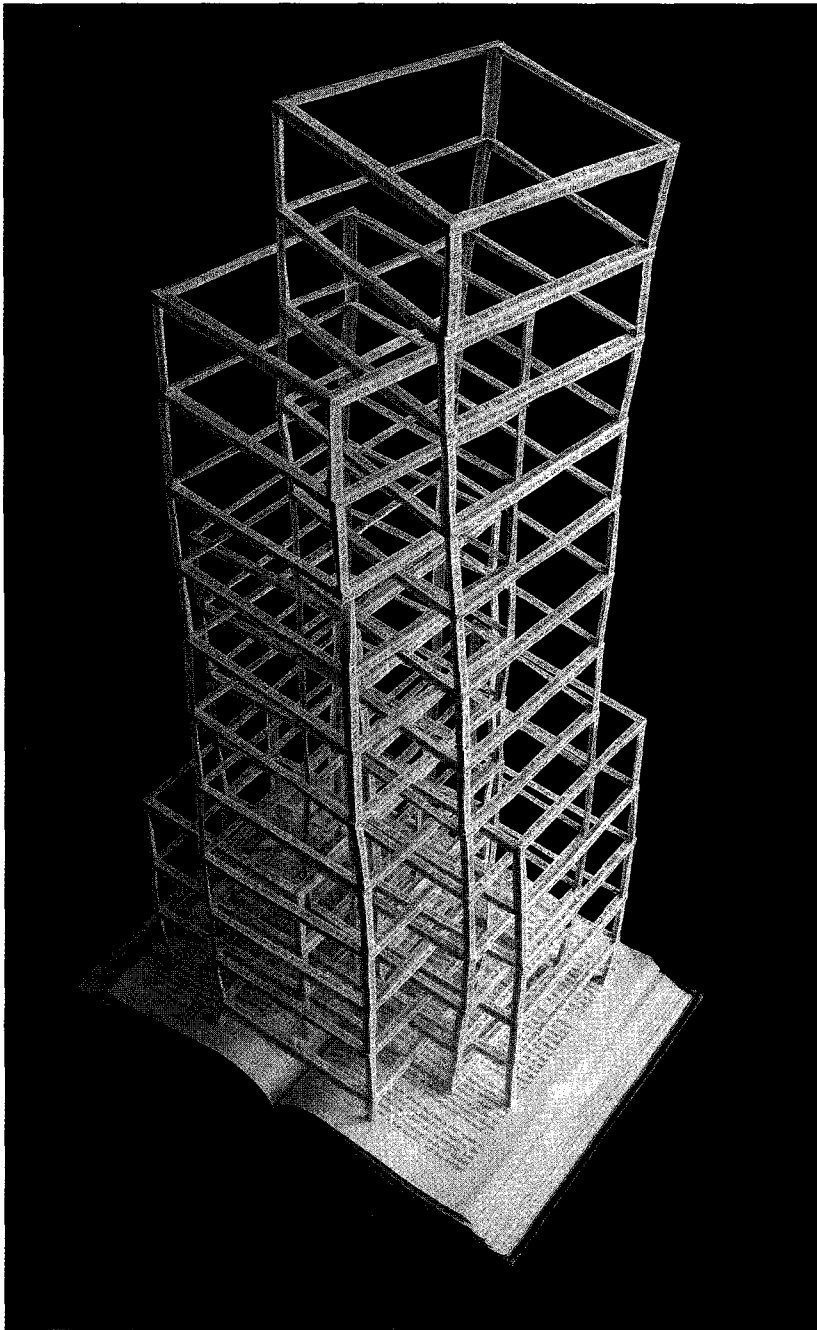
In today's environment, businesses and professionals require just the right information at the right time. As the world's leading source of intelligent information, Thomson Reuters combines industry expertise and innovative technology to deliver accurate, trusted, must-have information. Information that provides you knowledge. Knowledge that gives you an edge. Knowledge to act.

FINANCIAL
LEGAL
TAX & ACCOUNTING
HEALTHCARE
SCIENCE
MEDIA



THOMSON REUTERS

KNOWLEDGE TO ACT



"I want to buy a house," he confessed to me one evening this summer. It turned out his lease was almost up, and he needed to move in the fall. "Not a small one but a really huge one, a nice one. With six bedrooms and a kitchen and living room. I know, it's crazy! But nothing is impossible! God, you saved my life," he said, no longer speaking to me. "You saved my life, and now you will give me a gift. Now I'm crazy!" Last I heard, he and Garay were house-hunting together.

A year or so after the crash, there are signs of a new sobriety—higher savings rates, for example, and a reduction in conspicuous spending. But it's hard to imagine Americans reverting to frugality the way, say, the Japanese did during the "lost decade" after their economy crashed. If by stereotype

the Japanese are savers, then Americans are consumers, and ever hopeful. Already, countless "entrepreneurs" are finding a silver lining in the mortgage crisis, buying up foreclosed lots—often sight unseen, based on Web listings alone—in desolate parts of Cleveland and Phoenix and other places where abandoned houses can sometimes be had for a few thousand dollars or less. The buyers pay these bargain-basement prices eagerly, in the belief that the houses must be great deals, when they are just as likely to be overtaken by mold, or have every one of their doors and windows missing and the roof caving in. In America there is always a next play, another opportunity, an "unearned blessing" that can make up for a lifetime of disappointment.

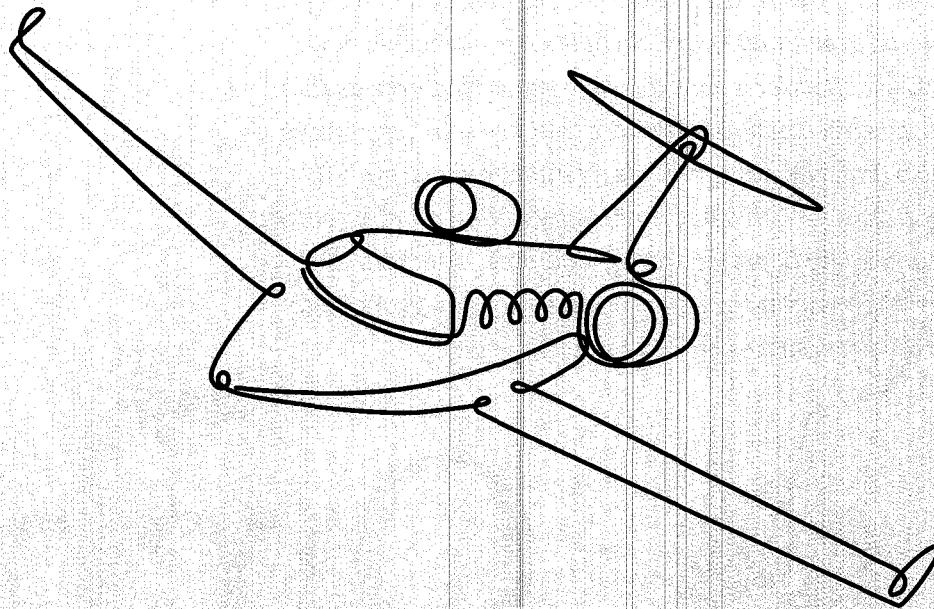
It is not all that surprising that the prosperity gospel persists despite its obvious failure to pay off. Much of popular religion these days is characterized by a vast gap between aspirations and reality. Few of Sarah Palin's religious compatriots were shocked by her messy family life, because they've grown used to the paradoxes; some of the most socially conservative evangelical churches also have extremely high rates of teenage pregnancies, out-of-wedlock births, and divorce. As Garay likes to say, "What you have is nothing compared to what you will have." The unpleasant reality—an inadequate paycheck, a pregnant daughter, a recession—is invisible. It's your ability to see beyond such things, your willing blindness to even the most hopeless-seeming circumstances, that makes you a certain kind of modern Christian, and a 21st-century American.

There is the kind of hope that President Obama talks about, and that Clinton did before him—steady, uplifting, assured. And there is Garay's kind of hope, which perhaps for many people better reflects

the reality of their lives. Garay's is a faith that, for all its seeming confidence, hints at desperation, at circumstances gone so far wrong that they can only be made right by a sudden, unexpected jackpot.

Once, I asked Garay how you would know for certain if God had told you to buy a house, and he answered like a roulette dealer. "Ten Christians will say that God told them to buy a house. In nine of the cases, it will go bad. The 10th one is the real Christian." And the other nine? "For them, there's always another house." ■

Hanna Rosin is an Atlantic contributing editor, the co-editor of DoubleX, and the author of God's Harvard: A Christian College on a Mission to Save America (2007).



No patient
too sick or too far.
Critical care
transport.



Cleveland Clinic

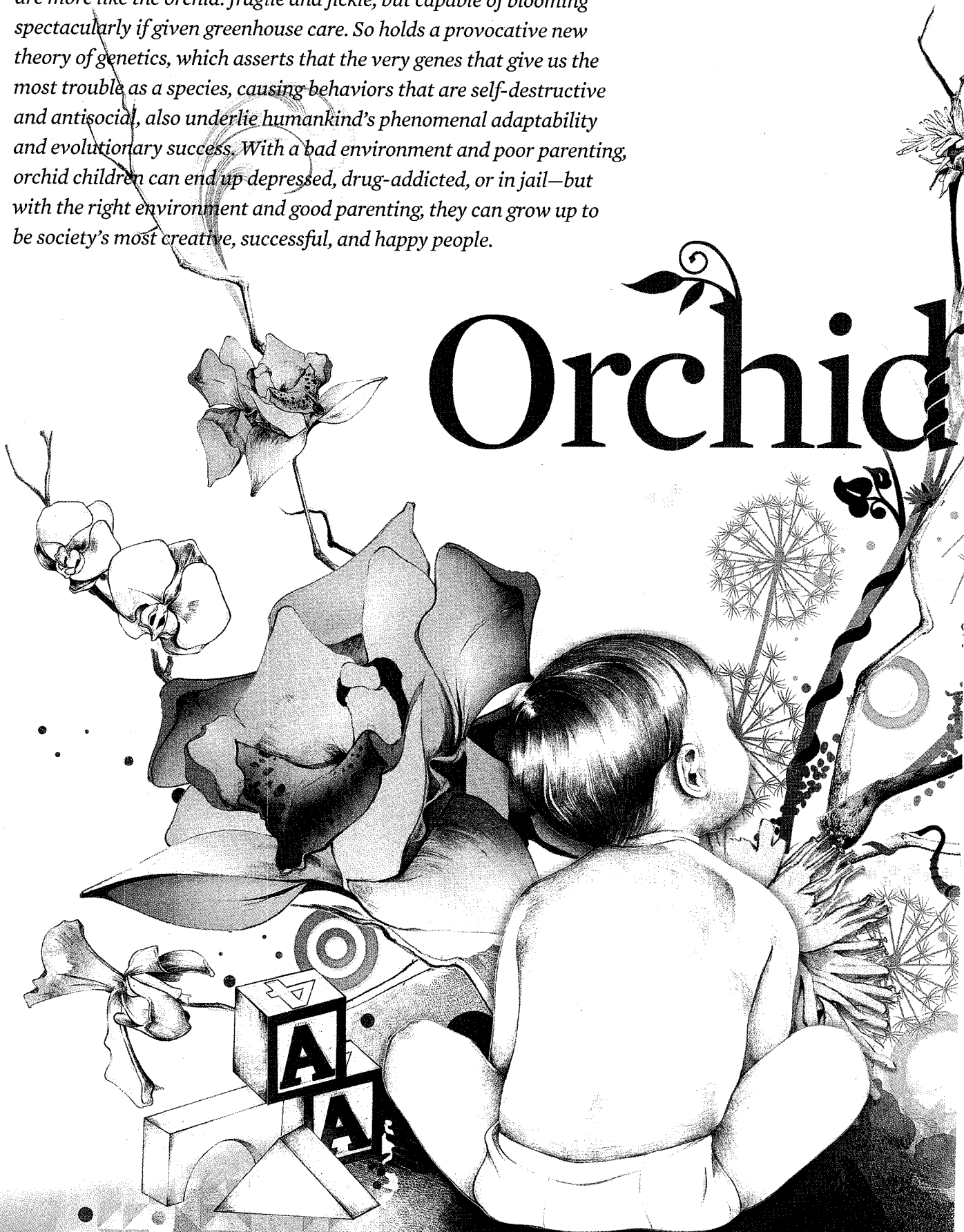
Every life deserves world class care.

Learn more. clevelandclinic.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOST OF US HAVE GENES that make us as hardy as dandelions: able to take root and survive almost anywhere. A few of us, however, are more like the orchid: fragile and fickle, but capable of blooming spectacularly if given greenhouse care. So holds a provocative new theory of genetics, which asserts that the very genes that give us the most trouble as a species, causing behaviors that are self-destructive and antisocial, also underlie humankind's phenomenal adaptability and evolutionary success. With a bad environment and poor parenting, orchid children can end up depressed, drug-addicted, or in jail—but with the right environment and good parenting, they can grow up to be society's most creative, successful, and happy people.

Orchid





Children

By David Dobbs

IN 2004, Marian Bakermans-Kranenburg, a professor of child and family studies at Leiden University, started carrying a video camera into homes of families whose 1-to-3-year-olds indulged heavily in the oppositional, aggressive, uncooperative, and aggravating behavior that psychologists call “externalizing”: whining, screaming, whacking, throwing tantrums and objects, and willfully refusing reasonable requests. Staple behaviors in toddlers, perhaps. But research has shown that toddlers with especially high rates of these behaviors are likely to become stressed, confused children who fail academically and socially in school, and become antisocial and unusually aggressive adults.

At the outset of their study, Bakermans-Kranenburg and her colleagues had screened 2,408 children via parental questionnaire, and they were now focusing on the 25 percent rated highest by their parents in externalizing behaviors. Lab observations had confirmed these parental ratings.

Bakermans-Kranenburg meant to change the kids’ behavior. In an intervention her lab had developed, she or another researcher visited each of 120 families six times over eight months; filmed the mother and child in everyday activities, including some requiring obedience or cooperation; and then edited the film into teachable moments to show to the mothers. A similar group of high-externalizing children received no intervention.

To the researchers’ delight, the intervention worked. The moms, watching the videos, learned to spot cues they’d missed before, or to respond differently to cues they’d seen but had reacted to poorly. Quite a few mothers, for instance, had agreed only reluctantly to read picture books to their fidgety, difficult kids, saying they wouldn’t sit still for it. But according to Bakermans-Kranenburg, when these mothers viewed the playback they were “surprised to see how much pleasure it was for the child—and for them.” Most mothers began reading to their children regularly, producing what Bakermans-Kranenburg describes as “a peaceful time that they had dismissed as impossible.”

And the bad behaviors dropped. A year after the intervention ended, the toddlers who’d received it had reduced their externalizing scores by more than 16 percent, while a non-intervention control group improved only about 10 percent (as expected, due to modest gains in self-control with age). And the mothers’ responses to their children became more positive and constructive.

Few programs change parent-child dynamics so successfully. But gauging the efficacy of the intervention wasn't the Leiden team's only goal, or even its main one. The team was also testing a radical new hypothesis about how genes shape behavior—a hypothesis that stands to revise our view of not only mental illness and behavioral dysfunction but also human evolution.

Of special interest to the team was a new interpretation of one of the most important and influential ideas in recent psychiatric and personality research: that certain variants of key behavioral genes (most of which affect either brain development or the processing of the brain's chemical messengers) make people more vulnerable to certain mood, psychiatric, or personality disorders. Bolstered over the past 15 years by numerous studies, this hypothesis, often called the "stress diathesis" or "genetic vulnerability" model, has come to saturate psychiatry and behavioral science. During that time, researchers have identified a dozen-odd gene variants that can increase a person's susceptibility to depression, anxiety, attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder, heightened risk-taking, and antisocial, sociopathic, or violent behaviors, and other problems—if, and only if, the person carrying the variant suffers a traumatic or stressful childhood or faces particularly trying experiences later in life.

This vulnerability hypothesis, as we can call it, has already changed our conception of many psychic and behavioral problems. It casts them as products not of nature or nurture but of complex "gene-environment interactions." Your genes don't doom you to these disorders. But if you have "bad" versions of certain genes and life treats you ill, you're more prone to them.

Recently, however, an alternate hypothesis has emerged from this one and is turning it inside out. This new model suggests that it's a mistake to understand these "risk" genes only as liabilities. Yes, this new thinking goes, these bad genes can create dysfunction in unfavorable contexts—but they can also enhance function in favorable contexts. The genetic sensitivities to negative experience that the vulnerability hypothesis has identified, it follows, are just the downside of a bigger phenomenon: a heightened genetic sensitivity to *all* experience.

The evidence for this view is mounting. Much of it has existed for years, in fact, but the focus on dysfunction in behavioral genetics has led most researchers to overlook it. This tunnel vision is easy to explain, according to Jay Belsky, a child-development psychologist at Birkbeck, University of London. "Most work in behavioral genetics has been done by mental-illness researchers who focus on vulnerability," he told me recently. "They don't see the upside, because they don't look for it. It's like dropping a dollar bill beneath a table. You look under the table, you see the dollar bill, and you grab it. But you completely miss the five that's just beyond your feet."

Though this hypothesis is new to modern biological psychiatry, it can be found in folk wisdom, as the University of

Arizona developmental psychologist Bruce Ellis and the University of British Columbia developmental pediatrician W. Thomas Boyce pointed out last year in the journal *Current Directions in Psychological Science*. The Swedes, Ellis and Boyce noted in an essay titled "Biological Sensitivity to Context," have long spoken of "dandelion" children. These dandelion children—equivalent to our "normal" or "healthy" children, with "resilient" genes—do pretty well almost anywhere, whether raised in the equivalent of a sidewalk crack or a well-tended garden. Ellis and Boyce offer that there are also "orchid" children, who will wilt if ignored or maltreated but bloom spectacularly with greenhouse care.

At first glance, this idea, which I'll call the orchid hypothesis, may seem a simple amendment to the vulnerability hypothesis. It merely adds that environment and experience can steer a person up instead of down. Yet it's actually a completely new way to think about genetics and human behavior. Risk becomes possibility; vulnerability becomes plasticity and responsiveness. It's one of those simple ideas with big, spreading implications. Gene variants generally considered misfortunes (poor Jim, he got the "bad" gene) can instead now be understood as highly leveraged evolutionary bets, with both high risks and high

potential rewards: gambles that help create a diversified-portfolio approach to survival, with selection favoring parents who happen to invest in both dandelions *and* orchids.

In this view, having both dandelion and orchid kids greatly raises a family's (and a species') chance of succeeding, over time and in any given environment. The behavioral diversity provided by these two different types of temperament also supplies precisely what a smart, strong species needs if it is to spread across and dominate a changing world. The many dandelions in a population provide an underlying stability. The less-numerous orchids, meanwhile, may falter in some environments but can excel in those that suit them. And even when they lead troubled early lives, some of the resulting heightened responses to adversity that can be problem-

atic in everyday life—increased novelty-seeking, restlessness of attention, elevated risk-taking, or aggression—can prove advantageous in certain challenging situations: wars, tribal or modern; social strife of many kinds; and migrations to new environments. Together, the steady dandelions and the mercurial orchids offer an adaptive flexibility that neither can provide alone. Together, they open a path to otherwise unreachable individual and collective achievements.

This orchid hypothesis also answers a fundamental evolutionary question that the vulnerability hypothesis cannot. If variants of certain genes create mainly dysfunction and trouble, how have they survived natural selection? Genes so maladaptive should have been selected out. Yet about a quarter of all human beings carry the best-documented gene variant for depression, while more than a fifth carry the variant that Bakermans-Kranenburg studied, which is associated with externalizing, antisocial, and violent behaviors, as well

**"Bad" genes
can create
dysfunction—
but also enhance
function. Genetic
sensitivities
to negative
experience are
the downside
of a heightened
sensitivity to *all*
experience.**

TODAY
Thinking green

TOMORROW
Planning for blue



TOYOTA

toyota.com/future

Can today's environmental thinking inspire tomorrow's technology? Toyota believes so. Since its launch, the Prius has earned the love of millions of forward-thinking drivers. We estimate our hybrid technology has saved a billion gallons of gas and lowered CO₂ emissions by billions of pounds.* It's also paving the way for the next generation of environmental vehicles. Like cars charged at home. Or cars that will run solely on electricity, or consume hydrogen and emit only water. Because when it comes to thinking green, the sky's the limit.

*Estimated savings compares each U.S. hybrid vehicle's EPA combined mpg rating with its segment average based on latest EPA Trends Report (driven 15,000 miles annually). Actual mileage will vary. ©2009

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as ADHD, anxiety, and depression. The vulnerability hypothesis can't account for this. The orchid hypothesis can.

This is a transformative, even startling view of human frailty and strength. For more than a decade, proponents of the vulnerability hypothesis have argued that certain gene variants underlie some of humankind's most grievous problems: despair, alienation, cruelties both petty and epic. The orchid hypothesis accepts that proposition. But it adds, tantalizingly, that these same troublesome genes play a critical role in our species' astounding success.

The orchid hypothesis—sometimes called the plasticity hypothesis, the sensitivity hypothesis, or the differential-susceptibility hypothesis—is too new to have been tested widely. Many researchers, even those in behavioral science, know little or nothing of the idea. A few—chiefly those with broad reservations about ever tying specific genes to specific behaviors—express concerns. But as more supporting evidence emerges, the most common reaction to the idea among researchers and clinicians is excitement. A growing number of psychologists, psychiatrists, child-development experts, geneticists, ethologists, and others are beginning to believe that, as Karlen Lyons-Ruth, a developmental psychologist at Harvard Medical School, puts it, “It’s time to take this seriously.”

WITH THE DATA gathered in the video intervention, the Leiden team began to test the orchid hypothesis. Could it be, they wondered, that the children who suffer most from bad environments also profit the most from good ones? To find out, Bakermans-Kranenburg and her colleague Marinus van Ijzendoorn began to study the genetic makeup of the children in their experiment. Specifically, they focused on one particular “risk allele” associated with ADHD and externalizing behavior. (An allele is any of the variants of a gene that takes more than one form; such genes are known as polymorphisms. A risk allele, then, is simply a gene variant that increases your likelihood of developing a problem.)

Bakermans-Kranenburg and van Ijzendoorn wanted to see whether kids with a risk allele for ADHD and externalizing behaviors (a variant of a dopamine-processing gene known as DRD4) would respond as much to positive environments as to negative. A third of the kids in the study had this risk allele; the other two-thirds had a version considered a “protective allele,” meaning it made them less vulnerable to bad environments. The control group, who did not receive the intervention, had a similar distribution.

Both the vulnerability hypothesis and the orchid hypothesis predict that in the control group the kids with a risk allele should do worse than those with a protective one. And so they did—though only slightly. Over the course of 18 months, the genetically “protected” kids reduced their externalizing scores by 11 percent, while the “at-risk” kids cut theirs by 7 percent. Both gains were modest ones that the researchers expected would come with increasing age. Although statistically significant, the difference between the two groups was probably unnoticeable otherwise.

The real test, of course, came in the group that got the intervention. How would the kids with the risk allele respond? According to the vulnerability model, they should improve less than their counterparts with the protective allele; the

modest upgrade that the video intervention created in their environment wouldn't offset their general vulnerability.

As it turned out, the toddlers with the risk allele blew right by their counterparts. They cut their externalizing scores by almost 27 percent, while the protective-allele kids cut theirs by just 12 percent (improving only slightly on the 11 percent managed by the protective-allele population in the control group). The upside effect in the intervention group, in other words, was far larger than the downside effect in the control group. Risk alleles, the Leiden team concluded, really can create not just risk but possibility.

CAN LIABILITY REALLY be so easily turned to gain? The pediatrician W. Thomas Boyce, who has worked with many a troubled child in more than three decades of child-development research, says the orchid hypothesis “profoundly recasts the way we think about human frailty.” He adds, “We see that when kids with this kind of vulnerability are put in the right setting, they don't merely do better than before, they do the *best*”—even better, that is, than their protective-allele peers. “Are there any enduring human frailties that don't have this other, redemptive side to them?”

As I researched this story, I thought about such questions a lot, including how they pertained to my own temperament and genetic makeup. Having felt the black dog's teeth a few times over the years, I'd considered many times having one of my own genes assayed—specifically, the serotonin-transporter gene, also called the SERT gene, or 5-HTTLPR. This gene helps regulate the processing of serotonin, a chemical messenger crucial to mood, among other things. The two shorter, less efficient versions of the gene's three forms, known as short/short and short/long (or S/S and S/L), greatly magnify your risk of serious depression—if you hit enough rough road. The gene's long/long form, on the other hand, appears to be protective.

In the end, I'd always backed away from having my SERT gene assayed. Who wants to know his risk of collapsing under pressure? Given my family and personal history, I figured I probably carried the short/long allele, which would make me at least moderately depression-prone. If I had it tested I might get the encouraging news that I had the long/long allele. Then again, I might find I had the dreaded, riskier short/short allele. This was something I wasn't sure I wanted to find out.

But as I looked into the orchid hypothesis and began to think in terms of plasticity rather than risk, I decided maybe I did want to find out. So I called a researcher I know in New York who does depression research involving the serotonin-transporter gene. The next day, FedEx left a package on my front porch containing a specimen cup. I spat into it, examined what I'd produced, and spat again. Then I screwed the cap tight, slid the vial into its little shipping tube, and put it back on the porch. An hour later, the FedEx guy took it away.

OF ALL THE EVIDENCE supporting the orchid-gene hypothesis, perhaps the most compelling comes from the work of Stephen Suomi, a rhesus-monkey researcher who heads a sprawling complex of labs and monkey habitats in the Maryland countryside—the National Institutes of Health's



Lisa P. Jackson

Jeffrey Goldberg, Todd Stern, and James Fallows



James Rogers

Maggie L. Fox, Daryl Dulaney, and Ira Magaziner



Dan Reicher, Robert Pease, and Phil Sharp

Jim Connaughton



Lunch on the Newseum terrace

Elizabeth Baker Keffer

the Atlantic

THE 2009 GREEN INTELLIGENCE FORUM

On September 16, 2009, the second annual *Atlantic* Green Intelligence Forum brought some 200 individuals to the Newseum, in Washington, D.C., for a day of intelligent exchange among the world's leading authorities on energy and environmental issues.

Panel discussions on *Smart Markets*, *Smart Sources*, and *Smart Usage* were bookended by an interview with Todd Stern, chief climate envoy at the U.S. Department of State, and a keynote address by EPA Administrator Lisa P. Jackson.

The audience for the Green Intelligence Forum comprised senior leaders from Capitol Hill, federal agencies, and the White House, plus relevant businesses, advocacy groups, think tanks, and NGOs.

Media coverage of the event included pieces in such publications as *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, and *The New Yorker*.



SIEMENS

Laboratory of Comparative Ethology. For 41 years, first at the University of Wisconsin and then, beginning in 1983, in the Maryland lab the NIH built specifically for him, Suomi has been studying the roots of temperament and behavior in rhesus monkeys—which share about 95 percent of our DNA, a number exceeded only in apes. Rhesus monkeys differ from humans in obvious and fundamental ways. But their close resemblance to us in crucial social and genetic respects reveals much about the roots of our own behavior—and has helped give rise to the orchid hypothesis.

Suomi learned his trade as a student and protégé of, and then a direct successor to, Harry Harlow, one of the 20th century's most influential and problematic behavioral scientists. When Harlow started his work, in the 1930s, the study of childhood development was dominated by a ruthlessly mechanistic behavioralism. The movement's leading figure in the United States, John Watson, considered mother love "a dangerous instrument." He urged parents to leave crying babies alone; to never hold them to give pleasure or comfort; and to kiss them only occasionally, on the forehead. Mothers were important less for their affection than as conditioners of behavior.

With a series of ingenious but sometimes disturbingly cruel experiments on monkeys, Harlow broke with this cool behavioralism. His most famous experiment showed that baby rhesus monkeys, raised alone or with same-age peers, preferred a foodless but fuzzy terrycloth surrogate "mother" over a wire-mesh version that freely dispensed meals. He showed that these infants desperately wanted to bond, and that depriving them of physical, emotional, and social attachment could create a near-paralyzing dysfunction. In the 1950s this work provided critical evidence for the emerging theory of infant attachment: a theory that, with its emphasis on rich, warm parent-child bonds and happy early experiences, still dominates child-development theory (and parenting books) today.

In the years since Suomi took over Harlow's Wisconsin lab as a 28-year-old wunderkind, he has both broadened and sharpened the inquiry Harlow started. New tools now let Suomi examine not just his monkeys' temperaments but also the physiological and genetic underpinnings of their behavior. His lab's naturalistic environment allows him to focus not just on mother-child interactions but also on the family and social environments that shape and respond to the monkeys' behavior. "Life in a rhesus-monkey colony is very, very complicated," Suomi says. The monkeys must learn to navigate a social system that is highly nuanced and hierarchical. "Those who can manage this, do well," Suomi told me. "Those who don't, don't."

Rhesus monkeys typically mature at about four or five years and live to about 20 in the wild. Their development parallels our own at a fairly neat 1-to-4 ratio: a 1-year-old monkey is much like a 4-year-old human being, a 4-year-old monkey is like a 16-year-old human being, and so on. A mother typically gives birth annually, starting at around age 4. Though the monkeys copulate all year, the females' fertility seasons are only a couple of months long. Since they tend to occur together, a troop usually produces crops of babies that have same-age peers.

For the first month, the mother keeps the baby attached to her or within arm's reach. At about two weeks, the baby starts to explore, at first within only a few feet of its mother. These forays grow in frequency, duration, and distance over the next six to seven months, but rarely do the babies pass out of the mother's sight line or earshot. If the young monkey gets frightened, it scampers back to the mother. Often she'll see trouble coming and pull the infant close.

When the monkey is about eight months old—a rhesus preschooler—its mother's mating time arrives. Anticipating another child, the mother allows the youngster to spend more and more time with its cousins, with older siblings in the maternal line, and with occasional visitors from other families or troops. The youngster's family group, friends, and allies still provide protection when necessary.

A maturing female will stay with this group all her life. A male, however, will leave—often under pressure from the females as he gets rowdier and rougher—when he's 4 or 5, or roughly the equivalent of a 16-to-20-year-old person. At first he'll join an all-male gang that lives more or less separately. After a few months to a year, he'll leave the gang and try to charm, push, or sidle his way into a new family or troop. If he succeeds, he becomes one of several adult males to serve as mate, companion, and muscle for the several females. But only about half the males make it that far. Their transition period exposes them to attacks from other young males, attacks from rival gangs, attacks from new troop members if they play their cards wrong, and predation during any time they lack a gang's or troop's protection. Many die in the transition.

Very early in his work, Suomi identified two types of monkeys that had trouble managing these relations. One type, which Suomi calls a "depressed" or "neurotic" monkey, accounted for about 20 percent of each generation. These monkeys are slow to leave their mothers' sides when young. As adults they remain tentative, withdrawn, and anxious. They form fewer bonds and alliances than other monkeys do.

The other type, generally male, is what Suomi calls a "bully": an unusually and indiscriminately aggressive monkey. These monkeys accounted for 5 to 10 percent of each generation. "Rhesus monkeys are fairly aggressive in general, even when young," Suomi says, "and their play involves a lot of rough-and-tumble. But usually no one gets hurt—except with these guys. They do stupid things most other monkeys know not to. They repeatedly confront dominant monkeys. They get between moms and their kids. They don't know how to calibrate their aggression, and they don't know how to read signs they should back off. Their conflicts tend to always escalate." These bullies also score poorly in tests of monkey self-control. For instance, in a "cocktail hour" test that Suomi sometimes uses, monkeys get unrestricted access to a neutral-tasting alcoholic drink for an hour. Most monkeys have three or four drinks and then stop. The bullies, Suomi says, "drink until they drop."

The neurotics and the bullies meet quite different fates. The neurotics mature late but do okay. The females become jumpy mothers, but how their children turn out depends on the environment in which the mothers raise them. If it's secure, they become more or less normal; if it's insecure, they become jumpy too. The males, meanwhile, stay within their



Four of approximately 400 rhesus monkeys that Stephen Suomi works with at the National Institutes of Health

mothers' family circles an unusually long time—up to eight years. They're allowed to do so because they don't make trouble. And their longer stay lets them acquire enough social savvy and diplomatic deference so that when they leave, they usually work their way into new troops more successfully than do males who break away younger. They don't get to mate as prolifically as more confident, more assertive males do; they seldom rise high in their new troops; and their low status can put them at risk in conflicts. But they're less likely to die trying to get in the door. They usually survive and pass on their genes.

The bullies fare much worse. Even as babies and youths, they seldom make friends. And by the time they're 2 or 3, their extreme aggression leads the troop's females to simply run them out, by group force if necessary. Then the male gangs reject them, as do other troops. Isolated, most of them die before reaching adulthood. Few mate.

Suomi saw early on that each of these monkey types tended to come from a particular type of mother. Bullies came from harsh, censorious mothers who restrained their children from socializing. Anxious monkeys came from anxious, withdrawn, distracted mothers. The heritages were pretty clear-cut. But how much of these different personality types passed through genes, and how much derived from the manner in which the monkeys were raised?

To find out, Suomi split the variables. He took nervous infants of nervous mothers—babies who in standardized newborn testing were already jumpy themselves—and gave them to especially nurturing “super moms.” These babies turned out very close to normal. Meanwhile, Dario Maestripietri of the University of Chicago took secure, high-scoring infants

from secure, nurturing mothers and had them raised by abusive mothers. This setting produced nervous monkeys.

The lesson seemed clear. Genes played a role—but environment played an equally important one.

WHEN TOOLS FOR the study of genes first became available, in the late 1990s, Suomi was quick to use them to more directly examine the balance between genes and environment in shaping his monkeys' development. He almost immediately struck gold, with a project he started in 1997 with Klaus-Peter Lesch, a psychiatrist from the University of Würzburg. The year before, Lesch had published data revealing, for the first time, that the human serotonin-transporter gene had three variants (the previously mentioned short/short, short/long, and long/long alleles) and that the two shorter versions magnified risk for depression, anxiety, and other problems. Asked to genotype Suomi's monkeys, Lesch did so. He found that they had the same three variants, though the short/short form was rare.

Suomi, Lesch, and NIH colleague J. Dee Higley set about doing a type of study now recognized as a classic “gene-by-environment” study. First they took cerebral spinal fluid from 132 juvenile rhesus monkeys and analyzed it for a serotonin metabolite, called 5-HIAA, that's considered a reliable indicator of how much serotonin the nervous system is processing. Lesch's studies had already shown that depressed people with the short/long serotonin-transporter allele had lower 5-HIAA levels, reflecting less-efficient serotonin processing. He and Suomi wanted to see if the finding would hold true in monkeys. If it did, it would provide more evidence for the genetic dynamic shown in Lesch's studies. And

finding such a dynamic in rhesus monkeys would confirm their value as genetic and behavioral models for studying human behavior.

After Suomi, Lesch, and Higley had grouped the monkeys' 5-HIAA levels according to their serotonin genotype (short/long or long/long, but not short/short, which was too rare to be of use), they also sorted the results by whether the monkeys had been raised by their mothers or as orphans with only same-aged peers. When their colleague Allison Bennett charted the results on a bar graph showing 5-HIAA levels, all of the mother-reared monkeys, no matter which allele they had, showed serotonin processing in the normal range. The metabolite levels of the peer-raised monkeys, however, diverged sharply by genotype: the short/long monkeys in that group processed serotonin highly inefficiently (a risk factor for depression and anxiety), whereas the long/long monkeys processed it robustly. When Suomi saw the results, he realized that he finally had proof of a behaviorally relevant gene-by-environment interaction in his monkeys. "I took one look at that graph," he told me, "and said, 'Let's go pop some champagne.'"

Suomi and Lesch published their results in 2002 in *Molecular Psychiatry*, a relatively new journal about behavioral genetics. The paper formed part of a surge of gene-by-environment studies of mood and behavioral disorders. That same year, two psychologists at King's College, London, Avshalom Caspi and Terrie Moffitt, published the first of two large longitudinal studies (both drawing on life histories of hundreds of New Zealanders) that would prove particularly influential. The first, published in *Science*, showed that the short allele of another major neurotransmitter-processing gene (known as the MAOA gene) sharply increased the chance of antisocial behavior in human adults who'd been abused as children. The second, in 2003 and also in *Science*, showed that people with short/short or short/long serotonin-transporter alleles, if exposed to stress, faced a higher-than-normal risk of depression.

These and dozens of similar studies were critical to establishing the vulnerability hypothesis over the last few years. Yet many of these studies also contained data that supported the orchid hypothesis—but went unnoticed or unremarked at the time. (Jay Belsky, the child-development psychologist, has recently documented more than two dozen such studies.) Both of Caspi and Moffitt's seminal papers in *Science*, for example, contain raw data and graphs showing that for people who did *not* face severe or repeated stress, the risk alleles in question heightened *resistance* to aggression or depression. And the data in Suomi and Lesch's 2002 *Molecular Psychiatry* paper, in which peer-reared monkeys with the risky serotonin-transporter allele appeared to process serotonin inefficiently, also showed that mother-reared infants with that same allele processed serotonin 10 percent *more* efficiently than even mother-raised infants who had the supposedly protective allele.

It's fascinating to examine these studies with the orchid hypothesis in mind. Focus on just the bad-environment results, and you see only vulnerability. Focus on the good-environment results, and you see that the risk alleles usually produce better results than the protective ones. Securely

raised 7-year-old boys with the DRD4 risk allele for ADHD, for instance, show fewer symptoms than their securely raised protective-allele peers. Non-abused teenagers with that same risk allele show lower rates of conduct disorder. Non-abused teens with the risky serotonin-transporter allele suffer less depression than do non-abused teens with the protective allele. Other examples abound—even though, as Jay Belsky points out, the studies were designed and analyzed primarily to spot negative vulnerabilities. Belsky suspects that as researchers start to design studies that test for gene sensitivity rather than just risk amplification, and as they increasingly train their sights on positive environments and traits, the evidence for the orchid hypothesis will only grow.

Suomi gathered plenty of that evidence himself in the years after his 2002 study. He found, for example, that monkeys who carried the supposedly risky serotonin-transporter allele, and who had nurturing mothers and secure social positions, did better at many key tasks—creating playmates as youths, making and drawing on alliances later on, and sensing and responding to conflicts and other dangerous situations—than similarly blessed monkeys who held the supposedly protective allele. They also rose higher in their respective dominance hierarchies. They were more successful.

Suomi made another remarkable discovery. He and others assayed the serotonin-transporter genes of seven of the 22 species of macaque, the primate genus to which the rhesus monkey belongs. None of these species had the serotonin-transporter polymorphism that Suomi was beginning to see as a key to rhesus monkeys' flexibility. Studies of other key behavioral genes in primates produced similar results; according to Suomi, assays of the SERT gene in other primates studied to date, including chimps, baboons, and gorillas, turned up "nothing, nothing, nothing." The science is young, and not all the data is in. But so far, among all primates, only rhesus monkeys and human beings seem to have multiple polymorphisms in genes heavily associated with behavior. "It's just us and the rhesus," Suomi says.

This discovery got Suomi thinking about another distinction we share with rhesus monkeys. Most primates can thrive only in their specific environments. Move them and they perish. But two kinds, often called "weed" species, are able to live almost anywhere and to readily adapt to new, changing, or disturbed environments: human beings and rhesus monkeys. The key to our success may be our weediness. And the key to our weediness may be the many ways in which our behavioral genes can vary.

ONE MORNING THIS past May, Elizabeth Mallott, a researcher working at Suomi's lab, arrived to start her day at the main rhesus enclosure and found a half-dozen monkeys in her parking spot. They were huddling close together, bedraggled and nervous. As Mallott got out of her car and moved closer, she saw that some had bite wounds and scratches. Most monkeys who jump the enclosure's double electrified fences (it happens now and then) soon want to get back in. These monkeys did not. Neither did several others that Mallott found between the two fences.

After caging the escapees in an adjacent building, Mallott, now joined by Matthew Novak, another researcher who

knew the colony well, entered through the double gates. The colony, numbering about 100-odd monkeys, had been together for about 30 years. Changes in its hierarchy usually came slowly and subtly. But when Novak and Mallott started looking around, they realized that something big had happened. "Animals were in places they weren't supposed to be," Novak would later tell me. "Animals who don't hang out together were sitting together. Social rules were suspended."

It soon became apparent that the family group called Family 3, which for decades had ranked second to a group called Family 1, had staged a coup. Family 3 had grown larger than Family 1 several years before. But Family 1, headed by a savvy matriarch named Cocobean, had retained incumbency through authority, diplomacy, and momentum. A week or so before the coup, however, one of Cocobean's daughters, Pearl, had been moved from the enclosure to the veterinary facility because her kidneys seemed to be failing. Family 1's most formidable male, meanwhile, had grown old and arthritic. Pearl was especially close to Cocobean and, as the only daughter without children of her own, was particularly likely to defend her. Her absence, along with the male's infirmity, created a vulnerable moment for Family 1.

"This may have been in the works for a couple weeks," Novak says. "But as far as we can reconstruct, the actual event, the night before we found the monkeys in the parking lot, started when a young female named Fiona"—a 3-year-old Family 1 member, a borderline bully known to have initiated many a scuffle—"started something with someone in Family 3. It escalated. Family 3 saw its chance. And they just started to take Family 1 out. You could see it from who was wounded and who wasn't, and who was sitting in preferred places, and who was run out of the colony, and who was suddenly extremely deferential. One other female in Family 1, Quark, was killed; another, Josie, was hurt so badly we had to put her down. They'd gone after all of Cocobean's other daughters, too. Somebody had bitten the big male in Family 1 so badly he couldn't use his arm. Fiona got roughed up pretty bad. It was a very systematic scuffle. They went right at the head of the group and worked their way down."

Soon after Novak described all this to me, he and I walked around the enclosure. Though it was the middle of a broiling July day, downtime for the monkeys, you could see hints of the new order. Family 3 calmly occupied what seemed to be the new center of power, a corncrib near the pond (one of several corncribs set out for shelter). They groomed one another, napped, and evenly stared at us as we stared at them. A more nervous bunch clustered in another crib down the hill. When we got within 30 feet, the largest monkey in the group shot up onto the cage bars. From 10 feet up it screamed at me, rattled the bars, and showed some nasty teeth.

From there I went to Suomi's office and asked him what he thought had happened. Suomi has thought a lot about this coup, and it's easy to see why. All of the important threads

he'd been weaving together in his research were on display in this revolt: the importance of early experience; the interplay of environment, parenting, and genetic inheritance; the maddening primacy of family and social bonds; the repercussions of different traits in different circumstances. And now, in light of the orchid hypothesis, he was beginning to see that the threads might be woven together in a new way.

"About 15 years ago," he said, "Carol Berman, a monkey researcher at SUNY-Buffalo, spent a lot of time watching a large rhesus-monkey colony that lives on an island in Puerto Rico. She wanted to see what happened as the groups changed size over time. They'd start at about 30 or 40 individuals—a group that had split off from another—and then expand. At a certain point, often somewhere near a hundred, the group would reach its limit, and it, too, would split into smaller troops."

Such size limits, which vary among social species, are sometimes called "Dunbar numbers," after Robin Dunbar, a British evolutionary psychologist who argues that a species' group limit reflects how many social relationships its individuals can manage cognitively. Berman's observations suggested that the Dunbar number of a species reflects not just its cognitive powers but its temperamental and behavioral range as well.

Berman saw that when rhesus troops are small, the mothers can let their young play freely, because strangers rarely approach. But as a troop grows and the number of family groups rises, strangers or semi-strangers more often come near. The adult females become more vigilant, defensive, and aggressive. The kids and adult males follow suit. More and more monkeys receive upbringings that

draw out the less sociable sides of their behavioral potentials; fights grow more common; rivalries grow more tense. Things finally get so bad that the troop must split. "And that's what happened here," Suomi said. "It's a very extensive feedback system. What happens at the dyadic level, between mother and infant, ultimately affects the very nature and survival of the larger social group."

Studies by Suomi and others show that such differences in early experience can wildly alter how genes express themselves—that is, whether, when, and how strongly the genes switch themselves on and off. Suomi suspects that early experiences may affect later patterns of gene expression and behavior as well, including how flexible and reactive an animal is, by helping to set the sensitivity level of key alleles. A tense upbringing, he says, will produce watchful caution or vigilant aggression in any monkey (the parents' way of preparing the offspring for tough times)—but this effect may be especially pronounced in monkeys with particularly plastic behavioral alleles.

That's what Suomi thinks may have happened in the run-up to what he calls the Palace Revolt. Fiona's injudicious aggression proved disastrous for her and Family 1. But Family 3, a group that had been diplomatically deferring to Family 1 for years, dramatically improved its fortunes by mounting an uncharacteristically aggressive and sustained counterattack.

**Complain all
you want that it's
an increasingly
ADHD world
these days, but
the orchid theory
suggests that
it's been an
increasingly
ADHD world
for about
50,000 years.**

Suomi speculates that in the tenser, more crowded conditions of the large colony, gene-environment interactions had made some of the monkeys in Family 3, particularly those with more-reactive “orchid” alleles, not more aggressive but more *potentially* aggressive. During the period when they could not afford to challenge the hierarchy—the period before Pearl’s departure—aggressiveness would have led them into unwinnable, possibly fatal conflicts. But in Pearl’s absence the odds changed—and the Family 3 monkeys exploited a rare and decisive opportunity by unleashing their aggressive potential.

The coup also showed something more straightforward: that a genetic trait tremendously maladaptive in one situation can prove highly adaptive in another. We needn’t look far to see this in human behavior. To survive and evolve, every society needs some individuals who are more aggressive, restless, stubborn, submissive, social, hyperactive, flexible, solitary, anxious, introspective, vigilant—and even more morose, irritable, or outright violent—than the norm.

All of this helps answer that fundamental evolutionary question about how risk alleles have endured. We have survived not despite these alleles but *because* of them. And those alleles haven’t merely managed to slip through the selection process; they have been actively *selected for*. Recent analyses, in fact, suggest that many orchid-gene alleles, including those mentioned in this story, have emerged in humans only during the past 50,000 or so years. Each of these alleles, it seems, arose via chance mutation in one person or a few people, and began rapidly proliferating. Rhesus monkeys and human beings split from their common lineage about 25 million to 30 million years ago, so these polymorphisms must have mutated and spread on separate tracks in the two species. Yet in both species, these new alleles proved so valuable that they spread far and wide.

As the evolutionary anthropologists Gregory Cochran and Henry Harpending have pointed out, in *The 10,000 Year Explosion* (2009), the past 50,000 years—the period in which orchid genes seem to have emerged and expanded—is also the period during which *Homo sapiens* started to get seriously human, and during which sparse populations in Africa expanded to cover the globe in great numbers. Though Cochran and Harpending don’t explicitly incorporate the orchid-gene hypothesis into their argument, they make the case that human beings have come to dominate the planet because certain key mutations allowed human evolution to accelerate—a process that the orchid-dandelion hypothesis certainly helps explain.

How this happened must have varied from context to context. If you have too many aggressive people, for example, conflict runs rampant, and aggression is selected out, because it becomes costly; when aggression decreases enough to be less risky, it becomes more valuable, and its prevalence again rises. Changes in environment or culture would likewise affect an allele’s prevalence. The orchid variant of the DRD4 gene, for instance, increases risk of ADHD (a syndrome best characterized, Cochran and Harpending write, “by actions that annoy elementary-school teachers”). Yet attentional restlessness can serve people well in environments that reward sensitivity to new stimuli. The current

growth of multitasking, for instance, may help select for just such attentional agility. Complain all you want that it’s an increasingly ADHD world these days—but to judge by the spread of DRD4’s risk allele, it’s been an increasingly ADHD world for about 50,000 years.

EVEN IF YOU accept that orchid genes may grant us flexibility crucial to our success, it can be startling to ponder their dynamics up close and personal. After I FedExed away my vial of saliva for genotyping, I told myself more or less to forget it. To my surprise, I managed to. The e-mail that eventually arrived with the results, promised for a Monday, turned up three days early, during a Friday evening when I was simultaneously half-watching *Monsters, Inc.* with my kids and distractedly scanning the messages on my iPhone. At first I didn’t really register what I was reading.

“David,” the message began. “I ran the assay on the DNA from your saliva sample today. The assay ran well and your genotype is S/S. Good thing neither of us think of these things as deterministic or even having a fixed valence. Let me know if you want to talk about your result or genetic issues.”

When I finished reading the message, the house seemed quieter, though it was not. As I looked out the window at our pear tree, its blossoms fallen but its fruit only nubbins, I felt a chill spread through my torso.

I hadn’t thought it would matter.

Yet as I sat absorbing this information, the chill came to seem less the coldness of fear than a shiver of abrupt and inverted self-knowledge—of suddenly knowing with certainty something I had long suspected, and finding that it meant something other than I thought it would. The orchid hypothesis suggested that this particular allele, the rarest and riskiest of the serotonin-transporter gene’s three variants, made me not just more vulnerable but more plastic. And that new way of thinking changed things. I felt no sense that I carried a handicap that would render my efforts futile should I again face deep trouble. In fact, I felt a heightened sense of agency. Anything and everything I did to improve my own environment and experience—every intervention I ran on myself, as it were—would have a magnified effect. In that light, my short/short allele now seems to me less like a trapdoor through which I might fall than like a springboard—slippery and somewhat fragile, perhaps, but a springboard all the same.

I DON’T PLAN to have any of my other key behavioral genes assayed. I don’t plan on having my kids’ genes done, either. What would it tell me? That I shape them in every encounter? I know this. Yet I do like thinking that when I take my son trolling for salmon, or listen to his younger brother’s labyrinthine elaborations of his dreams, or sing “Sweet Betsy of Pike” with my 5-year-old daughter as we drive home from the lake, I’m flipping little switches that can help light them up. I don’t know what all those switches are—and I don’t need to. It’s enough to know that together we can turn them on. ■

David Dobbs is the author of Reef Madness: Charles Darwin, Alexander Agassiz, and the Meaning of Coral (2005). He writes on science, medicine, nature, and culture, and blogs at neuronculture.com.

The headphones that
pioneered an entire industry.
Now even better.

NEW

Bose® QuietComfort® 15
Acoustic Noise Cancelling® headphones.

Quieter than ever before. Since we introduced the world's first noise cancelling headphones over 20 years ago, we have conducted continuous research to improve this technology. Now, we have engineered significant advances in noise reduction to make the QC®15 headphones our quietest ever. Exclusive Bose technologies electronically sense more of the sounds around you, reducing more noise across a wider range of frequencies. And we didn't stop there. We developed a new ear cushion that further reduces unwanted noise. It works in harmony with the electronics to deliver a better listening experience and a comfortable fit.

Try our best headphones for yourself, risk free. When you fly, the engine roar fades even further away. When you listen to music at home or at work, fewer distractions get in the way. Less noise, along with our acclaimed lifelike sound, a fit that stays comfortable for hours and the quality you expect from Bose. It all adds up to a combination of benefits unmatched in the industry. So now you can relax and appreciate music, movies or just some serenity more than ever before. We invite you to try QC15 headphones for yourself, risk free, for 30 days. Shipping is free, and when you call, ask about making **12 easy payments**, with no interest charges from Bose*. We're so sure you'll be delighted, we'll even pay for return shipping if you're not.

Welcome to an even quieter world.

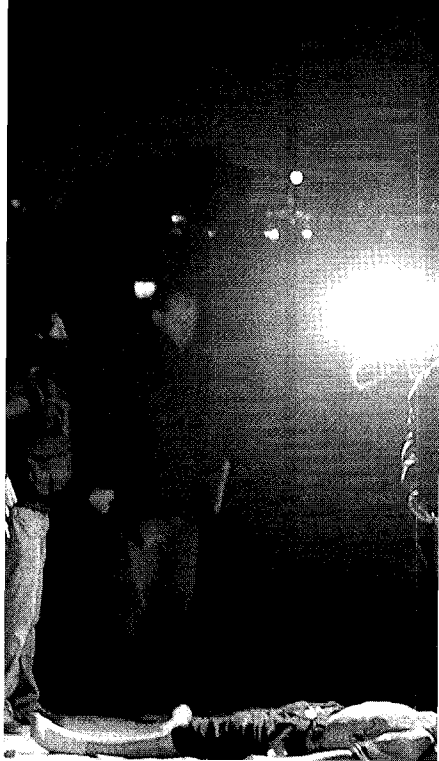
To order or learn more:
1-800-729-2073, ext. Q7448 or Bose.com/QC

*Bose payment plan available on orders of \$299-\$1500 paid by major credit card. Separate financing offers may be available for select products. See website for details. Down payment is 1/12 the product price plus applicable tax and shipping charge, charged upon your order shipment. Then, your credit card will be billed for 11 equal monthly installments.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

resident Felipe Calderón launched
alls of mirrors where no one knows
d. Some 14,000 people have been ki
a—and part of the country is effecti
ilitary? A war between drug cartels
re from the (U.S.-supported) war or
sappear. The stakes for the U.S. are
rder begins to seem all too real.

B O R D



OF MADIN

Rodríguez's death is illustrative. His colleagues believe he was killed for an article he wrote linking relatives of Patricia González, the Chihuahuan state attorney general, to narcotics trafficking.

That is not idle theorizing. Jorge Luis Aguirre, a writer for LaPolaka.com, an online Juárez news service, had written extensively about corruption in the Chihuahuan state government, and did not spare González either. On the night of November 13, 2008, as he was driving to Rodríguez's wake, he got a call on his cell phone. The male caller said, "You're next, son of a bitch!" and hung up.

Aguirre immediately packed up his wife and sons and fled to El Paso, where he sought asylum. In March, testifying at a hearing of the U.S. Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime and Drugs, he stated that he'd identified the source of the threats:

"Victor Valencia, a representative of the governor of the state of Chihuahua, had sent people to warn me to 'tone down' my criticisms of the prosecutor, Patricia González, because if I didn't, he was going to kill me, using the Juárez cartel's preferred method of kidnapping followed by execution."

The aftermath reveals a lot about today's Mexico. Patricia González remains in her post. Victor Valencia has been promoted to chief of public security in Juárez. The federal deputy attorney general handling the Rodríguez murder case, Jesús Martín Huerta Yedra, was shot to death in his car, along with his secretary. The investigation has since gone nowhere, to no one's surprise. As the newspaper *El Diario* editorialized,

Friends of the journalist, who preferred not to give their names for security reasons, mentioned that they do not feel frustrated by the lack of advances in the case since from the beginning, they felt that the authorities had no intention of doing anything to clarify the crime.

TO CLARIFY THE CRIME. Of the many things Mexico lacks these days, clarity is near the top of the list. It is dangerous to know the truth. Finding it is frustrating. Statements by U.S. and Mexican government officials, repeated by a news media that prefers simple story lines, have fostered the impression in the United States that the conflict in Mexico is between Calderón's white hats and the crime syndicates' black hats. The reality is far more complicated, as suggested by this statistic: out of those 14,000 dead, fewer than 100 have been soldiers. Presumably, army casualties would be far higher if the war were as straightforward as it's often made out to be.

What, then, accounts for the carnage, the worst Mexico has suffered since the revolution, a century ago? To be sure, many of the dead have been cartel criminals. Some were killed in firefights with the army, others in battles between the cartels for control of smuggling routes, and still others in power struggles within the cartels. The toll includes more than 1,000 police officers, some of whom, according to Mexican press reports, were executed by soldiers for suspected links to drug traffickers. Conversely, a number of the fallen soldiers may have been killed by policemen moonlighting as cartel hit men, though that cannot be proved. Meanwhile,

human-rights groups have accused the military of unleashing a reign of terror—carrying out forced disappearances, illegal detentions, acts of torture, and assassinations—not only to fight organized crime but also to suppress dissidents and other political troublemakers. What began as a war on drug trafficking has evolved into a low-intensity civil war with more than two sides and no white hats, only shades of black. The ordinary Mexican citizen—never sure who is on what side, or who is fighting whom and for what reason—retreats into a private world where he becomes willfully blind, deaf, and above all, dumb.

Which brings us back to Fernando Díaz and his avoidance of truth.

I have come to see him at the suggestion of Emilio Gutiérrez, who fled to the U.S. because army officers threatened him with death. During an interview at his hiding place north of the border, Gutiérrez told me about a mysterious event that occurred on February 12, 2008. Teams of gunmen, riding in SUVs and pickup trucks and described by witnesses as "dressed like soldiers," swept through Nuevo Casas Grandes and six neighboring communities between midnight and dawn, kidnapping and executing people.

The convoys covered 170 miles altogether, rolling through military checkpoints unimpeded. In Nuevo Casas Grandes, the "armed commandos," as they were called by the Mexican media, set fire to the house of a police subcommander and shot him to death as he ran outside. Two other people, one of them the uncle of a midlevel narcotics trafficker, were also executed. The press reported that 14 more were abducted, but the actual number was believed to be much higher. All the victims, except two who were apparently snatched by mistake and later released, vanished without a trace.

Gutiérrez, a reporter in *El Diario's* Ascensión bureau, covered the operation. From what he'd seen with his own eyes and from interviews with eyewitnesses, he concluded that the perpetrators were dressed like soldiers for the simple reason that they were soldiers. An operation on that scale, he reasoned, could not have been conducted by gangs of pistoleros hastily thrown together: it required thorough planning, accurate intelligence, discipline, and coordination. Nor could pistoleros have driven through army roadblocks without being stopped. If the raid wasn't military, it must have been conducted with the army's cooperation.

That wasn't what Gutiérrez reported, however. He told me that his boss, José Martínez Valdéz, the editor of *El Diario's* editions in northwest Chihuahua, instructed him to "not cause problems by writing that this was military." Gutiérrez's silence did not win him any points with the army. Five months later, he was warned that the military was going to kill him, and he was forced to leave the country.

But why, I asked, would soldiers maraud the countryside on a murder-and-kidnapping spree? He replied that the raid was not part of the Mexican government's war on the drug cartels but a struggle between two powerful cartels: the Juárez organization, headed by Vicente Carrillo, and the Sinaloa federation, whose boss, Joaquín "El Chapo" Guzmán, is the most-wanted man in Mexico. Gutiérrez said that in

MORE ONLINE

Photographer Julián Cardona narrates a slideshow of images from Juárez's drug wars: theatlantic.com/juarez.

THEATLANTIC.COM

this instance the gunmen, whoever they were, had been after people they thought were working for the Juárez cartel.

"It's an open secret in Mexico," he said, "that the army is fighting the [Juárez] cartel to weaken them and pave the way for Guzmán."

OPEN SECRET OR NO, an allegation that soldiers may have acted on behalf of a drug lord needs to be substantiated. After all, Calderón's counter-narcotics strategy relies, with U.S. support, almost exclusively on the military.

With a short list of contacts provided by Gutiérrez, my interpreter, Molly Molloy, and I enter Mexico through the Palomas border crossing and head south into the Chihuahuan Desert. I have just been in Juárez and am relieved to not be going back to that industrialized border city—utterly charmless in the best of times, and these are far from the best of times. Juárez's main product now is the corpse. Last year, drug-related violence there claimed more than 1,600 lives, and the toll for the first nine months of this year soared beyond 1,800, and mounts daily. That makes Juárez, population

They are willing to talk to us, and we go into the back room. Andrew, a heavysset, 30-ish man with dense carbon-black hair, shuts the door, either to muffle the noise from outside or to make sure no one overhears our conversation.

In the Mexico Mexicans have to live in, Díaz begins, life is "very hard, very bad," a statement he underscores with a statistic: last year, 115 homicides were committed in Nuevo Casas Grandes and its surrounding communities. That works out to a murder rate more than 20 times as high as New York City's.

It's at this juncture that he makes his comment about the dangers of speaking or knowing the truth. I begin inquiring about the February 2008 incident, but Díaz and his younger colleague aren't eager to discuss it.

I don't get anywhere, though Díaz casts doubt on Gutiérrez's assertion that the raid was a military operation. All of this talk about human-rights abuses by the army is "a myth," Díaz insists. He is in fact cheered that an army battalion has been making rounds to bolster security in Nuevo Casas Grandes: "We are abandoned and unprotected here in northwest Chihuahua. It is a very big wish that the soldiers will bring peace.

The army is the only group we can trust." He adds by way of illustration that several *sicarios*, as professional assassins are called in Mexico, were arrested and confessed to killing 19 people in town.

Two of the *sicarios*, Andrew interjects, were his neighbors: "One guy worked in a car wash, the other guy was an army deserter." Two others

turned out to be auto salesmen—"nice guys in the day, killers by night," Díaz says, as if he's voicing over a trailer for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. "You are talking to me, a radio announcer, but you can't be sure that I'm not a *sicario*," Díaz adds. "You say you're an American reporter, but I don't know that you're not a *sicario*. You cannot trust anybody." He doesn't seem to notice that he's contradicted his earlier remark that only the army can be trusted.

The question is, can the army be trusted, and if so, can it win this latest—and biggest—battle in the seemingly endless "war on drugs"? Calderón has deployed more than 45,000 troops (out of a total force of 230,000) throughout the country. Of that number, about 7,000, reinforced by 2,300 federal policemen, occupy Juárez as part of Operación Conjunta Chihuahua—the Joint Chihuahuan Operation. The army has taken over all the policing functions. The city is under undeclared martial law.

Although many ordinary Mexicans welcome the army's intervention, certain that things would be far worse without it, approval has been far from universal. Claims of grievous abuses by the armed forces—unlawful detentions, disappearances, thefts, rapes, and murders—have increased sixfold in the past three years, according to Human Rights Watch. One hundred and seventy complaints have been filed in Chihuahua alone, says Gustavo de la Rosa, the former Chihuahua state ombudsman for Mexico's National Human Rights Commission.

Leaving aside the question of whether militarizing the anti-narcotics campaign is the best way to go about things (a

THE ORDINARY MEXICAN CITIZEN—NEVER SURE WHO IS ON WHAT SIDE, OR WHO IS FIGHTING WHOM AND FOR WHAT REASON—RETREATS INTO A PRIVATE WORLD WHERE HE BECOMES WILLFULLY BLIND, DEAF, AND ABOVE ALL, DUMB.

1.5 million, the most violent city in the world. Two lines of graffiti summed up a place where not only law and order but civilization itself has broken down: MI CIUDAD PIDE CLEMENCIA EN SU DEMENTIA ("My city asks for mercy in its madness"), and MI CIUDAD ES UN NEGRO LAMENTO UN AULLIDO INFINITO ("My city is a black lament, an eternal howl").

Nuevo Casas Grandes lies on a plateau near a fertile valley—cowboy-and-farmer country where cattle graze on the high desert ranges and apple and pecan orchards form tidy ranks on the city's outskirts. The city itself, with some 51,000 people, is known to archaeologically minded tourists for its proximity to Paquimé, the site of ancient pueblo ruins. It looks prosperous by the standards of interior Mexico, with wide streets, a few decent hotels and restaurants, an airport, and several auto dealerships selling Fords and Jeeps and other familiar makes. If it weren't for all the Mexican license plates, I could believe we were in a town in the southwestern United States.

Our first call is at the offices of *El Diario*, housed in a whitewashed villa on the main drag. Molloy and I are hoping to meet with José Martínez Valdéz, who is Gutiérrez's former editor, and the news director, Victor Valdovinos. They can answer some of our questions and provide introductions to city officials. But repeated attempts to see Martínez are unsuccessful—he manages to dodge us all afternoon. We do get a very brief audience with Valdovinos. When we tell him what we are there for, he flinches and says, "You don't want to talk to me," then vanishes.

That leaves Fernando Díaz, whom we find at the radio station as he and David Andrew wrap up their afternoon show.

similar strategy in Colombia has been only partially successful), the fact is that, by destroying public trust in the armed forces, military misconduct undermines the entire effort, as I learned from a 50-year-old cleaning woman who now lives in Arizona and who asked to remain anonymous. She was visiting her aunt in Juárez last December when soldiers broke into a neighbor's house, claiming that they were looking for a suspect.

"They didn't say who," the woman told me. "They tore her house apart, took her jewelry and her money, and said that if she complained about what they did they were going to come back and kill her. People are more afraid of the police and soldiers than they are of the narcos, because they're very mean guys—not all, but many."

The fear goes beyond undisciplined soldiers running amok. In an interview, de la Rosa told me that the president, elected in 2006 by a margin as thin as an ATM card, called out the army not merely to fight the cartels and eliminate a threat to national sovereignty but to consolidate his power and confer legitimacy on his presidency. "Calderón wants to show the Congress that the military is with him," de la Rosa said. "And the military promised to support Calderón in exchange for being allowed out of the barracks, because the army wants to govern. Chihuahua is an experiment. What is happening here is in essence a military coup, a regional coup." To support this contention, he cited a change he has had to make in his own work. Under normal circumstances, he would file complaints of abuse with the state governor, but now, he said, "the governor is ineffective, so I have to go to General Felipe de Jesús Espitia, the *comandante* of the 5th Military District."

I was somewhat incredulous that the military was staging a creeping coup. To what end? I asked.

De la Rosa shrugged. "Actually, nobody really knows or understands what the military is up to," he answered, hedging a bit. Then he asserted that the army intends not to stamp out drug trafficking but to "control" it. "So now if a drug cartel wants to move drugs into the U.S., who would they go to? To the governor? No, to the general." (*El Universal*, Mexico's largest newspaper, reported in September that de la Rosa had received death threats from the army, apparently because of his sharp criticisms; sources have told me he has taken temporary refuge in the U.S.)

As de la Rosa suggested, there is a dismal history of collusion between the armed forces and organized crime. In the late 1980s, the Mexican defense secretary was caught peddling protection to three drug organizations, which paid him a total of \$10 million. In 1997, Mexico's chief anti-narcotics officer was indicted for providing the Juárez cartel with classified drug-enforcement information in exchange for millions of dollars in bribes. In a 2001 essay in the *Journal of Contemporary Criminal Justice*, a University of Texas criminologist, Patrick O'Day, cited several instances of Mexican soldiers' guarding narcotics shipments and transporting them into the United States in military vehicles or by other means. These

operations were so extensive and went on for so long that O'Day concluded that the army was a cartel unto itself.

BUT LET US MAKE the risky assumption that today's army is no longer involved in drug trafficking. The belief that it is exploiting a weak government to advance agendas beyond its declared mission is widespread, and not without reason. While many of the crimes alleged to have been committed by the armed forces appear to be the random acts of rogue troops, others may be part of a directed campaign with three possible objectives.

One objective is laudable—to get information about drug trafficking. The problem is that, in de la Rosa's words, "the army's investigative techniques are kidnapping and torture." But according to Cipriana Jurado, a veteran labor organizer and women's-rights activist, the military has another purpose: trying to stifle dissent, she said, citing numerous arrests of political troublemakers. And, as Gutiérrez's case indicates, the generals also may be seeking to clamp down on Mexico's freewheeling press.

In seeking, much less speaking, the truth about what the army is up to, one often runs into the paradox of the Mexican

**"YOU SAY YOU'RE AN AMERICAN REPORTER," DÍAZ TELLS ME, "BUT I DON'T KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT A SICARIO"—
A PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN. "YOU CANNOT TRUST ANYBODY."**

reality: something dreadful happens and is then treated as if it hadn't happened. Facts, like people, simply disappear.

I experience this myself as I tour the ruins of a Juárez drug-rehabilitation center with my friend Julián Cardona, a photographer and Reuters correspondent. The rehab clinic is in a shabby two-story building on an unpaved street lined with cinder-block hovels, old cars, and derelict buses. A wind-whipped urban grit that feels dirtier than desert dust pelts our faces as we enter the rectangular patio strewn with rubble, its walls gouged by bullet holes. Small rooms lead off the patio, each with a hand-painted phrase above its door—COCINA for kitchen, SALA DE JUNTAS for meeting room, D-TOX, which needs no translation.

We enter the meeting room. Votive candles gutter in glass jars arranged around an image of Jesus Christ propped up in one corner. The walls are peppered with bullet holes and spattered with dried blood. Cardona tells me what happened here on a Wednesday evening, August 13, 2008, as an Assembly of God pastor named Socorro García and her deacon, Joel Valle, conducted a service for the patients. After they and about 20 addicts gathered in the meeting room to sing hymns and hold a prayer service, García took the podium for altar call. "Is there anyone here who was a Christian in the past," she asked, "but who fell away into drugs and who would like to reconcile with God?" Several patients raised their hands. García summoned them.

Outside, a Ford pickup carrying a detachment of Mexican paratroopers was parked at an intersection no more than 50

Track opinions as they break.
Follow the hottest debates as they unfold

the AtlanticWire

yards away. Two other trucks pulled up in front of the rehab center. Eight men armed with assault rifles and 9-millimeter pistols and wearing bulletproof vests and ski masks piled out of the vehicles and rushed inside.

The shooting started in the patio, just as the patients were walking up to the podium in answer to García's call. Some flung themselves to the floor, others ran for their lives or huddled against a wall. García stood at the podium, crying out, "Muchachos! Ask God for another chance to live!" At that moment, four gunmen burst inside and, in her words, started "shooting in all directions."

García raised her hands and hollered above the gunshots, "Lord, send your angels to protect us!" A gunman looked at her through the eyeholes of his ski mask and she looked back. He stopped shooting. "I was right there in front of him," García told Cardona. "He had already shot a lot of people, and one more life would have meant nothing to him, but he didn't shoot. Why? Maybe God did not allow it."

Neighbors called the Emergency Response Center, the equivalent of 911, but got no response. Accounts of the actions taken by the soldiers parked at the street corner differ. According to one, the soldiers stood by passively as the assassins jumped in their trucks and fled. According to another, they drove past the rehab center at high speed while the massacre was going on. People shouted to them to put a stop to it, but the soldiers kept going. This led one of the neighbors to conclude that they "were guarding the killers or came with them so that the police would not intervene."

In all, nine people were killed and five wounded. Among the dead was Joel Valle, the deacon. It was the worst mass murder in Juárez in years, Cardona says as I gaze at the flickering votives, the bloodstains and bullet holes framing the picture of Christ.

Of course, I have questions: Were any of the killers identified or captured? No. Was their motive determined? No, although there were rumors that they were after members of a street gang, the Aztecas, said to be hiding in the facility. Were the soldiers involved in the massacre? That's what eyewitnesses claimed, Cardona replies. I keep grasping for facts, but realize it's futile. Cardona says, "This is the black hole of Mexico. You cannot see inside of it, and nothing gets out."

Despite the heavy military and police presence, six rehabilitation clinics have been attacked in Juárez over the past two years. The deadliest incident occurred on September 2, when 18 people were executed. Government authorities claimed the massacres were part of a war of extermination between the Sinaloa and Juárez cartels.

THE CONDUCT OF THE Mexican military goes to the heart of U.S. counter-narcotics policy. In the past year, experts like General Barry McCaffrey (the drug czar in the Clinton administration) and political figures have warned that if the cartels are not contained, Mexico could become a failed state and the U.S. could find itself with an Afghanistan or a Pakistan on its southern border. Such forecasts are hyperbole, but the fact is that drug trafficking and its attendant corruption are a malignancy that has spread into Mexico's lymph system. To extend the metaphor, Calderón is attempting to perform radical surgery with the only

instrument at his disposal—the army. It may be a tainted instrument, so the reasoning goes, but it is less tainted than the law-enforcement agencies.

Washington supports, indeed encourages, this approach through the Mérida Initiative, a security-cooperation agreement between the two countries that Congress passed and George W. Bush signed into law. Its aim is to provide \$1.4 billion in funding, spread over several years, for military and law-enforcement training, equipment such as helicopters and surveillance aircraft, and judicial reforms. The aid package also includes conditions for improvements to Mexico's less-than-enviable record on human-rights issues. Fifteen percent of the funds can be withheld if Mexico fails to show progress on matters such as prosecuting human-rights violators and prohibiting the use of torture to obtain evidence and testimony.

And that is where U.S. policy becomes contradictory. It calls for a military solution to the trafficking problem. But there are very few, if any, civil safeguards on the actions of the Mexican military. Its soldiers are subject only to military law, even when deployed in their current crime-fighting capacity, and the country's military-justice system is, to understate things, opaque.

A good example is the case of Javier Rosales, a medical technician who died after he and a friend were captured and tortured by soldiers. Members of his family went to the state justice office and the federal attorney general's office to file a complaint against the soldiers and demand an investigation. They were turned away because, the officials said, charges of army misconduct fall under military jurisdiction. However, Enrique Torres, a spokesman for the Joint Chihuahuan Operation, told me that the army looks into such allegations only through internal investigations or when formal charges have been filed by state or federal prosecutors. It's pure catch-22: state or federal authorities will not receive complaints against soldiers, and the army will not investigate unless charges have been filed by state or federal authorities.

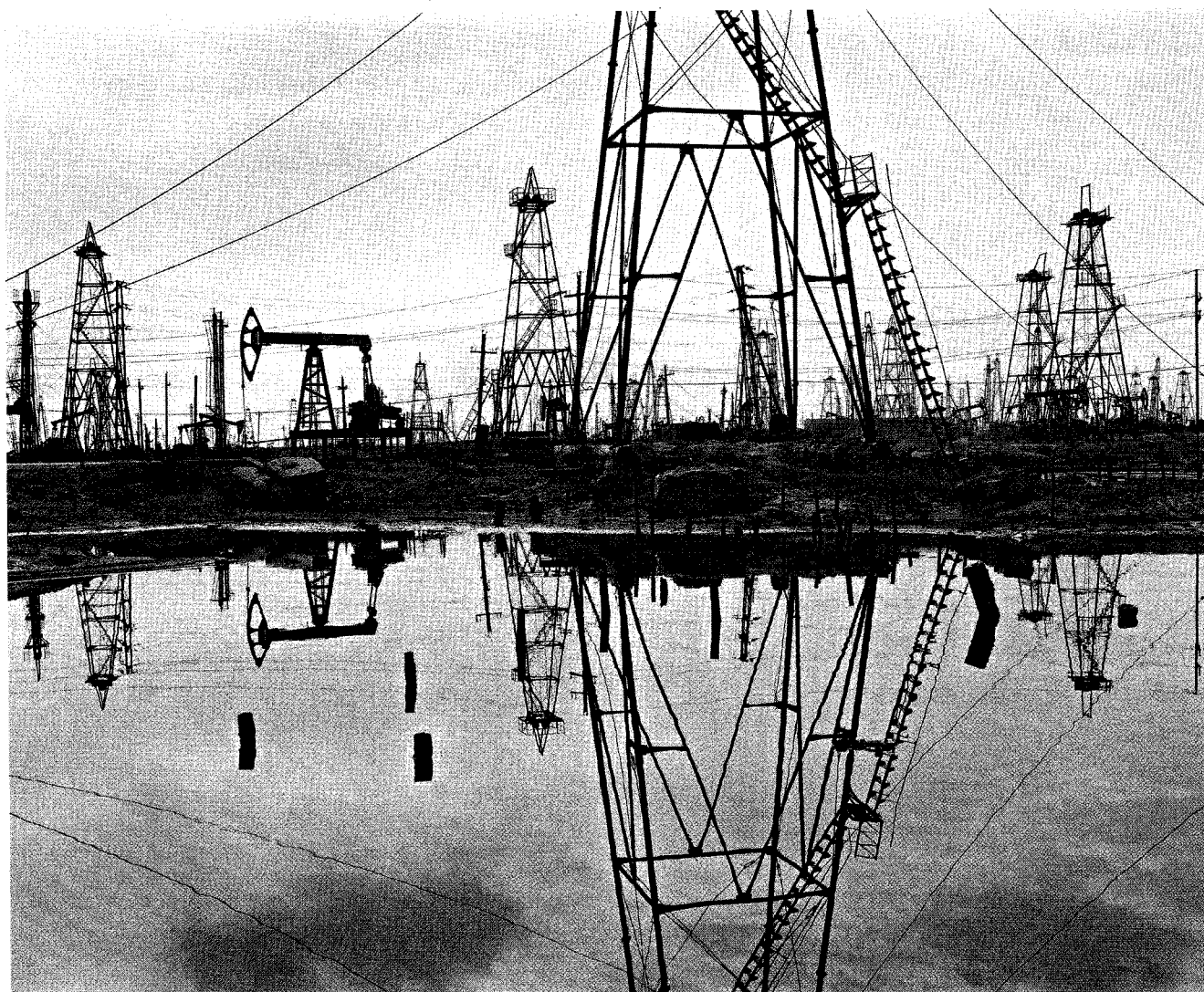
That is among the reasons why, out of the more than 2,000 complaints brought before Mexico's National Human Rights Commission, not one has resulted in the prosecution of a single soldier.

The provisions of the Mérida Initiative would appear to give the U.S. considerable leverage in compelling the Mexican army to act with more restraint and greater respect for the civil rights of the country's citizens. Financial leverage, that is. The moral authority of the U.S. has been eroded by accusations that it has employed torture and illegal detentions in the "war on terror," as well as by its status as the drug cartels' biggest market and its singularly unsuccessful efforts to dry up demand.

Every year, under the Foreign Assistance Act, the State Department is required to certify that its southern neighbor is fully cooperating in efforts to stem the export of illegal narcotics into the United States. Without certification, Mexico would be ineligible to receive the vast majority of American aid. But the U.S. government often soft-pedals criticisms of Mexico on matters such as corruption and human-rights offenses, for two reasons. One is U.S. sensitivity to the Mexican elite, which can be thin-skinned about what it regards as

GALLERY SOCAR Oil Fields #3, Baku, Azerbaijan, 2006 by Edward Burtynsky

CHROMOGENIC COLOR PRINT. PHOTOGRAPH © EDWARD BURTYNSKY. COURTESY ADAMSON GALLERY, WASHINGTON, DC/HASTED HUNT KRAEUTLER, NEW YORK/NICHOLAS METWIER GALLERY, TORONTO



SOCAR Oil Fields #3, Baku, Azerbaijan, 2006: from the traveling exhibit *Edward Burtynsky: Oil* on display at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., through December 13

infringements from the north on its national sovereignty. The second is money. In the highly unlikely event that Mexico were decertified, the cutoff in U.S. aid would strain bilateral relations, trade agreements would be imperiled, and American businessmen would find it harder to operate south of the border. Also, of all the countries that export oil to the United States, Mexico, at 985,000 barrels a day, ranks third, behind Canada and Saudi Arabia.

That makes speaking the truth about Mexico politically and economically dangerous in official U.S. circles.

But a larger question arises. Even if tomorrow the Mexican military began waging its anti-narcotics campaign with the probity of, say, the Swiss Guard, could it overcome the power of cartels? The drug bosses and their organizations have become integrated into Mexican society, corrupting every aspect of the nation's life.

The U.S. government estimates that the cultivation and trafficking of illegal drugs directly employs 450,000 people in Mexico. Unknown numbers of people, possibly in the millions,

are indirectly linked to the drug industry, which has revenues estimated to be as high as \$25 billion a year, exceeded only by Mexico's annual income from manufacturing and oil exports. Dr. Edgardo Buscaglia, a law professor at the Autonomous Technological Institute in Mexico City and a senior legal and economic adviser to the UN and the World Bank, concluded in a recent report that 17 of Mexico's 31 states have become virtual narco-republics, where organized crime has infiltrated government, the courts, and the police so extensively that there is almost no way they can be cleaned up. The drug gangs have acquired a "military capacity" that enables them to confront the army on an almost equal footing.

"This in itself does not prove that we are in a situation of a failed state today," Buscaglia wrote. He seemed to be suggesting that the situation could change tomorrow—and not for the better. ■

Philip Caputo is the author of 14 books, including A Rumor of War, Acts of Faith, and most recently, Crossers, a novel about life on the Mexican border.

IN 1921, ALBERT EINSTEIN'S *first trip to America triggered the kind of mass hysteria that would greet the Beatles four decades later. But as newly published documents show, it also tore a sharp rift between European Zionists and some of their fellow Jews across the Atlantic, men like Louis D. Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter, who felt that the best way for Jews to get ahead was to assimilate, not agitate for a Jewish homeland.*

How Einstein Divided America's Jews

By Walter Isaacson

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S FIRST tour of America was an extravaganza unique in the history of science, and indeed would have been remarkable for any realm: a grand two-month procession in the spring of 1921 that evoked the sort of mass frenzy and press adulation that would thrill a touring rock star. Einstein had recently burst into global stardom when observations performed during a total eclipse dramatically confirmed his theory of relativity by showing that the sun's gravitational field bent a light beam to the degree that he had predicted. *The New York Times* trumpeted that triumph with a multideck headline:

Lights All Askew in the Heavens / Men of Science More or Less Agog Over Results of Eclipse Observations / EINSTEIN THEORY TRIUMPHS / Stars Not Where They Seemed or Were Calculated to Be, but Nobody Need Worry

So when he arrived in New York in April, he was greeted by adoring throngs as the world's first scientific celebrity, one who also happened to be a gentle icon of humanist values and a living patron saint for Jews.

Newly published papers from that year, however, show a less joyful aspect to Einstein's famous visit. He found himself caught in a battle between ardent European Zionists led by Chaim Weizmann, who was with Einstein on the trip, and the more polished and cautious potentates of American Jewry,

including Louis D. Brandeis, Felix Frankfurter, and the denizens of established Wall Street banking firms. Among other things, the disputes about Zionism apparently caused Einstein not to be invited to lecture at Harvard and prompted many prominent Manhattan Jews to decline an invitation from him to discuss his pet project, the establishment of a university in Jerusalem.

The full extent of this controversy, which has been only touched upon in previous books (including a biography I wrote in 2007), is revealed in a volume of Einstein's correspondence and papers for 1921 that was recently published by the Princeton University Press. None of the letters is newly discovered (all are available in public archives), but most have not been published before. The 600-page volume, the 12th compiled so far by the editors of the Einstein Papers Project, pulls all of the letters and related documents together in a way that allows us now to see, even more clearly than Einstein did at the time, the political and emotional struggle he stumbled into.

Einstein was raised in a secular German Jewish household, and (except for a brief fling with religious fervor as a child) he disdained religious faith and rituals. He did, however, proudly consider himself Jewish by heritage, and he felt a strong kinship with what he called his fellow tribesmen or clansmen. His outlook in 1921 can be seen in the brusque answer he sent early that year to the rabbis of Berlin, who had urged him to become a dues-paying member of the Jewish



religious community there. "In your letter," he responded, "I notice that the word Jew is ambiguous in that it refers (1) to nationality and origin, (2) to the faith. I am a Jew in the first sense, not in the second."

German anti-Semitism was then on the rise. Many German Jews did everything they could, including converting to Christianity, in order to assimilate, and they urged Einstein to do the same. But Einstein took the opposite approach. He began to identify even more strongly with his Jewish heritage, and he embraced the Zionist goal of promoting a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

He had been recruited by the pioneering Zionist leader Kurt Blumenfeld, who paid a call on Einstein in Berlin in early 1919. "With extreme naïveté he asked questions," Blumenfeld recalled. Among Einstein's queries: With their intellectual gifts, why should Jews create a homeland that was primarily agricultural? Why did it have to be its own nation-state? Wasn't nationalism the problem rather than the solution? Eventually, Einstein came around. "I am, as a human being, an opponent of nationalism," he told Blumenfeld. "But as a Jew, I am from today a supporter of the Zionist effort." He also became, more specifically, an advocate for the creation of a Jewish university in Jerusalem, which became Hebrew University.

Einstein had initially thought that his first visit to the United States, which he jokingly called "Dollaria," might be a way to make some money in a stable currency. He and his first wife had gone through a bitter divorce, and they were

still fighting over finances. Hamburg banker Max Warburg and his New York-based brother Paul tried to help Einstein line up lucrative lectures. They asked both Princeton and the University of Wisconsin for a fee of \$15,000. In February of 1921, Max Warburg informed him, "The amount you wish is not possible." Einstein was not terribly upset. "They found my demands too high," he told his friend and fellow physicist Paul Ehrenfest. "I am glad not to have to go there; it really isn't a pretty way to make money." Instead, he made other plans: he would go to Brussels to present a paper at the Solvay Conference, the preeminent European gathering of physicists.

It was then that Blumenfeld came by Einstein's apartment again, this time with an invitation—or perhaps an instruction—in the form of a telegram from the president of the World Zionist Organization, Chaim Weizmann. A brilliant biochemist who had emigrated from Russia to England, Weizmann asked Einstein to accompany him on a trip to America to raise funds to help settle Palestine and, in particular, create Hebrew University in Jerusalem. When Blumenfeld read the telegram to him, Einstein balked. He was not an orator, he said, and the idea of using his celebrity to draw crowds to the cause was "an unworthy one." Blumenfeld did not argue. Instead, he simply read Weizmann's telegram aloud again. "He is the president of our organization," Blumenfeld said, "and if you take your conversion to Zionism seriously, then I have the right to ask you, in Dr. Weizmann's name, to go with him to the United States."

"What you say is right and convincing," Einstein replied, to the "boundless astonishment" of Blumenfeld. "I realize that I myself am now part of the situation and that I must accept the invitation." Weizmann was thrilled and somewhat surprised. "I wholeheartedly appreciate your readiness at such a decisive hour for the Jewish people," he later cabled Einstein from London.

Einstein's decision reflected a major transformation in his life. Until the completion of his general theory of relativity, he had dedicated himself almost totally to science. But the anti-Semitism that was oozing up around him in Berlin led him to reassert his identity as a Jew and to feel more committed to defending the culture and community of his people. "I am not keen on going to America, but am just doing it on behalf of the Zionists," he wrote to his French publisher. "I must serve as famed bigwig and decoy-bird ... I am doing whatever I can for my tribal brethren, who are being treated so vilely everywhere."

And so Einstein and his new wife, Elsa, set sail in late March 1921 for their first visit to America. On the way over, Einstein tried to explain relativity to Weizmann. Asked upon their arrival whether he understood the theory, Weizmann gave a puckish reply: "Einstein explained his theory to me every day, and by the time we arrived I was fully convinced that he really understands it."

When the ship pulled up to the Battery in Lower Manhattan on the afternoon of April 2, Einstein was standing on the deck, wearing a black felt hat that concealed some but not all of his now-graying profusion of uncombed hair. One hand held a shiny briar pipe; the other clutched a worn violin case. "He looked like an artist," *The New York Times* reported. "But underneath his shaggy locks was a scientific mind whose deductions have staggered the ablest intellects of Europe."

Thousands of spectators, along with the fife-and-drum corps of the Jewish Legion, were waiting in Battery Park when the mayor and other dignitaries brought Einstein ashore on a police tugboat. The crowd, waving blue-and-white flags, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and then the Zionist anthem, "Hatikvah." The Einsteins and the Weizmanns intended to head directly for the Hotel Commodore, in Midtown. Instead, their motorcade wound through the Jewish neighborhoods of the Lower East Side late into the evening. "Every car had its horn, and every horn was put in action," Weizmann recalled. "We reached the Commodore at about 11:30, tired, hungry, thirsty, and completely dazed."

ONE GROUP WAS MISSING at most of the subsequent welcoming ceremonies and celebrations: the leaders of the Zionist Organization of America. Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, who was its honorary president, did not even send pro forma official greetings or congratulations. Brandeis had traveled with Weizmann to Palestine in 1919, and the following year had gone to London to be with him at a Zionist convention. But shortly afterward they began to feud. Their fight partly stemmed from a few differences over policy; Brandeis wanted the Zionist organizations to focus on sending money to Jewish settlers in Palestine and not on agitating politically. It was also partly an old-fashioned power struggle; Brandeis wanted to install efficient managers

and take power from Weizmann and his more ardent eastern European followers. But above all, it was a clash of personalities. Weizmann was born in Russia, emigrated to England, and shared Einstein's disdain for Jews who tried too hard to assimilate. Brandeis was born in Louisville, Kentucky, graduated from Harvard Law School, prospered as a prominent Boston lawyer, and was appointed by President Wilson to be the first Jewish justice on the Supreme Court. His crowd tended to look down on unrefined and unassimilated Jews from Russia and eastern Europe. In a letter to his brother in 1921, Brandeis revealed the cultural and personal underpinnings of his rift with Weizmann:

The Zionist [clash] was inevitable. It was one resulting from differences in standards. The Easterners—like many Russian Jews in this country—don't know what honesty is & we simply won't entrust our money to them. Weizmann does know what honesty is—but weakly yields to his numerous Russian associates. Hence the split.

Brandeis was initially happy that Einstein was coming to America, even though he was accompanying Weizmann. "The Great Einstein is coming to America soon with Dr. Weizmann, our Zionist Chief," he wrote to his mother-in-law.

Palestine may need something more than a new conception of the Universe or of several additional dimensions; but it is well to remind the Gentile world, when the wave of anti-Semitism is rising, that in the world of thought the conspicuous contributions are being made by Jews.

But two of Brandeis's closest associates expressed misgivings. His protégé Felix Frankfurter, then a professor at Harvard Law School, and Judge Julian Mack, the person Brandeis had tapped to be president of the Zionist Organization of America, argued that it would be better if Einstein's visit were cast primarily as a trip to lecture on physics, rather than one to raise money for Palestine.

Frankfurter and Mack sent Weizmann telegrams urging him to make sure that Einstein scheduled some physics lectures during his trip. But they quickly changed their minds when they were informed that Einstein had tried to extract large fees from various universities for such lectures, even though he was speaking about Zionism for free. That was even worse. So they sent another telegram, this one warning of the danger that Einstein would be seen as trying to "commercialize" his science. Such crassness would hurt his image and that of Jews, Frankfurter and Mack feared. Some of the physics lectures should be done for free. As Mack cabled to Weizmann: "EINSTEIN SITUATION EXTREMELY DIFFICULT EXPEDIENT YOU EXPLAIN US FULLY HIS EXACT NEGOTIATIONS ... ALSO AWAITING YOU PROMISED CABLE WHETHER HE ACCEPT YOUR SUGGESTION COUPLE UNIVERSITY LECTURES FREE." In one telegram, they went so far as to urge that Einstein's trip be canceled. Another telegram made clear that there would be no lecture at the university where Frankfurter was an influential professor. "HARVARD ABSOLUTELY DECLINES EINSTEIN," the telegram read. It did add that he would be welcome to come for an informal visit without a lecture or a lecture fee. When Einstein found out about the telegrams, he was furious. Mack defended himself and Frankfurter—and by extension

Brandeis—in a letter to Einstein insisting that their only motive was “to protect you against unjust attacks and to protect the organization against the result of such unjust attacks.”

Brandeis and his cohorts at the Zionist Organization of America made matters worse, during Einstein’s visit, when they reacted to a deadly clash between Arab and Jewish rioters in Jaffa by reinforcing their desire that adequate “safeguards” be in place before money was raised for Hebrew University. Einstein confided that this attitude made him suspect that the Brandeis crowd was “committing sabotage” of his mission. When Brandeis’s friend and supporter Rabbi Judah Magnes proposed hosting a gathering in Manhattan for intellectuals to talk about the university, Einstein replied that he would come only if Magnes made the event a fund-raiser. “I did not have in mind a fund-raising meeting,” Magnes replied in a cold and curt letter. “Under the circumstances, it is probably better to forego the meeting.”

The resistance to Einstein’s mission came not only from the Brandeis camp of cautious and restrained American Zionists, but also from successful New York Reform Jews of German heritage, many of whom were opposed to Zionism. When Einstein invited 50 or so of New York’s most prominent Jews to a private meeting in his hotel, many of them declined. Paul Warburg, who had served as his agent soliciting lecture fees, wrote:

My presence would be of no use; on the contrary, I fear that, if at all, its effect would be rather to cool things down. As I already told you on another occasion, I personally have the greatest doubts relating to the Zionist plans and anticipate their consequences with genuine consternation.

Other rejections came from Arthur Hays Sulzberger of *The New York Times*; the politically connected financier Bernard Baruch; the lawyer Irving Lehman; the first Jewish Cabinet secretary, Oscar Straus; the philanthropist Daniel Guggenheim; and the former Congressman Jefferson Levy.

On the other hand, Einstein and Weizmann were wildly embraced by less assimilated and more enthusiastic Jews, the ones who tended to live in Brooklyn or on the Lower East Side rather than on Park Avenue. More than 20,000 showed up at one event, causing “a near riot,” *The Times* reported, when they “stormed the police lines.” After three weeks of lectures and receptions in New York, Einstein paid a visit to Washington. For reasons fathomable only to those who live in that city, the Senate decided to debate the theory of relativity. On the House side of the Capitol, Representative J. J. Kindred of New York proposed placing an explanation of Einstein’s theories in the *Congressional Record*. David Walsh of Massachusetts rose to object. Did Kindred understand the theory? “I have been earnestly busy with this theory for three weeks,” Kindred replied, “and am beginning to see some light.” But what relevance, he was asked, did it have to the business of Congress? “It may bear upon the legislation of the future as to general relations with the cosmos.”

Such discourse made it inevitable that when Einstein went with a group to the White House, President Warren G. Harding would be faced with the question of whether *he* understood relativity. As the group posed for the cameras, he smiled and confessed that he did not. *The Washington Post* carried a cartoon showing him puzzling over a paper titled “Theory of Relativity” while Einstein puzzled over one on the “Theory of

Normalcy,” which was the name Harding had given to his governing philosophy. *The New York Times* ran a front-page headline: “Einstein Idea Puzzles Harding, He Admits.”

During the Washington visit, the noted journalist and power broker Walter Lippmann tried to set up a peace meeting between Weizmann and Brandeis. Negotiations between the camps of the two Zionist leaders broke down over a variety of issues, and the summit never occurred. Einstein, however, was happy to pay a call on Brandeis, even though Weizmann urged him not to. They hit it off well. Einstein told the friend who arranged the visit that he came away with an “utterly different” opinion of Brandeis than the one pushed on him by Weizmann. Brandeis was also pleased. “Prof. & Mrs. Einstein are simple lovely folk,” he wrote his wife the

next day. “It proved impossible to avoid some discussion of the ‘break,’ though they are not in [it]. They specialize on the University.” The one day of personal harmony, however, ended up doing nothing to heal the rift between the Weizmann-Einstein camp and the Brandeis-Frankfurter one, which continued to worsen during the visit.

Einstein subsequently went to Princeton, where he delivered a weeklong series of scientific lectures and received an honorary degree “for voyaging through strange seas of thought.” He did not get the \$15,000 fee he had originally requested, but he did receive a more modest one, plus a deal that Princeton would publish his lectures as a book and give him a 15 percent royalty. Einstein’s lectures were very technical. They included more than 125 complex equations that he scribbled on the blackboard while speaking in German. As one student admitted to a reporter, “I sat in the balcony, but he talked right over my head anyway.”

Einstein seemed to like Princeton. “Young and fresh,” he called it. “A pipe as yet unsmoked.” From a man who was invariably fondling new briar pipes, this was a compliment. It would not be a surprise, a dozen years hence, that he would decide to move there permanently.

Harvard, where Einstein went next, did not endear itself quite as well. Einstein graciously took a tour of the campus, dropping in on labs and commenting on students’ work, even though he had been explicitly not invited to give a formal lecture there. For the rest of his U.S. trip, he and Frankfurter engaged in an exchange of letters in which the Harvard professor tried to deflect the blame for the snub. People have “accused me of having wanted to prevent your appearance at Harvard,” Frankfurter wrote in a short note. “The accusation is absolutely untrue.” Einstein, however, knew of the telegrams that Frankfurter and Mack had sent objecting to

**People have
“accused me of
having wanted
to prevent your
appearance at
Harvard,” Felix
Frankfurter
wrote Einstein
in a short note.
“The accusation
is absolutely
untrue.”**

Einstein's request for lecture fees. "It now does seem plausible to me that you acted the way you did with honest, good intentions," Einstein replied, not quite accepting Frankfurter's denial. He added a humorous jab at Jews such as Frankfurter who were eager to avoid ruffling the refined sensibilities of non-Jews. "It would not even have been serious if all universities had withheld invitations," he wrote, "although I certainly know that it is a Jewish weakness always anxiously to want to keep the Gentiles [*Gojims*] in a good mood."

ONE OF THE FINAL STOPS on the grand Einstein-Weizmann tour was Cleveland, where several thousands thronged the train depot to meet the visiting delegation. The parade included 200 honking and flag-draped cars. Einstein and Weizmann rode in an open car, preceded by a National Guard marching band and a cadre of Jewish war veterans in uniform. Admirers along the way grabbed onto Einstein's car and jumped on the running board, while police tried to pull them away.

The Zionist Organization of America was about to meet in Cleveland for its annual convention, and the "downtown" Jews loyal to Weizmann were preparing for a showdown with the "uptown" Jews loyal to Brandeis. The convention turned out to be raucous indeed, with bitter speeches that included denunciations of the Brandeis camp for, among other sins, not showing enthusiasm for Einstein's trip. Weizmann's supporters, fortified by his presence, were able to block a vote of confidence endorsing the leadership of Brandeis and his point man, Julian Mack. Mack immediately resigned as president, Brandeis resigned as honorary president, and others in the Brandeis camp—including Felix Frankfurter and Stephen S. Wise—resigned from the executive committee. The deep rift in American Zionism would persist, and would undermine the movement, for almost a decade.

FERN GLADE

As wind stirs through an opening in woods,
green feathers long as plumes on peacocks write
in pools of sunlight from the canopy.
And what they scribble must be dank as earth
with ink of roots and alphabet of worms
and rot of last year's leaves and fallen bugs.
The syllables they seem to scratch now rise,
yes, levitate, a spinning hologram
of vapor glittering in the shaft of light:
a visitation of illuminated gnats
above the shadowy glade's scriptorium.

—Robert Morgan

Robert Morgan is the author of many books of poetry and prose, including October Crossing (2009) and Boone: A Biography (2007). He teaches at Cornell University.

Einstein was not at the convention. He had already boarded a ship back to Europe, feeling somewhat baffled and amused by what he had seen in America. "It is more easily aroused to enthusiasm than other countries I have unsettled with my presence," he wrote to his best friend, Michele Besso.

I had to let myself be shown around like a prize ox ... It's a miracle that I endured it. But now it's finished and what remains is the fine feeling of having done something truly good and of having worked for the Jewish cause despite all the protests by Jews and non-Jews—most of our fellow tribesmen are smarter than they are courageous.

The opposition he encountered served only to deepen his support for the Zionist cause. "Zionism really offers a new Jewish ideal that can give the Jewish people joy in its own existence again," he wrote Paul Ehrenfest right after the trip. In this regard, he was part of a trend that was reshaping Jewish identity, by choice and by imposition, in Europe. "Until a generation ago, Jews in Germany did not consider themselves as members of the Jewish people," he told a reporter on the day he was leaving America. "They merely considered themselves as members of a religious community." But anti-Semitism changed that, and there was a silver lining to that cloud, he declared. "The undignified mania of trying to adapt and conform and assimilate, which happens among many of my social standing, has always been very repulsive to me."

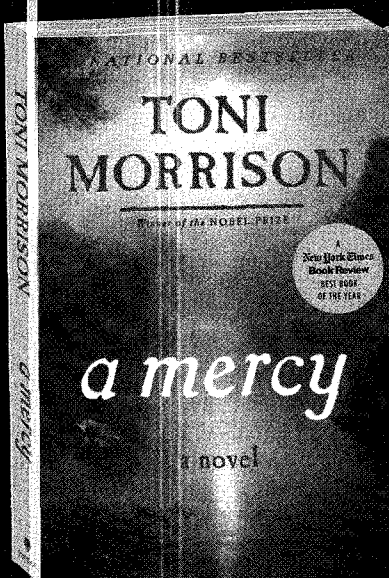
The fund-raising part of Einstein's tour was only a modest success. Even though poorer Jews and recent immigrants had poured out to see him and donated with enthusiasm, few of the eminent and old-line Jews with great personal fortunes became part of the frenzy. Only \$750,000 was collected for Hebrew University, far less than the \$4 million that Einstein and Weizmann had hoped for. But that was a good enough start. "The university seems to be financially secured," Einstein wrote Ehrenfest.

Four years later, the university did indeed open, on top of Mount Scopus, overlooking Jerusalem. In an ironic twist, some of the New York financiers who initially spurned Einstein ended up supporting it, and they insisted on installing as chancellor Rabbi Judah Magnes, the person who had clashed with Einstein in 1921 and canceled a reception when Einstein insisted on turning it into a fund-raiser. Einstein was so upset by the appointment of Magnes that he resigned from the board in protest. Nevertheless, he would eventually leave his papers and much of his estate to the university.

There was one other ironic footnote. In 1946, after he had emigrated to America, Einstein again became associated with fund-raising for a Jewish university. The organization was initially called the Albert Einstein Foundation for Higher Learning, and it acquired the campus of a dying university near Boston. But once again, Einstein clashed with some of the donors and their choices for administrators. When they asked whether they could name the university after him, Einstein refused. So the founders decided instead to honor their second choice, who had died five years earlier. They named the new university Brandeis. ■

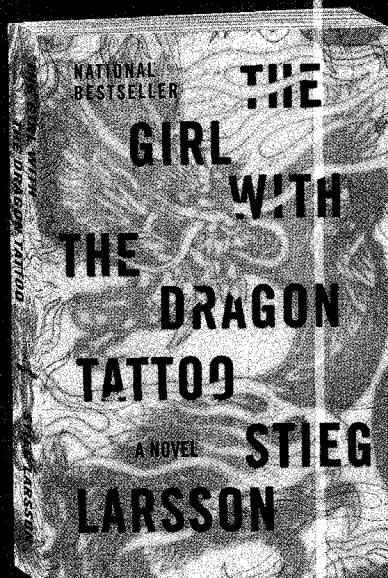
Walter Isaacson is the president and chief executive officer of the Aspen Institute and the author of Einstein: His Life and Universe (2007).

CELEBRATE THE SEASON with the Best in Paperback



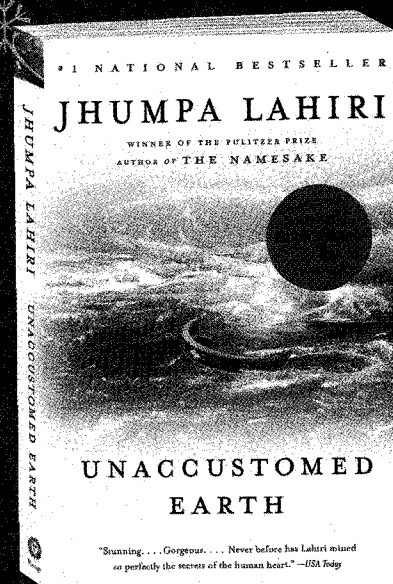
A *New York Times*
Best Book of the Year

"Spellbinding.... Stands alongside *Beloved* as a unique triumph." —*The Washington Post*



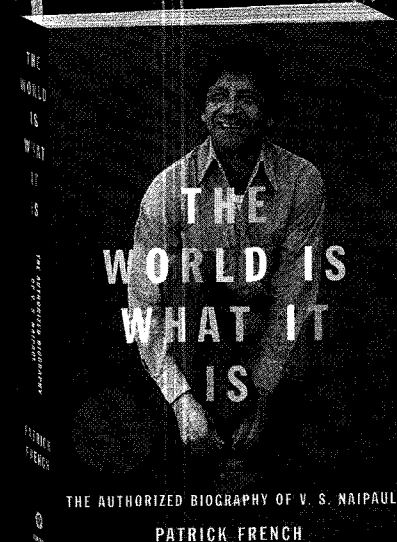
The International
Bestselling Sensation

"Wildly suspenseful....
An intelligent, ingeniously plotted,
utterly engrossing thriller."
—*The Washington Post*



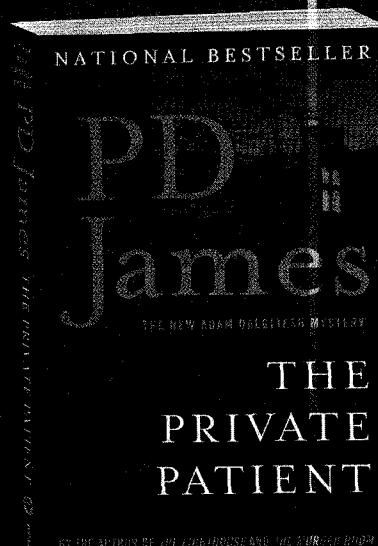
A *New York Times*
Best Book of the Year

"Stunning.... Never before has Lahiri mined so perfectly the secrets of the human heart." —*USA Today*



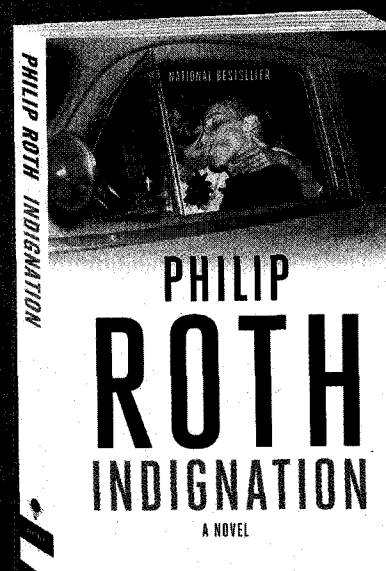
A National Book Critics Circle
Award Winner and a *New York Times*
Best Book of the Year

**"Extraordinary.... Thrilling....
Masterly....** Full of intimate and
moving revelations."
—James Wood, *The New Yorker*



**"The queen of crime fiction...
is at the top of her form."**
—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

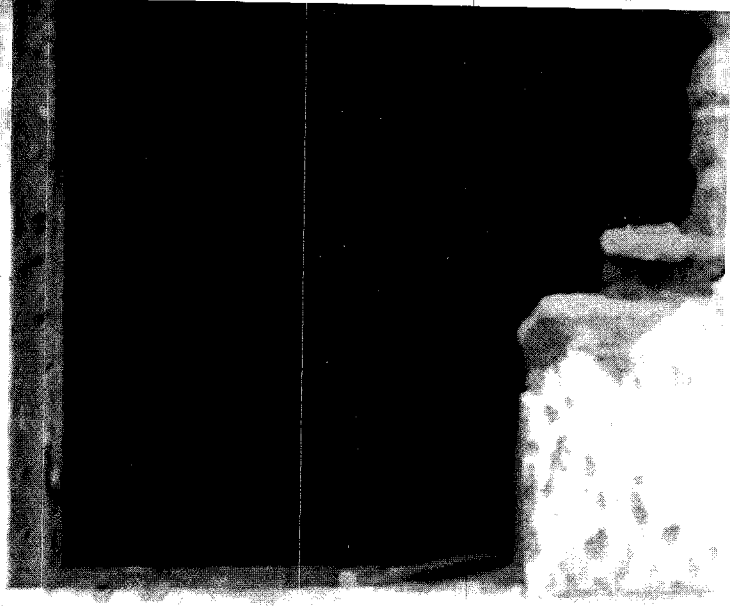
"Impeccable detection."
—*The New York Times Book Review*



Pulitzer Prize, PEN/Faulkner, and
National Book Award—Winning Author

"Mesmerizing.... Philip Roth's
intrepid novel of self-revelation
demands to be read in one sitting.
It's that good. It's that audacious.
It's that compelling."
—*The Seattle Times*

Read excerpts, find author events and interviews, and more at www.vintageanchor.com



FOR YEARS, THE CONGOLESE warlord Thomas Lubanga allegedly sanctioned massacres, pressed children into military service, and institutionalized mass rape. Now he is the first defendant being tried by the recently created International Criminal Court, seated in Holland. His trial is seen as a major landmark by Western human-rights activists, and it is being publicized extensively in Congo, where the fog of war still lingers. What do the Congolese make of Lubanga's trial? Will it deter other would-be war criminals? Is justice even possible for the most heinous of crimes?

The Trial of Thomas Lubanga

By Adam Hochschild

IN THE ANNALS of justice, a high point of recent years came on October 16, 1998, when Scotland Yard detectives arrested General Augusto Pinochet of Chile near midnight at an exclusive private hospital in London. A judge in Spain had ordered the arrest of the former dictator, responsible for the torture and murder of thousands, and his seizure offered a tantalizing glimpse ahead to a world where a despot might be unsafe anywhere: crimes against humanity at home could get him indicted in another country and taken into custody in a third. The British held Pinochet under house arrest for months, until finally, on spurious grounds of ill health, they let him go. But the arrest disgraced him, inspired a string of lawsuits and indictments in Chile, and surely made many a dictator reconsider his behavior.

That same year, another landmark event promised to amplify the Pinochet Effect. One hundred twenty countries signed an agreement establishing the International Criminal Court, a body, it was hoped, that could try the Pinochets of the future—tyrants, torturers, and war criminals—when the country where they were accused of committing crimes was unwilling or unable to do so. The ICC officially came into being four years later, in 2002, when 60 nations had ratified their signatures. By now, 110 countries have ratified the treaty, including every member of the European Union but conspicuously not including Russia, China, or the United States. (The Bush administration fought hard to undermine the court, strong-arming a long list of countries into agreeing never to extradite an American citizen to the court's custody.)

DRFINN/PANGS PICTURES



Hague, did it begin its first trial, that of Thomas Lubanga, a tall, somber-looking onetime psychology student and former warlord in the Democratic Republic of Congo's brutal and complicated civil war. That conflict, the cause of several million deaths so far, is not yet over, and court prosecutors hope to make the leaders of groups still fighting fear that someday they, too, could face justice. Toward that end, and toward the broader goal of promoting the idea that the rule of law should know no national boundaries, the ICC produces a blizzard of pamphlets, press releases, audio recordings, YouTube videos, and more, in an attempt to publicize its proceedings. But of course peaceful, clockwork, wealthy Holland, with its canals and bicycle paths, is a long way from Congo, where the national government barely functions, people speak several hundred languages, and a majority of the population is functionally illiterate and has no electricity, much less a radio or TV. The choice of Lubanga as the court's first defendant juxtaposes two worlds that, on the surface at least, could not be more different from each other.

What do Congolese people think about the Lubanga trial? Will it deter other warlords? Can it bring a sense of justice to a place where there has been none? These were questions I was curious to explore when, in June, I visited the part of northeastern Congo where Thomas Lubanga's militia had recently operated.

THE ITURI DISTRICT, roughly the size of West Virginia, is where the equatorial rain forest that covers the center of the African continent meets the grassland savanna of East Africa. An exhausted Henry Morton Stanley and his long, half-starved train of porters marched out of the forest here in the late 1880s, during the last of his great militarized expeditions. Partly because this corner of the country is unusually rich in natural resources, especially gold, Ituri has seen some of the worst fighting of the Congo war, and it is strewn with the blackened shells of burned-out buildings.

Long-standing tension between the Lendu and Hema peoples has fueled the conflict. The Lendu are traditionally farmers; the better-off Hema are more likely to be cattle herders, landowners, and traders, and are resented by many for their wealth. The ICC picked warlords in Ituri for some of its first indictments in part to demonstrate that justice for war crimes can be impartial: Thomas Lubanga was the principal leader of the Hema, but two Lendu warlords were scheduled to go on trial before the court in late November.

The Ituri fighting raged from 1999 to 2003, and it still flickers. At least 60,000 people in the district were killed outright, many more died when the war limited their access to food and medical care, and half a million fled their homes, some permanently. Conscription of child soldiers was routine; Lubanga's militia at one point reportedly invaded a school and took the entire fifth grade off for training. (Across eastern Congo, an estimated 30,000 children have been conscripted.) Hema and Lendu alike routinely burned each other's villages to the ground; militiamen from each side further sowed terror by mutilating and cannibalizing corpses and by gang-raping thousands of women.

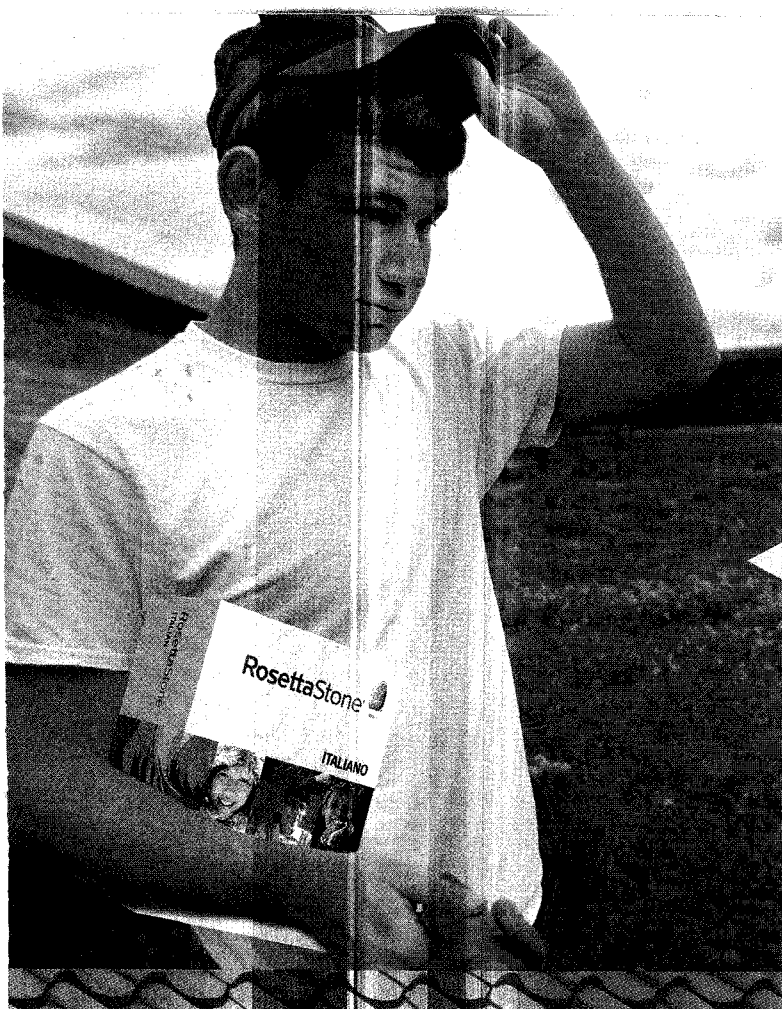
In Bunia, the region's battered capital, before climbing out from under my mosquito net in the morning, I hear the bells

of a Catholic church summoning the faithful to early Mass, the dawn call to prayer from a nearby mosque, roosters crowing, and a bugler at the barracks of the United Nations peacekeeping force now stationed here. Bunia was the epicenter of much of the fighting, and hundreds of the city's civilians were slaughtered in their homes. A small, wrecked green tank still points its gun barrel skyward on a main street. Rebuilding efforts have been meager: on the outskirts of town sits a half-finished housing development, empty new cinder-block homes with no doors or glass in the windows. Congo President Joseph Kabila promised to build them during his 2006 election campaign, but the funds drained away into various officials' pockets. On the city's rutted streets, women with babies on their backs balance laundry bundles or buckets on their heads; men wheel bicycles piled with precarious loads of cabbages, charcoal, grass for thatching roofs, or yellow jerricans of kerosene. Because local dealers buy old clothing by the bale, some of the people wear American football jerseys, or T-shirts promoting an ice rink or a ski resort. Many are refugees from the fighting who've learned to make do with little: one man carries cargo in a wheelbarrow that, except for its iron wheel, is made entirely of interwoven tree branches. Decades ago, Bunia's major streets were paved, but they have long since reverted to red dirt. White UN trucks kick up huge clouds of dust as they pass.

Next door to UN headquarters, 40 teenagers are sitting on rickety wooden chairs in a Catholic-mission library, where paint is peeling from the walls. According to the nonprofit group that has been working with the teens and has gathered them here today so they can learn about the ICC, all are former child soldiers. Next to their names on this morning's roster appears an alphabet soup of different armed groups. Some have listed themselves as ex-combatants in Lubanga's private army, others in the militias it fought.

Nicolas Kuyaku, the cheerful, energetic Congolese who runs the ICC's "outreach" office in Bunia, begins today's session by showing 20 minutes of videos sent from The Hague. We see a brightly lit courtroom full of some two dozen people: solemn judges and lawyers in black robes and white jabots, an impassive Lubanga in a suit and tie in the dock, witnesses who testify about his use of child soldiers, plus a prosecutor, a defense attorney, and—an ICC feature loosely modeled after some European justice systems—a lawyer making statements on behalf of a group of victims. Something that must mystify the audience is the court's logo, almost always in the upper right-hand corner of the TV screen: the scales of justice. To anyone in Ituri, they look like the small, handheld scales found in thousands of shops here that weigh little flecks of gold laboriously gathered from riverbanks by miners—a job some of those here today say they've done.

The videos are in French, the language of Congo's government, although few of the teenagers in the room speak it well. Furthermore, Kuyaku, who comes from another part of the country, does not speak Swahili, eastern Congo's lingua franca. After showing the videos, he talks animatedly in a mixture of French and another Congolese language, Lingala, which a sprinkling of those in the audience know, while an assistant intermittently translates a few sentences into Swahili.



**He was a
hardworking farm boy.**

**She was an
Italian supermodel.**

**He knew he would
have just one chance
to impress her.**

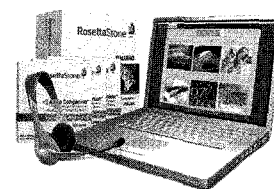
The fastest and easiest
way to learn ITALIAN.

**Arabic • Chinese (Mandarin) • Danish • Dutch • English (American) • English (British) • Filipino (Tagalog) • French • German
Greek • Hebrew • Hindi • Indonesian • Irish • Italian • Japanese • Korean • Latin • Pashto • Persian (Farsi) • Polish
Portuguese (Brazil) • Russian • Spanish (Latin America) • Spanish (Spain) • Swahili • Swedish • Thai • Turkish • Vietnamese • Welsh**

Rosetta Stone® brings you a complete language-learning solution, wherever you are: at home, in-the-car or on-the-go. You'll learn quickly and effectively, without translation or memorization. You'll discover our method, which keeps you excited to learn more and more.

- You'll experience **Dynamic Immersion®** as you match real-world images to words spoken by native speakers so you'll find yourself engaged and learn your second language like you learned your first.
- Our proprietary **Speech Recognition Technology** evaluates your speech and coaches you on more accurate pronunciation. You'll speak naturally.
- Only Rosetta Stone has **Adaptive Recall®**, that brings back material to help you where you need it most, for more effective progress.
- And Rosetta Stone includes **Audio Companion®** so that you can take the Rosetta Stone experience anywhere you use a CD or MP3 player.

Innovative software. Immersive method. Complete mobility. It's the total solution. Get Rosetta Stone — **The Fastest Way to Learn a Language. Guaranteed.®**



SAVE 10%!

**SIX-MONTH, NO-RISK
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.***

Level 1 Reg. \$229 **NOW \$206**

Level 1&2 Reg. \$409 **NOW \$368**

Level 1,2&3 Reg. \$539 **NOW \$485**

FREE SHIPPING

©2008 Rosetta Stone Ltd. All rights reserved. Offer applies to Personal Edition only. Patent rights pending. Offer cannot be combined with any other offer. Prices subject to change without notice. *Six-Month Money-Back Guarantee is limited to product purchases made directly from Rosetta Stone and does not include return shipping. Guarantee does not apply to an online subscription or to Audio Companion purchased separately from the CD-ROM product. All materials included with the product at the time of purchase must be returned together and undamaged to be eligible for any exchange or refund.

**Call
(866) 290-7701**

**Online
RosettaStone.com/ams129**

Use promotional code ams129 when ordering.

Offer expires January 10, 2010.

RosettaStone® 

**LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED**

Kuyaku explains that the court presumes everyone innocent until proven guilty and that it can try people from any country. Mindful that complex war-crimes cases can drag on (Slobodan Milošević had been on trial four years when he died), the ICC, he says, has charged Lubanga only with conscripting or enlisting child soldiers, in order to simplify matters—and to help highlight this practice as a violation of international law. Surely, I think, that goal will resonate with this particular audience.

When the Q&A period begins, however, most of the teenagers who speak up are anything but enthusiastic. Why is Lubanga on trial, one asks, when “others who did the same thing are working within the government?” And indeed this is true, for in a series of half-effective peace accords, many former warlords have been absorbed into the corrupt and inept Congolese national army.

“Lubanga did not conscript forcibly,” another boy says. “We went voluntarily. I myself went voluntarily. It was to defend my community. Why is he being judged for this?” A comrade adds: “I also was not forced to enter [Lubanga’s army]. All our houses were burned. We had nowhere to go—and Lubanga accepted me.”

“What about those who killed Saddam Hussein?” another boy asks. “Why are they not at The Hague?”

I encounter more frustration with the Lubanga trial from others I talk to during a week in Ituri. “The ICC has taken the small fish,” says one critic, Abbé Alfred Buju, who is in charge of peace and social-justice issues for the Catholic Diocese of Bunia, “leaving the big fish because they’re in positions of power.”

The big fish would include generals and cabinet ministers from Uganda and Rwanda whose support of the militias here did much to prolong and intensify the fighting, while their countries helped themselves to Ituri gold. (Rwanda supplied Lubanga with mortars, machine guns, ammunition, and trainers; Uganda, at different times, supported him and his opponents.) But both regimes are big favorites of the United States, and in choosing whom to indict, in Congo and elsewhere, the ICC has trod carefully to avoid antagonizing the U.S.

At another session where Nicolas Kuyaku shows his videos, this time to Bunia municipal officials, I find myself wondering about the sheer visuals on the screen. We see the court’s headquarters in Holland, in two high-rise towers with an all-glass sky bridge between them. We see, in the spacious, wood-paneled courtroom itself, every official or attorney sitting in a comfortable rolling chair in front of a computer screen. But computers are a luxury here in Bunia, and the few that can be found are hostage to erratic electricity. And when Kuyaku explains some of the features that to Western eyes seem hallmarks of a humane and enlightened judiciary—such as the court’s provision of funds for Lubanga’s lawyers and for visits by his wife and family—these things surely appear even more extravagant. Africans are so desperate to migrate to Europe that thousands have drowned at sea trying, yet an accused war criminal’s wife and kids get a free trip? What’s

more, all three judges who are deciding Lubanga’s fate, from Britain, Bolivia, and Costa Rica, are white. The trial is “*justice à l’occidentale*,” one of the local officials says, shaking his head at the screen.

TOWARD THE END of the meeting of the former child soldiers, things take two unexpected turns. First, one teenage boy says that not everyone here is in fact an ex-combatant; some are just Bunia street kids who’ve heard that free food and clothing will be distributed. And indeed, the eagerness with which young hands grab for the bottles of soda being handed out underscores his point. Then one of several adults sitting at the side of the room stands up and tells an appalling story. He addresses himself not to Nicolas Kuyaku, but to my

traveling companion on this trip, Anneke van Woudenberg, a senior researcher for Human Rights Watch, whose authoritative reports on Congo have made her a well-known figure here.

The man is a former schoolteacher and civil servant. I will call him Jacques Ngabu; because of threats he has received since telling his story, he does not want his real name used. Ngabu is a Lendu but was married to a Hema woman. In 2006 he, his wife, and their three children were traveling to Bunia when they were stopped at a roadblock by militiamen under a notorious Lendu warlord, Peter Karim. “They asked me why I had married a dirty Hema woman. They said they would exterminate us.” Karim then ordered his soldiers to rape Ngabu’s wife and two daughters, ages 10 and 13. Ngabu heard his daughters’ screams, then saw them with blood running

down their legs. He himself was whipped—165 times, with a soldier stamping on his head each time, counting the strokes. In front of him, his wife and children were all killed, by machete blows to the back of the neck. Ngabu was then held, along with some Nepalese UN peacekeeping troops Karim’s men had captured, in an underground dugout for 18 days. One of his guards had been a student of his when he was a teacher. Finally, a merchant he knew was able to bargain for his release in return for a truckload of wood. Ngabu has been too traumatized to work since. Of his wife, Maria, he says to van Woudenberg later, “She loved me so much. She loved me so much.”

Soon after this experience, the government struck a peace deal with Karim’s militia, and Karim was made a colonel in the Congolese army. Today, “whenever I see him on television, I tremble again. Why is he a colonel?” Ngabu asks the roomful of people, in anguish. “Why the impunity? Why is he not at The Hague?”

No one has a good answer for him, and his question hangs in the air, not only indicting the government’s attempt to gain peace here by incorporating warlords, but clouding the very idea of justice itself. For even if those who raped and killed his family could be brought to trial, as Ngabu so desperately wants, no such grief could be assuaged or horror undone. And his experience must be multiplied by hundreds of thousands:

All three judges
who are deciding
Lubanga's fate, from
Britain, Bolivia, and
Costa Rica, are white.
The trial is “*justice à
l’occidentale*,” one of
the local officials says,
shaking his head at
the TV screen.

Good tidings of great books!



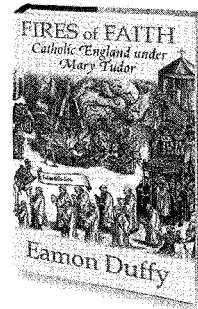
DOMINION FROM SEA TO SEA
Bruce Cumings

Bruce Cumings upends the dominant Atlanticist approach to American history and offers a Pacific perspective on America's ascendancy over the past 150 years in this bold original history.



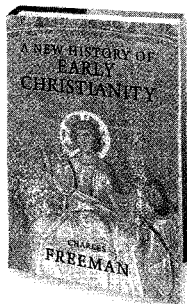
CHARLES DICKENS
Michael Slater

This masterful biography uncovers Dickens the man through the profession in which he excelled.



FIRES OF FAITH
Eamon Duffy

A controversial reassessment of Mary Tudor's efforts to eradicate Protestantism and restore Catholicism in mid-sixteenth-century England, written by a leading authority on the history of Christianity.



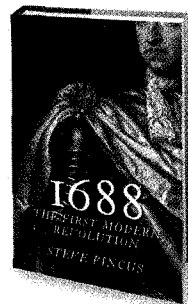
A NEW HISTORY OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY
Charles Freeman

This stimulating history of early Christianity, the first full account for over forty years, revisits the extraordinary birth of a world religion, and gives a new slant on a familiar story.



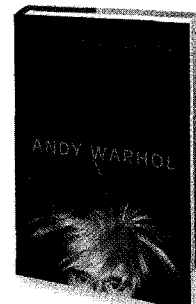
CELESTINA
Fernando de Rojas
Translated by Margaret Sayers Peden

A timeless story of love, morality, and tragedy, Fernando de Rojas's novel *Celestina* is second only to *Don Quixote* in its importance in Spanish-language literature.



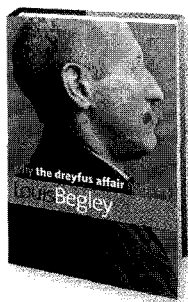
1688
Steve Pincus

In this dramatic new narrative history Steve Pincus argues that England's Glorious Revolution was a fundamental turning point in the making of the modern world.



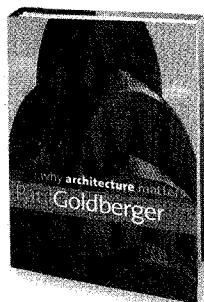
ANDY WARHOL
Arthur C. Danto

The eminent art critic and philosopher Arthur Danto presents an elegant and masterful portrait of Andy Warhol's life, character, and lasting influence.



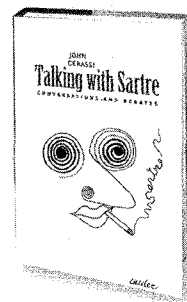
WHY THE DREYFUS AFFAIR MATTERS
Louis Begley

From the prize-winning author of *Wartime Lies*, an anatomy of the infamous prosecution of a Jewish officer attached to the French army's General Staff, with profound implications for our own time.



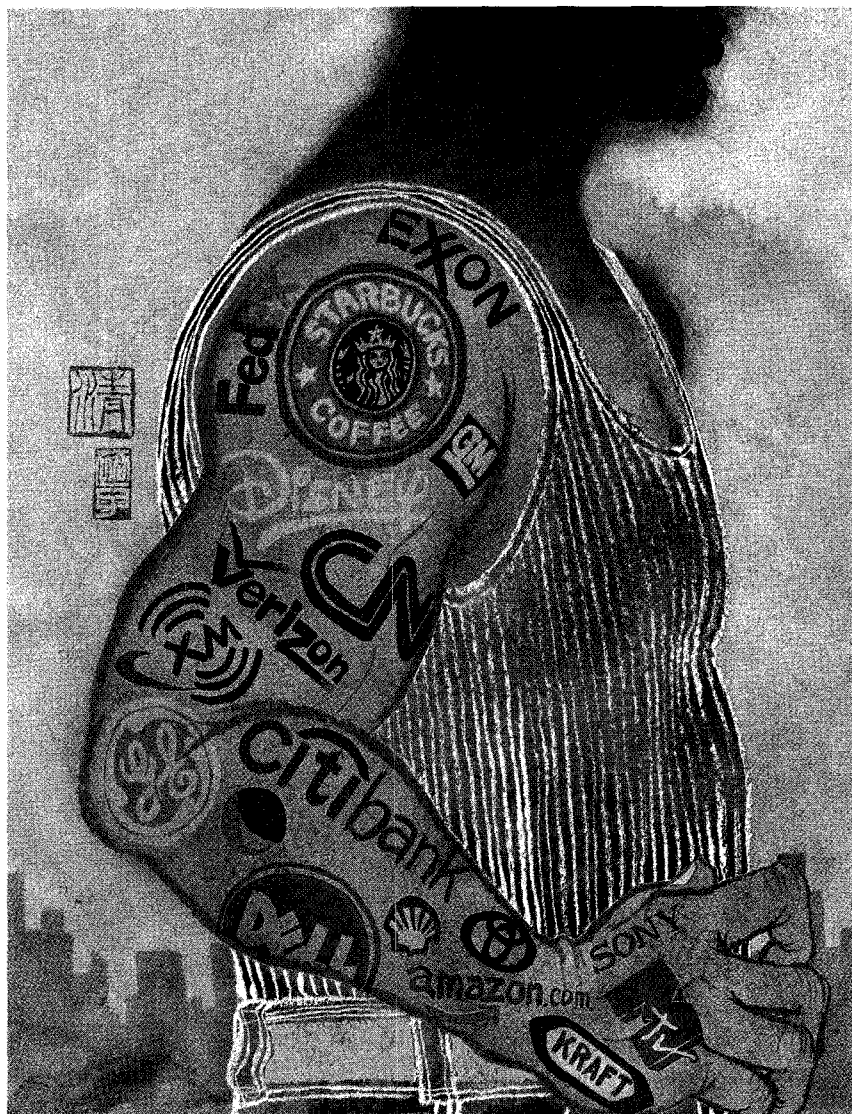
WHY ARCHITECTURE MATTERS
Paul Goldberg

Pulitzer-prize winning *New Yorker* critic Paul Goldberg contemplates the meaning, culture, and symbolism of architecture.



TALKING WITH SARTRE
Edited and Translated by John Gerassi

This breath-taking record of Sartre's spirited conversations with his godson are an essential companion to the works of one of the 20th-century's most important thinkers.



a survey two years ago of more than 2,600 people in eastern Congo found that since 1993, more than 40 percent of them had lost at least one household member to violence.

Still, the question remains: Can a few well-publicized cases against higher-ranking figures like Lubanga deter those who might commit future rapes and murders? In Ituri, you get different answers depending on whom you ask. But on one significant point, most people agree: since the Lubanga trial began, few child soldiers have been seen. If the various rebel groups still fighting have them, they are at least being kept well out of sight when journalists, ICC investigators, or UN observers are about.

Richard Pituwa, who has many criticisms of the court, nonetheless delivered the most positive assessment that I heard. Pituwa is the founder of a Bunia community radio station, Radio Canal Révélation, which has won respect, here and abroad, for its scrupulously neutral stance in the region's ethnic and resource wars. "The ICC has contributed to the diminution of violence," he says in his cramped office, surrounded by dismantled broadcasting equipment. "I know people in the

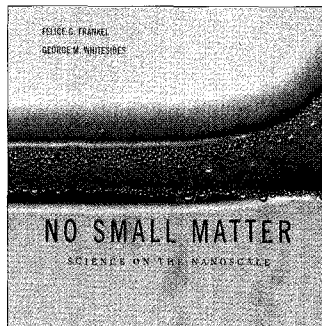
armed groups. I grew up with some of them. Now they begin to fear: *if I become a big chief, they might come for me.* During the worst of the atrocities, in 2002, no one ever dreamed anyone would come after them. Now they think twice. The weakness will be if the court doesn't arrest everyone people think should be arrested."

That, of course, it cannot do. Thousands of courtrooms would be needed to try everyone suspected of a war crime in Congo's decade or more of fighting. International tribunals are not like criminal courts in a well-functioning society, where most people caught committing a serious crime face a judge. They can only be selective and symbolic. Such was the case, for instance, with the ancestor of all these courts, the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, which brought charges against only 24 top Nazis. And unlike the Allies occupying Germany, the ICC has no army; it must depend on the cooperation of individual governments. Congo President Joseph Kabila has been happy to turn over for trial a few politically dispensable people, such as Lubanga, but he is unlikely to ever turn over those of his cabinet ministers who have equally bloody hands. Another brutal ex-warlord indicted by the court, Bosco Ntaganda, who at one point fought alongside Lubanga, was recently appointed as a high-level commander in Kabila's army.

No international court can ever substitute for a working national justice system. Or for a society at peace. And I suspect it will be a long time indeed before three Africans in black robes sit in judgment of the likes of Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld for their endorsement of torture, or Vladimir Putin for his war in Chechnya, or Chinese officials for their actions in Tibet. But if we are serious about the idea that basic human rights belong to all people on Earth, no matter where they live—a principle enshrined in the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights—then a justice system that can cross national boundaries is essential. And it is not a pipe dream: the European Court of Human Rights, to which citizens of member countries can appeal over the heads of their own governments, marks its 50th anniversary this year. The International Criminal Court is still in its infancy, and it is an awkward one. Only institutions like it, however, will allow the Pinochet Effect to grow and, perhaps someday, lead to a world with fewer Pinochets. ■

Adam Hochschild is the author, most recently, of *Bury the Chains: Prophets and Rebels in the Fight to Free an Empire's Slaves*.

This book uses dazzling images and evocative descriptions to reveal the virtually invisible realities of nanoscience.



NO SMALL MATTER
Science on the Nanoscale
**Felice C. Frankel and
George M. Whitesides**

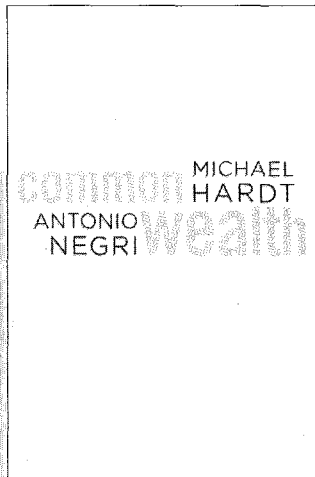
"With unmatched clarity and arresting elegance, Frankel and Whitesides have designed a narrative and visual voyage into the nanouniverse, revealing its basic constructs without sacrificing its magic."

—Paola Antonelli, Senior Curator
of Architecture and Design,
The Museum of Modern Art

"Frankel and Whitesides are masters at the art of envisioning the invisible. In this beautiful and beautifully written book, they open our minds' eyes to the thrillingly enigmatic world that we inhabit, embody, and create."

—Harold McGee, author of *On Food and Cooking: The Science and Lore of the Kitchen*

Belknap Press / new in cloth



COMMONWEALTH
**Michael Hardt and
Antonio Negri**

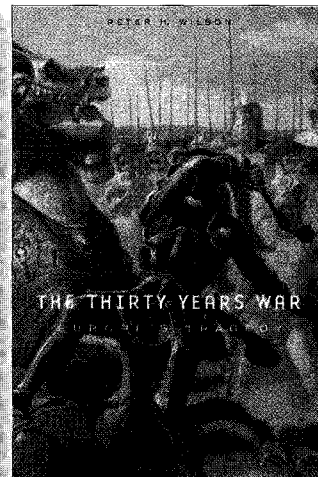
"*Commonwealth* [is] the latest book by Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri, whose *Empire* and *Multitude* have, arguably, been the dominant works of political philosophy of the new century... [This is] the much-anticipated final volume of the *Empire* trilogy."

—*Artforum*

"*Commonwealth*, last and richest of the *Empire* trilogy, is a powerful and ambitious reappropriation of the whole tradition of political theory for the Left. Clarifying Foucault's ambiguous notion of biopower, deepening the authors' own proposal for the notion of multitude, it offers an exhilarating summa of the forms and possibilities of resistance today."

—Fredric Jameson,
Duke University

Belknap Press / new in cloth

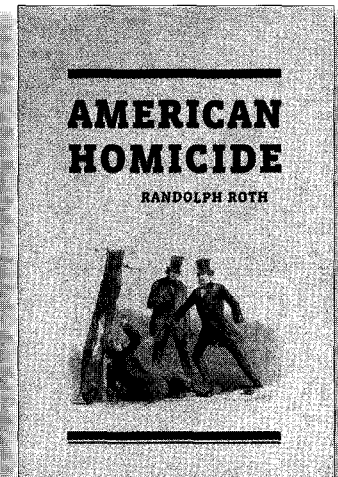


THE THIRTY YEARS WAR
Europe's Tragedy
Peter H. Wilson

"Among continental Europeans, the *Thirty Years War* is etched in memory...A definitive account has been needed, and now Peter Wilson, one of Britain's leading historians of Germany, has provided it. *The Thirty Years War: Europe's Tragedy* is a history of prodigious erudition that manages to corral the byzantine complexity of the *Thirty Years War* into a coherent narrative. It also offers a bracingly novel interpretation... Wilson's masterful account of the *Thirty Years War* is a reminder that war, and peace, are almost never the offspring of conviction alone."

—Jeffrey Collins,
Wall Street Journal

Belknap Press / new in cloth



AMERICAN HOMICIDE
Randolph Roth

"Americans are murdered more frequently than citizens in any other first world democracy: U.S. homicide rates are between six and nine per 100,000 people. Roth refutes popular theories about why this is so (e.g., poverty, drugs) and lays out an alternate hypothesis: 'increases in homicide rates' correlate with changes in people's feelings about government and society, such as whether they trust government and its officials and their sense of kinship with fellow citizens. Roth examines homicides by historical period, race and region, especially significant when comparing the ante- and postbellum North and South... Those wanting to learn what history can teach us about this most primal act of aggression will find Roth's book fascinating."

—*Publishers Weekly*

Belknap Press / new in cloth



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

WWW.HUP.HARVARD.EDU | BLOG: HARVARDPRESS.TYPEPAD.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHICAGO

Uncommon Sense

Economic Insights, from Marriage to Terrorism

Gary S. Becker and **Richard A. Posner**

"In the vast wasteland that most assume the blogosphere to be, Becker and Posner's work is a gem. Authentic, responsive, and enormously fun, it should be read both in real time, and in the reflection of a published work."

—Lawrence Lessig

Cloth \$29.00

Is It Good for the Jews?

More Stories from the Old Country and the New

Adam Biro

Translated by **Catherine Tihanyi**

With *Is It Good for the Jews?* Biro offers a sequel to his acclaimed collection of stories *Two Jews on a Train*. Through twenty-nine tales—some new, some old, but all finely wrought and rich in humor—Biro spins stories of characters coping with the vicissitudes and reverses of daily life, while simultaneously painting a poignant portrait of a world of unassimilated Jewish life that has largely been lost to the years.

Cloth \$20.00

Mr. Jefferson and the Giant Moose

Natural History in Early America

Lee Alan Dugatkin

"This fascinating book combines a deep knowledge of biology with a love of American history to tell a story that grips like a thriller. Lee Alan Dugatkin introduces you to Thomas Jefferson and the giant moose, an animal so great and imposing that never again could the belittling naturalists of Europe assume that American natural life was inferior."

—Michael Ruse, author of *Darwinism and Its Discontents*

Cloth \$26.00

Seasick

Ocean Change and the Extinction of Life on Earth

Alanna Mitchell

"This is an important book about the state of two-thirds of our planet. We may fear the fate of the atmosphere, but the ocean is the atmosphere's big brother. Its hidden depths determine what happens in our world."

—Fred Pearce, *New Scientist*

Cloth \$25.00

Jews in Nazi Berlin

From Kristallnacht to Liberation

Edited by **Beate Meyer**,
Hermann Simon, and
Chana Schütz

"A remarkable book. Focusing on individuals and families, the essays tell a multifaceted story of both ruin and resourcefulness. Richly illustrated and ably translated, *Jews in Nazi Berlin* is a treasure: the book about Jewish life at the very heart of the Nazi kingdom to read and to assign to classes."

—Debórah Dwork, author of

Holocaust: A History

Cloth \$40.00

Breeding Bio Insecurity

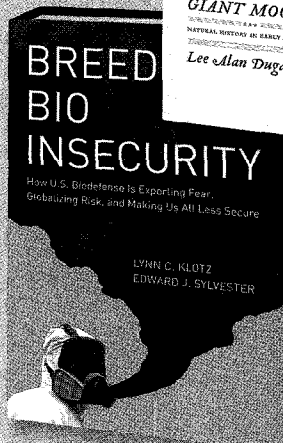
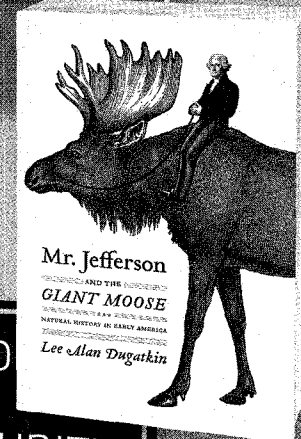
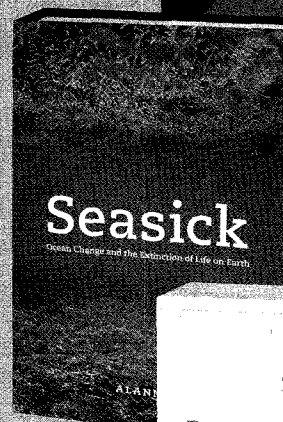
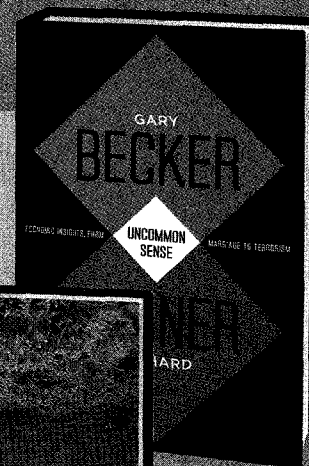
How U.S. Biodefense Is Exporting Fear, Globalizing Risk, and Making Us All Less Secure

Lynn C. Klotz and **Edward J. Sylvester**

"*Breeding Bio Insecurity* contends that U.S. biodefense policies generate more risk than the threat they are supposed to be addressing. By carefully spelling out their rationales, the book's authors place the burden of justification on the defenders of massive biodefense budgets."

—Leonard Cole, author of *Terror: How Israel Has Coped and What America Can Learn*

Cloth \$27.50



The University of Chicago Press

www.press.uchicago.edu

BOOKS

ESSAY Sandra Tsing Loh questions the necessity of mothers, beginning with herself.
REVIEW Christopher Hitchens traces the enthusiasms and misdeeds of Arthur Koestler, literary fiend.
COVER TO COVER America's birth certificate revealed; paradoxical Pops; and more

EDITOR'S CHOICE BOOKS of THE YEAR 2009

BENJAMIN SCHWARZ PICKS THE BEST IN A CROWDED FIELD. ALL TITLES REVIEWED
 IN 2009. FOR FULL REVIEWS, SEE WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM/BOOKS2009.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
A Life
 By Michael Burlingame
 JOHNS HOPKINS



Measured, psychologically astute, authoritative when it can be, Michael Burlingame's exhaustive narrative (2,024 pages!) is unafraid of ambiguity and indeterminacy. This is *the* life of Lincoln for our times.



IT'S BEGINNING TO HURT
Stories
 By James Lasdun
 FSG



This collection of short stories illuminates the everyday agonies of the mind, its anxieties, obsessions, doubts, and yearnings. Lasdun pins each observation to the page with grace and exactitude.



THE CHILDREN'S BOOK
A Novel
 By A. S. Byatt
 KNOPF



Byatt has wrought a richly detailed, decade-spanning, at once Olympian and pointillist masterpiece. To read this gorgeous bolt of fiction is to fully enter a world.



MRS. WOOLF AND THE SERVANTS
An Intimate History of Domestic Life in Bloomsbury
 By Alison Light
 BLOOMSBURY



In her elegant, sparkling book, Light marries social and literary criticism as she probes the deeply intimate, often sordid, always fraught relationship between women servants and their female employers.



THE THIRD REICH TRILOGY
(Concluding With
The Third Reich at War)
 By Richard J. Evans
 PENGUIN



Evans's cool, crisply argued three-volume chronicle will be for a generation the definitive general history of Nazi Germany in English.



TOO MUCH HAPPINESS
Stories
 By Alice Munro
 KNOPF



Once again, Alice Munro exercises her genius for articulating the nuances of the female experience.



On Being a Bad Mother

TRUE CONFESSIONS

By Sandra Tsing Loh

THE DUST JACKET of Ayelet Waldman's book *Bad Mother* is crumpled and coffee-ringed from sliding around the cluttered floor of my Volvo wagon these past few weeks. I slipped the too-conspicuous BAD MOTHER cover off the hardback that lives on my dashboard because my car already reveals too much about me. In some ways, sure, my Volvo is a typical messy mom-mobile with the usual flotsam and jetsam: the Beast Quest and Junie B. Jones books, spines splayed; kids' sneakers; pink socks; a nest of deflated Wild Cherry Capri Suns; a brand-new yellow boogie

board (see how ambitious we are with our fun?). But squint farther back through the grimy windows and you might wonder: What's with the brown-paper grocery bag stuffed with circa-1986 dress pumps, the electric toothbrush and hair dryer with cords trailing? Why the capsized Hewlett Packard printer drifting in a sea of copy paper, the plastic dry-cleaning sack stuffed with family snapshots? Who drives around with an Alpine-white \$700 Miele vacuum cleaner pressing its nozzles and

hose against the windows like a trapped octopus?

Is this actually the car of a homeless person? Sort of—but let's get back to the book. I confess that I've sat a few afternoons in this Volvo reading *Bad Mother* (my girls and I being the sort of people who sometimes enjoy pulling over to the side of the road to read), and in the end, I am disappointed. I rush to assure you,

though, that it is not the author who is to blame. I'm a fan of Waldman's—I found her novel *Love and Other Possible*

BAD MOTHER

By Ayelet Waldman

DOUBLEDAY

THE FEMALE EUNUCH

By Germaine Greer

FSG

KIM ROSEN

"Turn it up, close your eyes and you'll think you're listening to a...sound system that costs five times more."
- Forbes FYI

"...the Wave music system will flat out seduce you."
- Rich Warren,
News-Gazette

"The sound that came out of this little thing was unbelievable...
A marvel of technology."
- David Novak,
the Gadget Guy

The gift that
lets them enjoy
their music.
Even more.

Shown in Platinum White
with optional Multi-CD Changer.

The Bose® Wave® music system and Multi-CD Changer. Give that special someone the acclaimed Wave® music system and see them smile. Give it together with the Multi-CD Changer for hours of uninterrupted music, and watch that smile grow.

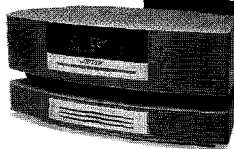
Premium sound quality makes it a great gift. The Wave® music system brings new life to music. Advanced Bose technology produces what *AudioVideo International* calls "deeper bass and more accurate reproduction of the sound of musical instruments." The result is realism that more closely reproduces the magic of a live performance. And sound quality that we welcome you to compare to larger conventional systems costing much more.

The Multi-CD Changer makes it even more appreciated. Designed exclusively for the Wave® music system, the optional Multi-CD Changer allows you to enjoy convincingly accurate sound for hours on end. One CD or MP3 CD goes in the Wave® music system, and three more go in the changer. They work as one. What's more, a credit card-style remote easily operates every feature, including the FM/AM digital tuner, clock and alarm. It's all-in-one convenience from a system that provides an elegant addition to the living room, kitchen, bedroom or office.

Take advantage of our 30-day, risk-free trial. Choose your favorite color: Platinum White, Graphite Gray or Titanium Silver. And use our 30-day, risk-free trial to experience the performance in your own home.

When you call, be sure to ask about making **12 easy payments**, with no interest charges from Bose.* Order the Wave® music system today. Better yet, order it with our Multi-CD Changer by December 31, 2009, and save \$100. They're the gifts that make special occasions even more special.

SAVE \$100 when you order the Wave® music system with our Multi-CD Changer by December 31, 2009.



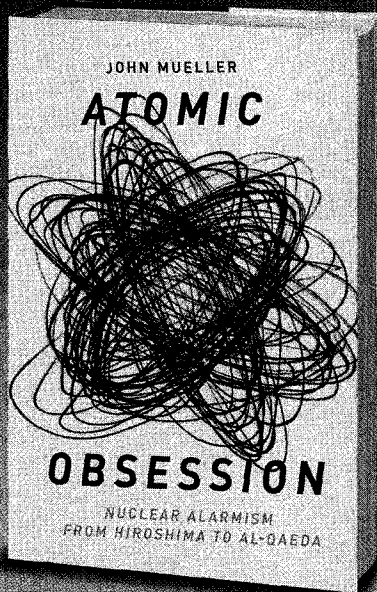
To order or learn more:

1-800-925-9738, ext. TR860
www.Bose.com/WMS

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

*Bose payment plan available on orders of \$299-\$1500 paid by major credit card. Separate financing offers may be available for select products. See website for details. Down payment is 1/12 the product price plus applicable tax and shipping charges, charged when your order is shipped. Then, your credit card will be billed for 11 equal monthly installments beginning approximately one month from the date your order is shipped, with 0% APR and no interest charges from Bose. Credit card rules and interest may apply. U.S. residents only. Limit one active financing program per customer. ©2009 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. The Wave® music system's distinctive design is a registered trademark of Bose Corporation. Financing and reduced pricing on Multi-CD Changer package not to be combined with other offers or applied to previous purchases, and subject to change without notice. If the Wave® music system is returned, the Multi-CD Changer must be returned for a full refund. Offers are limited to purchases made from Bose and participating authorized dealers. Offer valid 11/1/09-12/31/09. Risk free refers to 30-day trial only and does not include return shipping. Quotes reprinted with permission: Thomas Jackson, *Forbes* FYI, Winter/04.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE A-BOMB?



"It is the most reassuring book ever written about nuclear weapons, and one of the most enjoyable to read."

—Stephen M. Walt, author of *Taming American Power: The Global Response to U.S. Primacy*

"Fascinating and provocative."

—Melvyn P. Leffler, author of *For the Soul of Mankind: The United States, the Soviet Union, and the Cold War*

AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD!

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
WWW.OUP.COM/US



Music Theory and Ear Training in One Win/Mac CD

Learn how to read and understand music with the world's most complete music training software. Our friendly textbook, *Exploring Theory*, will guide you through a wide range of activities with difficulty levels ranging from simple pitch reading to rhythm tapping to polyphonic dictation, chord recognition, even composition. Most activities do not require an electronic keyboard – you can work with the sound capabilities found in your Windows or Macintosh computer (Win XP/Vista or Mac OS X, including Intel Macs). Used in thousands of schools and conservatories, *Practica Musica* is also available for home study.

For more information, visit our web site or call 1-800-445-4866.

www.ars-nova.com/atlantic

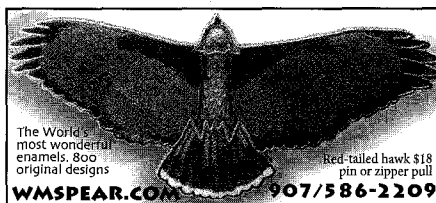
Undiminished zest for life!

Diverse, appealing retirement community minutes from Oberlin College and its Conservatory of Music. Over 400 cultural events a year. Coordinated system of residential and health care options.

KENDAL®
at Oberlin

Oberlin, Ohio
800.548.9469
www.kao.kendal.org

SERVING OLDER ADULTS IN THE QUAKER TRADITION



CoffeeMakersEtc

Coffee & Espresso Equipment
for Your Home & Office
1-866-883-8181

www.coffeemakersetc.com



Pursuits (in which the protagonist's two-day-old baby dies of SIDS—take that, feel-good mommy-book market!) daring, and brilliantly rendered. Here Waldman is equally fearless in baring her own warts, from her manic depression to her brutally frank redubbing of a support group she joined after the anguished termination of a pregnancy (no gauzy pro-choice language for her) “The Dead Baby Club.”

On the evidence of this book, however, Waldman is simply not bad enough to be our modern-day *bad mother* torchbearer. Oh, I don't insist she be like Susan Smith, who drove her two sons into the lake, or Andrea Yates, who drowned her five kids in the bathtub, or Britney Spears, who drove with Baby On Board In Lap, or even Paula Poundstone, who not only got a DUI while driving her kids but got charged with committing a lewd act with a girl under the age of 14 (the charge was later dropped). And yet why do I still find Poundstone so likable? So what if Waldman confessed, in her infamous *New York Times* essay, that she loves her husband more than her children: to wit, she said that if any of her children died, she would be devastated, but if her husband died, she would be incapacitated. Then again, Waldman does have *four* children, and she *is* married to the preternaturally handsome and talented author (and superdad) Michael Chabon. And for God's sake, Waldman *need not leave her children to be with the man she loves, since he is their biological father*. In fact, from a cheerful magazine profile I perused (also while hunched in the Volvo), it appears that Waldman, Chabon, and children all live happily together in the same house (I recall an inviting Berkeley Arts and Crafts home with sunlit porch, burnished dark wood, and family dog). Jeez—four children from the same marriage, no chain-smoking maladjusted exes, no surly teen stepkids, in-love literary-superstar parents—*this is badness?*

Then again, Ayelet Waldman is “worse” than what's described in another book in my Borgesian mobile library, *The Imperfect Mom*, an anthology edited by Therese Borchard. (For reference, Borchard's other books include *I Like Being Catholic* and *I Love Being a Mom*.) In her introduction, Borchard cites her own watershed

Imperfect Mom incident: rather than staying home and letting her two children and a friend's boy, whom she was babysitting, watch cartoons, Borchard naively took the boy along with her own toddler and baby to the city dock to feed the ducks. Too late did Borchard realize three small children were two too many. Her son playfully pushed her friend's kid into the drink, and a former lifeguard nearby jumped in and rescued him. The boy was fine and the mom was forgiving, but Borchard was hysterical, and her retelling of the tale—particularly as regards her own guilt over it—was so memorable that an editor persuaded her to turn it into a magazine article, and subsequently into this book. So *what is perfection, anyway?* she now asks herself.

I'd been mulling this concept over for a while, when in yoga class one day my teacher suggested we each try for a perfect pose. She's not a yogi who pushes and demands. She surely knew that none of us could achieve, on this day, perfection of any kind. But still she said, "Try." As we moved into a cobra pose, she instructed us, "Relax into it. Lead with your heart." That day, I held my cobra a fraction longer, a trifle higher, and much more joyfully. And I thought about mothering.

Well, okay.

Certainly being a "perfect" mother is unachievable. And yet, at first Borchard isn't satisfied to be her less-than-inspiring compatriot, the "good enough" mother described by the British psychoanalyst D. W. Winnicott in the 1950s. When she reads Winnicott, however, Borchard decides that the approach to mothering he characterizes as good enough is actually pretty close to perfect:

He didn't talk about starting a three-year-old with Suzuki violin lessons, ensuring that my eight-year-old never ever has to wear a dirty soccer uniform to a game, or buying your teen the designer clothing and big-screen TV everyone else has. Winnicott's prescription was *devotion*—abiding, affectionate attention. *Lead with your heart* ... And so ... I've stopped asking myself, "Do I do enough?" I ask instead, "Do I lead with my heart?" Each of my days with my children

embodies my dedication when I am open to them. Sitting around our kitchen table over dinner—whether it's packaged mac and cheese or roast beef with all the fixings—we are giving thanks, talking to each other, laughing, and I am demonstrating the dedicated care Winnicott spoke of. Are we mothers merely "good enough" who sacrifice, console, cajole, nourish, sustain, cherish, guide, shelter, and love, year after year? No. We are perfect enough.

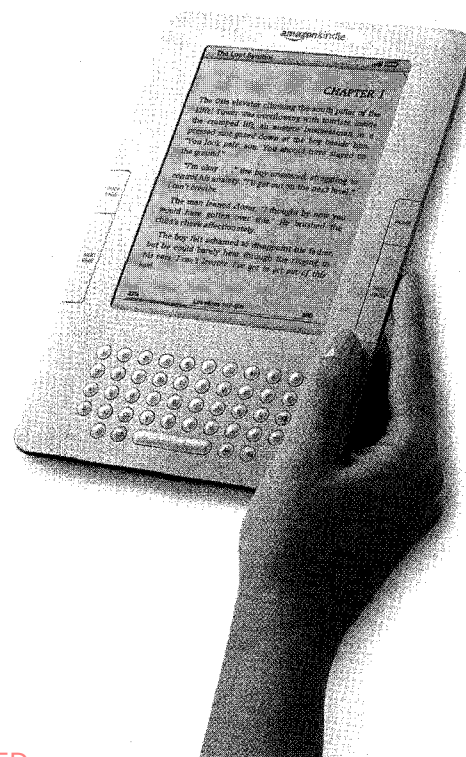
I must tell you that from where I sit, which admittedly is in a dust-grimed Volvo, not only am I not perfect enough, I'm not even always particularly open. (Will I buy another 100 Pokemon cards for my wheedling daughters today at Target? No. Case—and heart—closed!) Then again, my view is biased, as I myself am not just an *imperfect* mother, I am a *bad* mother. I am bad not in that fluttery, anxious, 21st-century way educated middle-class mothers consider themselves "failures" because they snap when they are tired, because they occasionally feed their kids McNuggets, because as they journal they soulfully question whether they're mindfully attaining a proper daily work/life balance. No, I am bad because after a domestic partnership of 20 years, when my kids were still elementary-school-age, I fell in love, had an affair, admitted it, and quite deservedly got tossed out of the house on my ass. Currently between homes (my earthly belongings reside in a 10-by-10-foot windowless U-Haul storage unit whilst I alternately house-sit, pool-sit, and cat-sit), I furtively park at the curb of my former home for an extra few minutes after dropping my kids off and, with my laptop, *I steal wireless*. Approaching 50, I am living a life that is less sunlit Waldman/Chabon than tattered Charles Bukowski.

In short, I am truly bad, in a 1970s way—that decade when women really *were* bad! My novelist friend Janet Fitch (*White Oleander*, *Paint It Black*), herself a literary explicator and connoisseur of female "badness," was inspired to invoke those bad old days the other evening. I was cooking her dinner at the villa where I was cat-sitting while my girls were in Texas with an aunt (apparently roundly enjoying Bible camp). We had begun by talking about my brother

In the time it takes to read this review, you can wirelessly download an entire book.

Choose from 350,000 of the most popular books, magazines, and newspapers. Free wireless delivery in less than 60 seconds.

amazonkindle
amazon.com/kindle



Diva- licious



Being sold exclusively
through Daedalus & NPR®
until 2010

This CD is the first
in a brand new series
from National Public Radio,
and includes more than
an hour of seductive webs
of song spun by:

Diana Krall · Melody Gardot
Lizz Wright · Tierney Sutton
Jane Monheit · Patricia Barber
Karrin Allyson · Eliane Elias
René Marie · Catherine Russell
Esperanza Spalding · Ledisi
Madeleine Peyroux

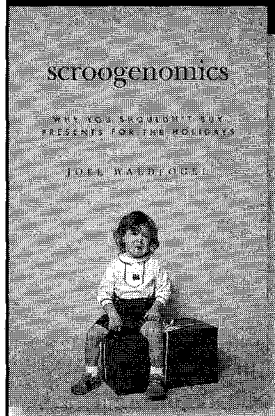
Daedalus Books & Music

The Best Browse in Bargain
Books, CDs, and DVDs

Available only at
shop.npr.org
or at salebooks.com
1-800-395-2665



The gift that stops giving



Scroogenomics

Why You Shouldn't Buy
Presents for the Holidays

Joel Waldfogel

Cloth \$9.95

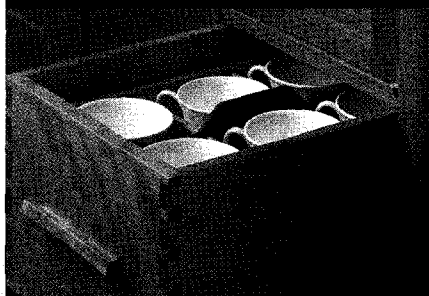
"[F]ans of *Freakonomics* and *The Economic Naturalist* may love it." —*Library Journal*

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

"This lively,
spot-on book
may be the
one gift that
still makes
sense to buy
come Black
Friday."

—Publishers
Weekly

800-972-5940 • www.michaelcolca.com



MICHAEL COLCA
furniture maker



MISSION LIGHTS

Table & Floor Lamps
Indoor & Outdoor fixtures
Beacon Rhodes by Minka-Lavery
www.thebrightspot.com

Canoe Canada's Arctic

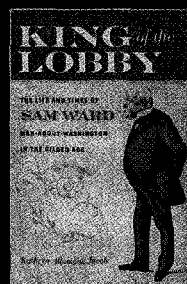
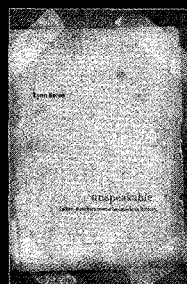
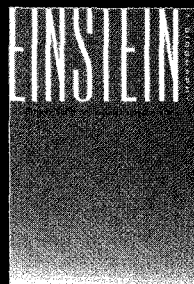
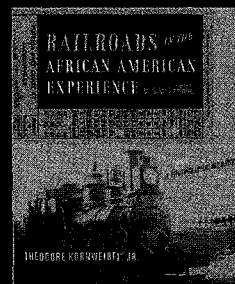
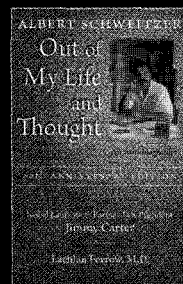
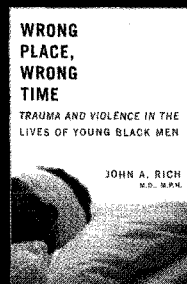
Fly-in canoe trips on the remote tundra rivers of North America's
last great wilderness. Herds of caribou & muskoxen, white
wolves, moose and grizzlies. Warm, arid summers.
Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.

Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130A
Fort Smith, NT, X0E 0P0, Canada (867) 872-2308
www.canoeartctic.com



in crime Mark Sanford, in particular about his Argentinian e-mails, à la: "We are in a hopelessly ... impossible situation of love." A whole nation recoiled, yet I thought he expressed the "love" problem very well. When you look at Sanford's own trudge along the Appalachian Trail—the 20-year marriage, the political career, the grimly lean investment-banker-turned-campaign-manager wife, the four children—well, as Tina Turner would say, what's *love* got to do with it? The very success of the modern American family—where kids get punctually to SAT-tutoring classes, the mortgage gets paid, the second-story remodel stays on budget—surely depends on spouses' *not* being in love. In *Against Love*, Laura Kipnis makes the memorable argument that erotic bliss subverts production: lovers hungry for their next "fix" work less; they steal their *temps perdu* moments with each other from their bosses' punch clocks. But never mind work—what time clock requires more constant smacking than the one in the middle-class-children-making factory known as the modern family? Surely no child in such a family has ever flatly declared: "Why did we miss soccer practice Saturday morning? Mom and Dad weren't able to roll out of bed before noon—they literally can't keep their hands off each other." When is there time to compare tan lines on the Appalachian Trail?

Unlike Sanford, though, I wasn't clinging to my governor's mansion. Unlike some Republican heads of the Christian right, I wasn't aiming to both confess my affair and appeal to Jesus' mercy in order to somehow remain, weirdly, a head of the Christian right. So my two-career companionate marriage—of traveling tag-team parents—was ending. Now we civilly hand off our children much as we've always done (my ex is on the road 20 weeks a year). Because our gypsy children seem okay, because I'd been honest about my shortcomings as a wife and mother, because we are more than 40 years after Betty Friedan's *Feminine Mystique*, I'd thought mine was a sad but not atypical tale to cite in *The Atlantic* as a jumping-off point for a discussion about the state of modern American marriage, but ... No!!! Oh, the shock, the outrage, the vitriol, the tying to the bumpers of and



AND DISGRACE

Wrong Place, Wrong Time

Trauma and Violence in the Lives of Young Black Men

John A. Rich, M.D., M.P.H.

John Rich, whose medical career is dedicated to the study of violence, especially in men of color, challenges us to see beyond the injuries and the physical pain that we appreciate the physical world, and to understand that the violence is a result of the way we live.

Book #1000, 1997, 124 pp.

First Surgeon General of the United States

Out of My Life and Thought

An Autobiography

60th Anniversary Edition

Albert Schweitzer

Foreword by Nobel Laureate and former U.S. President Jimmy Carter

New foreword by author's son, Dr. David A. Cassidy

Shatters and out with a boldness to give us the real Albert Schweitzer, a man whose moral example is as relevant and compelling as it was in the 1930s. An inspiring and eloquent and beautiful.

Getting What We Deserve

Health and Medical Care in America

Alfred Samir, M.D., M.H.S.

Former Head, Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health

Can all Americans, including public health experts, expect a best of us in this country, the health care system?

Railroads in the African American Experience

A Photographic Journey

Theodore Worchestery Jr.

This gripping book takes readers on an emotional journey of the Black railroad experience from slavery to America.

J. Robert Oppenheimer and the American Century

David A. Cassidy

A superbly researched biography. There is no doubt that Cassidy gives us a valuable perspective on Oppenheimer's life.

James H. Jones, Editor

Einstein & Biography

David A. Cassidy

Foreword by Stephen Hawking

What is the relationship between a man's life and his work? This book explores the life of Albert Einstein, a man whose life and work are inseparable.

Unspeakable

Father-Daughter incest in American History

Linda Dowling

From the 19th century to the present, incest and incestuous relationships have been a part of American history and culture. This book explores the history of incest in America.

King of the Lobby

The Life and Times of Sam Ward

Man About Washington in the 1930s

Samuel Ward, Jr.

A wonderful book that gives us a glimpse into the life of a man who was a key figure in the history of the American Century.

1-800-537-5487
www.press.jhu.edu

THE JOHNS HOPKINS
UNIVERSITY PRESS **jh**

being dragged behind blogs large and small all across our fair nation! Oh, the plasterings with a scarlet A, the media stonings. I fielded so many horrified condolence calls after one particularly savage *L.A. Times* profile of me that I found myself plaintively asking a friend, "Don't you think the word *crucifixion* is overused nowadays? Do we have to keep using the word *crucifixion*?" But what particularly surprised me was the ire of some of my own sisters in the chattering class—college-educated, affluent NPR listeners/*New York Times* readers. In the old days, for better or worse, members of this privileged demographic would have been on female liberation's front lines. Now they were among the most censorious. "YOU MUST GO BACK HOME!" one girlfriend

of mine (56, married, Boomer professional, no kids) typed in block letters. "THINK OF THE CHILDREN!"

"It feels like we're living in the '50s," said Janet. At which point she downed her prosecco and exclaimed: "For God's sake! When did people get so timid? In the '70s people wouldn't give a damn! Doesn't anyone read Germaine Greer any more?"

I HAD NOT—but clearly now was the time. Few books today are truly helpful regarding the dilemma of modern women. On the one hand, there are the "anxious mother" books, for the inadequacy of which, see above, while on the other hand, there is *Eat, Pray, Love*, which will get you only so far if you're not a footloose world traveler (and now even Elizabeth Gilbert is married—married!). Yes, surely now was the time to drag my giant, sparking scarlet A down into the crypt and blow dust off some Old Guard feminist texts. I admit that, except for that Gloria Steinem T-shirt (woman/man/fish/bicycle) (and even Gloria Steinem got married—married!), unlike Janet, I was unfamiliar with 1970s feminist arguments. Born in 1962, I'm of the bland generation 'tween Baby Boom and Gen X whose college

required-reading lists did not include such Difficult Women's Material.

I locate Greer's *The Female Eunuch* at the public library, and discover that Jennifer Baumgardner's 2001 intro is both welcoming and forgiving. Baumgardner begins by allowing that second-wave feminist texts can literally be hard to find (she found 16 editions of *The Communist Manifesto* listed on Amazon.

com, but no editions of either Greer's *Eunuch* or Shulamith Firestone's *The Dialectic of Sex*). She allows that Greer's stances have flip-flopped over the course of her career; after proudly embracing the ways of a rock-and-roll "star-fucker" and "super-groupie" in her youth, "she later dropped her call to have a ton of sex and began chiming on about the pleasures of celibacy

and fine food." But I admit, when suburban-raised girls like me begin to review the bios of 1970s feminists, theirs are Gitane-scented footsteps in which we'd think twice about treading. (Although I probably shouldn't talk, given that at age 47, I myself am living out of my car. Then again, it is a Volvo—safety first!)

Baumgardner also allows that Greer's books may have self-contradictory elements, and I must admit that as a 21st-century reader, I've found that they can be choppy and manifesto-like, with off-putting wild generalizations and quasi-magical terminology. (Of course, this can also be said of third-wave feminists' writings, e.g., Naomi Wolf's.) Shulamith Firestone deems motherhood "a condition of terminal psychological and social decay, total self-abnegation and physical deterioration." And Greer veers off in some directions that left me nonplussed (the taste of the menstrual blood of myself or others is something I'm happy to leave to the imagination). But then I turned to her chapter called "Family," in which she argues that "stem"—or extended, multigenerational—households are inordinately stable; as opposed to today's two-parent nuclear families, stem homes can never be "broken," as their

**What my class
of mothers
consumes most
is education.
We know how
precarious our
world is, and
how easily our
children can
fall out of it.**

Discover an easy way to enjoy better wines.

And SAVE \$120 now.

(under \$6 a bottle)



With wine, a little insider advice is always very useful. The Discovery Club from WSJwine offers you precisely that.

Start with this superb case of reds – and a \$120 savings!

Look forward to sumptuous Sonoma Cabernet, chocolaty-rich Barossa Shiraz, silky Pinot Noir from a ten-time California Winery of the Year and fine Bordeaux handmade on a small estate in the heart of the region.

Taste why critics are so excited about Argentina's Malbecs with an inky-black trophy winner. Enjoy deep, dark Italian Primitivo (50 awards in 6 vintages). Then authentic vanilla-oaky Rioja and top estate Chilean Cabernet of terrific black currant purity.

Your wine, your choice. No fees, no obligation.

Every three months, we will reserve a special 12-bottle case of reds for you – priced at \$139.99, with satisfying savings. We tell you in advance about the wines. If you're happy with them, you need do nothing – they'll be delivered to you with tasting notes on each. Perhaps you'd prefer a mixed or all-whites case – just call us for the details.

If you don't need wine at that time, simply let us know. You have no obligation at all – and there are no membership fees. The Discovery Club is just a wonderfully convenient way to keep your wine rack well-stocked. Every wine guaranteed to please, or your money back.

WSJwine

from

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

12 delicious reds

ONLY \$69.99 – SAVE \$120

(\$19.99 shipping plus applicable sales tax)

Your FREE GIFT
\$49.99 value

Order now
and you'll also
receive a
FREE deluxe
lever-action
corkscrew set.



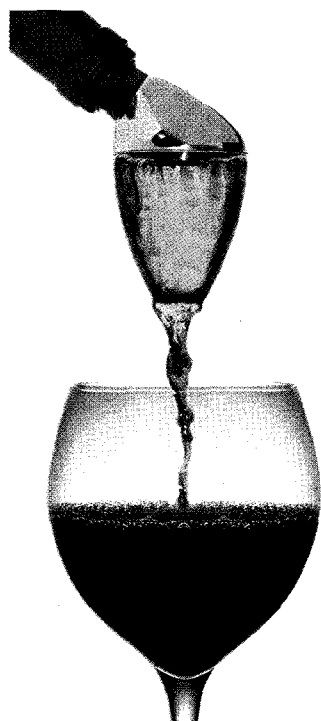
Call now 1-877-975-9463
or visit wsjwine.com/2090014

To order please quote code 2090014
Lines open Mon-Fri 8am-11pm,
Sat & Sun 8am-8pm EST

WSJwine is operated independently of The Wall Street Journal's news department. Licensed retailers only accept orders from adults at least 21 years old. Void where prohibited by law. All orders will be processed and fulfilled by licensed entities in the industry and applicable taxes are paid. Offer subject to availability. In the unlikely event of a wine becoming unavailable, a substitute of similar style and of equal or greater value will be supplied. Delivery is available to AZ, CA (offer may vary for California residents), CO, CT, FL, IA, ID, IL, IN, LA, MA, MI, MN, MO, NC, ND, NE, NH, NJ, NM, NV, NY, OH, OR (not eligible for free gift), SC, TX, VA, VT, WA, WI, WV, WY and DC. Offer available to first-time Discovery Club customers only and limited to one case per household.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Is your wine
gasping for air?**



**New Rabbit®
Aerating Pourer
comes to the rescue!**

Red wine has to "breathe" to realize its full potential in flavor and bouquet. Now you can give wine a breath of fresh aeration without a decanter – with the Rabbit Aerating Pourer.

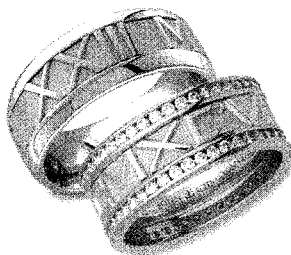
Simply insert it into a wine bottle as you would an ordinary pourer. When you pour the wine, you see and hear aeration happening. When you sip it, you recognize at once the enhanced taste and aroma of a perfectly aerated red wine.

AT:

Bed, Bath & Beyond, Bon Ton, Macy's, BevMo! Amazon.com, KitchepKapers.com, Steinmart, CentralChef.com, Total Wine & More

metrokane
metrokane.com

JOHN & CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN



NUMEROS™
YOUR ANNIVERSARY DATE
IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
December 11, 1998 is XII XI MCMXCVIII
\$650 & \$4,400



CONTINUOUS LIFE™
YOUR CHILDREN'S
NAMES & BIRTHSTONES
(UP TO 5 NAMES)
\$590 & \$225



ORDER BY
DEC. 22
FOR
HOLIDAY
DELIVERY!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE RESIZE.
VIEW OUR COLLECTION ONLINE! FREE CATALOGUE
RINGBOX.COM 1.888.646.6466

**COLLECTOR SEEKS
OLD ARTIFACTS**

MASKS • CARVINGS • SHIELDS • WEAPONS • CLOTHING

Old North American Indian, Northwest Coast, Eskimo, Plains & Woodlands Indians, South Pacific, New Guinea Polynesian, African and Indonesian, Borneo, Sumatra artifacts including South American and ancient Egyptian. Also Eskimo soapstone carvings.

**COLLECTIONS PURCHASED. PRIVACY ASSURED
OFFERING FREE IDENTIFICATION**

416.596.1396 | goldenc@inforamp.net

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

UPTON
TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing
over 350 varieties of
garden-fresh, loose tea

www.uptontea.com

34A Hayden Rowe St. * Hopkinton, MA 01748

HOLIDAY DVD SALE

KINO
INTERNATIONAL
THE BEST IN WORLD CINEMA

log on or call for free catalog!

www.kino.com • 800-562-3330

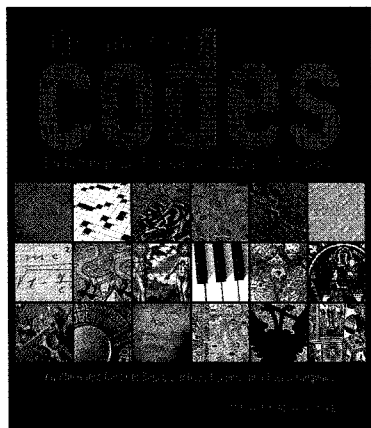
success does not "rest on the frail shoulders of two bewildered individuals trying to apply a contradictory blueprint."

Bingo. What better phrase to describe marriage among those of my own bewildered demographic slice—parents of the Creative Class? We start with the best of intentions. In her 20s, the Creative Class female carves out a cool Creative Class career, like Writer. She meets a man with an equally cool Creative Class job—say, Devoted Documentary Filmmaker of the *Obama 10-Year African Kiva Water Project*. In their 30s, the baby comes: the Creative Class mom is pitched into hormonal bliss (at least at first); the very same week—argh, the timing!—Gates Foundation money suddenly comes through for the Obama-kiva-water-project documentary. Clinking champagne glasses, both spouses agree that Dad must fly to Africa for two months to finish filming while Mom cares for the baby. (The last thing she wants is be a 1950s nag—and how rarely does Gates money come through, how important is drinking water for Africa?)

After kissing her husband goodbye, the Creative Class mother now begins to care for their baby, alone, in New York, or Los Angeles, or whatever cool city they've moved to. She's isolated from her stem family—the grandma, aunts, and in-laws (who all love children!) have long been left behind in notoriously un-Creative Lompoc, Fort Lauderdale, or Ohio. She can barely maneuver the stroller down the four flights of stairs to get to Gymboree (\$20 for 45 minutes, and you have to actually stay with your nine-month-old and drum). Result: the 21st-century Creative Class mom's life is actually far worse than that of her 1950s counterpart. Her husband works as many hours (and travels more), but life is uncomfortable on his salary alone, and the isolated mom has no bingo-playing moms' group to ease the unnatural, teeth-chattering stress of one-on-one care of her child.

Greer argues that what the shift from stem to nuclear family primarily serves is capitalism, as single-family units represent, first and foremost, a "controllable pattern of consumption." How much would industries suffer, she argues, if three families shared a washing machine? But of course, today's hip, educated middle-class mother requires

When the Thought Counts

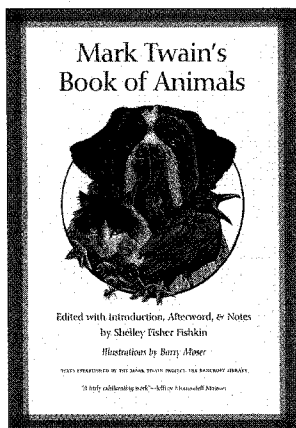


The Book of Codes

Understanding the World
of Hidden Messages

PAUL LUNDE, EDITOR

A lavishly illustrated, encyclopedic guide to
signs, symbols, ciphers, puzzles, and secret
languages.

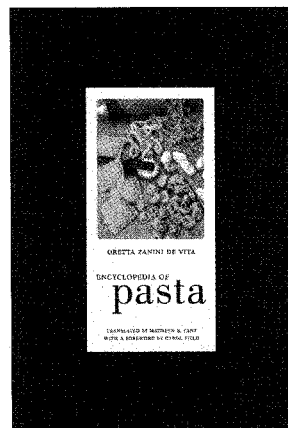


Mark Twain's Book of Animals

*Edited with Introduction, Afterword, and
Notes by Shelley Fisher Fishkin
Texts established by the Mark Twain
Project, The Bancroft Library
Illustrations by Barry Moser*

"A truly exhilarating work."

—Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson,
author of *When Elephants Weep*



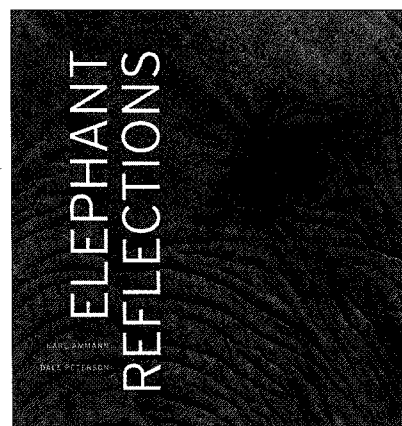
Encyclopedia of Pasta

ORETTA ZANINI DE VITA

Foreword by Carol Field

"Every ambitious cook will covet these
authentic and exciting entries."

—Paul Levy, co-author of
The Official Foodie Handbook



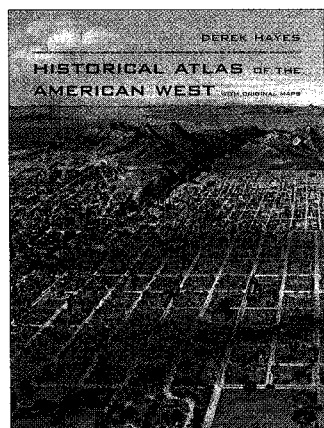
Elephant Reflections

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARL AMMANN

TEXT BY DALE PETERSON

"This gorgeous book...will convince you that
the elephant is one of nature's greatest
and most original works."

—*Scientific American*

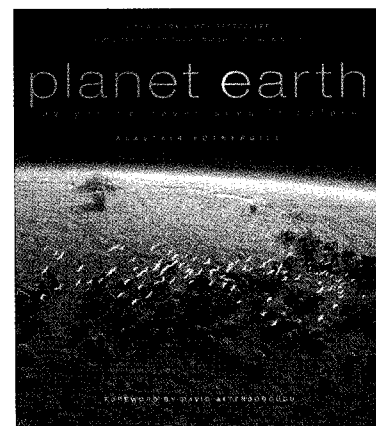


Historical Atlas of the American West

With Original Maps

DEREK HAYES

Spectacular in scope, this atlas presents
a sweeping history of the American West
through more than 600 original, full-color
maps.



Planet Earth

As You've Never Seen It Before

ALASTAIR FOTHERGILL

Foreword by David Attenborough

"I just love this, this is my favorite gift to give."

—Oprah Winfrey

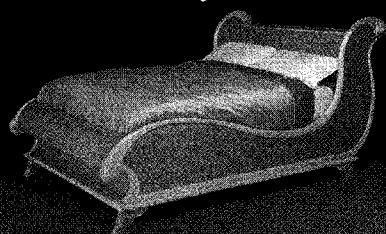
At bookstores or www.ucpress.edu



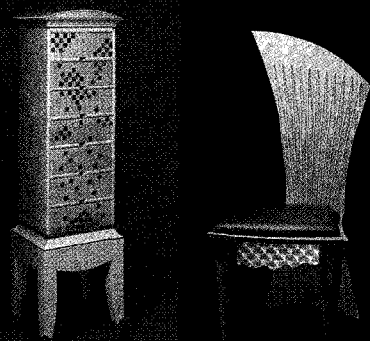
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fine furniture
made just
for you.



www.holmanstudios.com



Holman Studios, Dorset, VT. 802-867-0131

PROTECT
YOUR BACK,
PROTECT
YOUR MONEY.



Curved edge designed to fit
comfortably in your front pocket.
Many styles available.

ORDER ONLINE
roguewallet.com
800-786-1768 EXT14
A DIVISION OF TOWER PUBLISHING

much more than a washing machine. A starter list would include:

- lactation consultant, and lactation gear (in the absence of the knowledgeable grandmother);
- all-weather shock-absorbent stroller;
- stylish post-pregnancy recovery wear;
- Gymboree/toddler classes;
- \$150 therapy appointments for re-drawing work/self/family boundaries;
- \$25 hardbacks on finding a woman's work/life balance;
- Mini Dove Bars (only 60 calories apiece) to absorb the stress of being wait-listed at the expensive developmental preschool ...

Because what my class of mothers consumes most is education. We know how precarious our world is, and how easily our children can fall out of it. We see the invisible line down the middle of the street that separates the good school district from the bad. We see the line that separates our Prius, hovering silently at the crosswalk, from the corner, where 50 lower-middle-class children wait for the bus. We see, at our Creative meetings, the line that separates state-college folk from Ivy alums. Clearly, the solutions for overwhelmed working mothers include either moving in with some kid-loving older relatives (but they're Republicans! from Ohio!) or kicking it 1950s style by just letting their kids play with the other kids on the block. In my part of Los Angeles, this means going over to the Mexican-gardener neighbor's house and jumping on an illegal trampoline with 11 children, five chihuahuas, and three chickens, as we did often enough when my kids were toddlers. But the gardener's children were English learners, who would gradually (I was told) leach the vocabulary from my English-speaking children—and then my daughters would never test gifted, never have academically motivated peers, never get into the good college-prep classes ...

So, like other Creative Class mothers in big cities, we band together with our fragile tribe of geographically remote, like-minded mothers (who, while friends, are also competitors for

community resources—the last magnet application, spot No. 102 on the charter-school waiting list—resources of a dire, frightening scarcity never dreamed of in the 1950s). Weekends are a manic whirl of Kids' Science Museums, Baby Mozart concerts, and laboriously educational "craft" days when, instead of dumping kids and going off for a 1950s-style hairdressing-and-martini break, mothers are expected to sit down and glue things with their children for seven and a half hours. (I remember decorating Easter eggs with the help of art-history books depicting glamorous Fabergé eggs. The refreshments, though, were still depressingly kid-focused—Domino's pizza and juice boxes.) Today's Professional Class mothers are expected to have, above all, the personalities—and the creative aspirations—of elementary-school teachers. But if you're like me, you can't compete with those seasoned professionals for whom child education is an enthusiastic vocation. My daughter Suzy's kindergarten teacher, Lori, was the type all children fall desperately in love with. We are talking the high flutey voice, fluffy cotton-candy-like blond hair, pink glasses on a chain, hugs, rabbits, treats, prizes, songs, games, fun. (For God's sake, I want a Lori!) Suzy devotedly made Lori love cards throughout the year (even for Mother's Day), although truth be told, the next year, Suzy's new mission was winning a sleepover with (and then leaving our family and simply moving in with) her first-grade teacher, Heather. And—yikes—it makes sense that kids bond so tightly with their teachers, as these are the women they spend their quality time with. I pick them up after four, when they're collapsing into crankiness, and ferry them home—because what mothers do nowadays, most of all, is *drive their children*.

And for what? Why do we agonize? David Sedaris is one of the most successful writers of his generation, and his chain-smoking mother is known for drinking herself into a glaze and locking her five children out of the house on a snow day.

Which causes me to wonder gloomily: except as consumers and chauffeurs and anxious guardians of the middle class, *why are mothers, today, needed at all?*

Paul Fredrick 100% Silk Ties

Special Introductory Price...

\$19.95

Reg. \$49.50

Regular & Long Options

Experience the Paul Fredrick
difference with this
exclusive offer.

Buy three ties for \$49.95
or any one tie for
only \$19.95.

Specify promotion code
Y9HSAM

Order Today!
1-800-247-1417

or visit
PaulFredrick.com/ties

New customer offer. Limit six items per customer.
Shipping charges extra. Cannot be combined with other
offers. Offer limited to #TB1040 ties only.
Expires 1/31/10.

Quality since 1962
shop
davidmorgan.com



#1622



#KBN-65



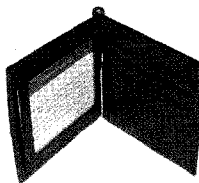
#F256



#N967



#504



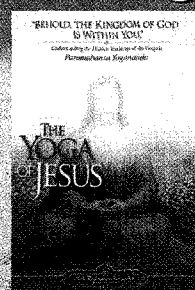
#H458

Northwest Coast and Celtic jewelry,
Akubra® pure fur felt hats, Filson®
outdoor clothing and much more.

David Morgan

800-324-4934 davidmorgan.com

The Yoga of Jesus



Understanding the
Hidden Teachings
of the Gospels

by
Paramahansa
Yogananda

author of
Autobiography
of a Yogi

Quality Paperback \$14.95

Self-Realization Fellowship
www.yogananda.srf.org



1-800-705-2828

MERCER AND SONS.COM

Truly generous cut. Distinctive 3 7/16" full roll collar.
Two-ply Pima Cotton Oxfords. Long sleeves, tail.
Guaranteed impeccable after 150+ washes.

White, Blue, Pink, Yellow, Cream. Also Blue, Red, Charcoal, Pink and White Stripes.

1st Time Buyers- Save 25%

Also: Straight Collars. Sea Islands. Sport Shirts. Custom.
CATALOG AND SWATCHES. MADE IN USA SINCE 1982.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION
1. Publication Title: The Atlantic Monthly. 2. Publication No.: ISSN 1072-7825.
3. Filing Date: 9/28/2009. 4. Issue Frequency: Monthly, except combined
issues in Jan/Feb and July/Aug. 5. No. of Issues Published Annually: 10.
6. Annual Subscription Price: \$39.95. 7. Complete Mailing Address of Known
Office of Publication: 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037.
Contact Person: David Bergeman. Telephone: 202-266-7482. 8. Complete
Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher:
The Atlantic Monthly, 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037.
9. Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and
Managing Editor: Publisher: Jay Laut, The Atlantic Monthly, 286 Madison
Ave., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10017. Editor: James Bennet, The Atlantic
Monthly, 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037. Managing
Editor: Scott Stossel, The Atlantic Monthly, 600 New Hampshire Ave.
NW, Washington, DC 20037. 10. Owner: David G. Bradley, The Atlantic
Monthly Group Inc., 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037.
11. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or
Holding 1% or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities:
None. 12. Tax Status: Has not changed during preceding 12 months.
13. Publication Title: The Atlantic Monthly. 14. Issue Date for Circulation Data
Below: October 2009.

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	No. Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
15. Extent and Nature of Circulation		
a. Total Number of Copies (Net Press Run):	583,879	584,366
b. Paid Circulation (by Mail and Outside Mail)		
1) Mailed Outside-County Paid		
Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541:	415,026	414,728
2) Mailed In-County Paid Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541:	0	0
3) Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution:	60,296	52,043
4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0		0
c. Total Paid Circulation [sum of 15b. 1), 2), 3), and 4)]:	475,322	466,771
d. Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (by Mail and Outside Mail):		
1) Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541:	6,331	6,144
2) In-County as Stated on Form 3541:	0	0
3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0		0
4) Outside the Mail:	3,618	3,163
e. Total Free or Nominal Rate Distribution [sum of 15d. 1), 2), 3), and 4)]:	9,949	9,307
f. Total Distribution (sum of 15c. and e.):	485,271	476,078
g. Copies not Distributed:	98,610	108,288
h. Total (sum of 15f. and g.):	583,881	584,366
i. Percent Paid (15c. divided by 15f. times 100):	97.9%	98.0%

17. I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete.
I understand that anyone who furnishes false or misleading information on this
form or who omits material or information requested on the form may be subject
to criminal sanctions (including fines and imprisonment) and/or civil sanctions
(including civil penalties). (signature) James Bennet, Editor 9/28/09

IT'S AN HONEST QUESTION in
light of my own tale of chthonic terror,
the very opposite of Borchard's happy-
ending-ed duck-pond jaunt:

My 38-year-old sister-in-law, Judy,
was a stay-at-home mom of a particular-
ly imaginative nature. A former teacher,
she built her three children a fantastical
wooden playhouse; she hand-painted
Beatrix Potter figures on their walls; for
her eldest's fifth birthday, she staged a
pirate-themed birthday party, complete
with a dragon that, when his mouth
opened, shot talcum powder. Then one
Saturday, around nine in the morning,
while folding laundry in the playroom
in front of her children, ages 6, 5, and 2,
Judy turned blue and fell forward into
the laundry basket. My brother sprinted
up the stairs while dialing 911. Within
minutes, the paramedics arrived, cleared
the room of the curious youngsters, and
administered shocks to their mother's
chest. But those few minutes that Judy's
brain had been without oxygen had
been too much. In barely the blink of an
eye, the perfectly healthy Judy entered
a permanent vegetative state. The per-
son my niece and nephews had known
as their mother was transformed into a
wide-eyed, slack-jawed thing that did
not recognize them.

I moved myself and my own two girls,
then 2 and 1, up north to my brother's
house (my husband was on the road)
and ensconced myself as the den mother
of five children. As horrified as you may
feel at hearing of this cataclysm, know
that those of us at ground zero felt much
worse. I could not stop crying (like Judy,
I was still nursing). What haunted me
was the idea that one moment you're
gazing at your 2-year-old in her play-
room and the next, you, the mother,
have been whisked off into the ether
forever. You will never again sit on the
bed holding the snugly weight of that
2-year-old; you will never see her turn 3,
4, 5; you will never see her blossom into
a teen; you will never have the tradition-
al stilted late-night bicoastal phone con-
versation with her about her challeng-
ing new job when she is 26, living alone
for the first time and feeling lonely in a
strange L-shaped apartment in Boston
that smells of curry from the downstairs
family. No, that narrative of possibility
has been abruptly cut short. Worse than
death, though, is living on, which, due

Then ; Now

Henry Liu left a 35-year career as an engineering professor to do what he always wanted to do: Change the world.

Henry became a full-time inventor, entrepreneur and environmentalist. He used his skills and experience to transform fly ash – a toxic byproduct of coal-burning power plants – into “green bricks.”

The new bricks put industrial waste to good use. Plus, they cost less and use less energy than traditional bricks to manufacture.

Thanks to Henry, we can all breathe a little easier.

For the contribution he is making in his encore career, Henry Liu is a 2009 winner of The Purpose Prize.

The Purpose Prize awards up to \$100,000 each to people like Henry who are finding innovative ways to meet society's biggest challenges.

Could someone you know win The Purpose Prize? To nominate, or find out more, go to Encore.org today.



The Purpose Prize is funded by The Atlantic Philanthropies and the John Templeton Foundation and run by Civic Ventures, a think tank on boomers, work and social purpose.

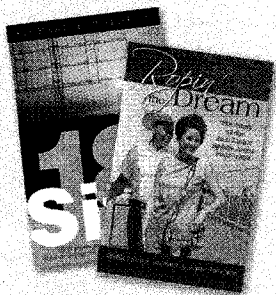
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Publish Your Book

We print all kinds of books ~ fiction, self-help, religious, non-fiction, poetry, and more. Our **FREE Publishing Guide** answers all your questions.

We offer:

- low prices and many options
- production time of 20 days
- low minimum of 100 books
- assistance from start to finish



For our **FREE Guide**, call
800-650-7888, ext. ATM12
morrispublishing.com

The "Get A's Lamp"

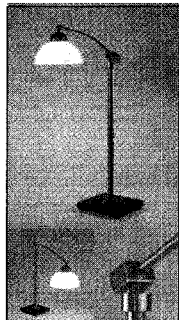
The Perfect Reading & Study Desk Lamp

New, engineered movement provides smooth, flexible vertical and horizontal positioning. Designed for long, effective periods of study, reading and computer work for pronounced increased achievement.

Bronze with SLATE base
Opal White Translucent Shade
Height (Adj): 13" to 24"
Horizontal: 360 degrees
Standard Bulb 100 Watt or
energy saving CFL
Dimmer Switch

\$129.00
shipping \$14.00 each

Mail or Phone Orders
NEW HAVEN LIGHTING 800 243 3123
www.newhavenlighting.com



FREE SPECIAL REPORT

H₂O Scams Exposed

Learn the truth about distilled, mineral, spring, well, filtered, bottled, alkalized and more...

1-800-874-9028 waterwise.com

© 2007 Waterwise Inc.



European Beret \$14

100% Wool • One Size Fits All
Black, Navy, Brown, Red, Camel, Grey
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add \$2 shipping plus \$1 each additional
www.johnhelmer.com

John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. T129 • Portland, OR 97205

to legal complications, Judy would do for many years. The last convalescent hospital she was housed in—kicking, in adult diapers—was 10 minutes away from my brother's house. If one waited until one felt the urge to go, one never would—so my brother and I essentially decided to go every day and make it part of our routines. Since I had the care of the kids, I brought them along—but to stack the deck, I filled Judy's nightstand there with an astonishing array of kiddie treats.

There were new surprises every visit—fresh 48-packs of colored markers, \$2 games from Costco (including a pen containing a tiny version of the entire game of Operation—think a very little man, with very little organs ... in a pen), and snacks. Not just snacks: here, Illegal Sugary Snack Christ-

mas came every single day. There were juice boxes in fabulously artificial flavors (with names like OrangeSplosion and FutureBerry), Kellogg's chocolate-chip cereal snack bars, elaborate Fruit Roll-Ups (the type with tie-dye tattoos that come off on the tongue). It got so the children would actually jump out of the minivan and sprint to their mother's hospital room.

Now, the interesting thing is that, as you know by now, I loathe crafting, which we'd do for hours and hours in Judy's room while playing our *Nutcracker* CD. I also hate convalescent homes, and I am not a particularly nurturing person. All that drove me was the idea that 20 years into the future, the saddest story my brother's kids could possibly hear would be that their mother had been housed 10 minutes away and *no one visited her*. What impelled me, a particularly self-involved Creative type, to care for these children the way I did was less maternal instinct (at least as conventionally understood) and more the power of narrative.

And I find as I age that my narrative-making muscle works so much overtime that I am beginning to remember things that never happened. How crystal-clearly I can recall that stilted late-night bicoastal phone conversation

with my mom about my challenging new job, when I was 26, living alone for the first time and feeling lonely in a strange L-shaped apartment in Boston that smells of curry from the downstairs family. But no, by the time I was 26, my mother had years before disappeared into early-onset Alzheimer's: we were destined to have no adult conversations. Taking the place of my mother was my older sister, a fearsomely strong

figure, who, if I were left for dead in a pile of leaves at the bottom of a 15-foot hole, would be the first to run to the edge and fashion a rope of her own hair to haul me out. (As a philosophical midlife exercise, you should make your own list of rescuers—that list may surprise or depress you. During my marriage I had come to feel,

rightly or wrongly, that if I were left for dead in that 15-foot pit, my husband, being out of town, would not be able to come himself but, very responsibly, would hire someone to rush over.)

To illustrate my sister's style of mothering, I employ my life's most recent example, my collapse over my affair. Like Ayelet Waldman, I too experienced the dizzying uplift of feeling: I loved a man more than I loved my certainly well-loved children. How could I not, if I were willing to jeopardize so much? Unfortunately, my Michael Chabon wasn't my kids' father; my Chabon and I separated, and I became incapacitated. I fell into such a deep depression that I took the wrong sleeping medication and my right side actually went dead. I couldn't move my right arm! (Oh, the metaphorical richness of not being able to sign one's own checks!) At the nadir of my incapacitation, I decided that for 72 hours I was going to turn off my cell phone (the one He would call and text to!) and wrap it with its charger in plastic and bury it at the bottom of the trunk of my Volvo. I feel compelled to mention that I had my children with me at the time, so I wouldn't need to answer phone calls were they to be in some emergency (here in SoCal, anytime you're not with your kids you fear

To be a mother is to be made exhausted and resentful by a role or set of roles that we don't recall deliberately choosing.

the Big One will strike). In fact, my children were very sweet. I didn't relay any messy *Anna Karenina* details; I just said, after turning off my phone: "Your mother has kind of a headache this morning, so she is going to lie down for a bit. You are welcome to lie down with me if you want, but *quietly*." And my girls dutifully did this for a while, then got bored and went off to snuggle with something more amusing, like the cats. I feel this is an improvement over 1960s depressed mothers like my mom, who, when experiencing fits of gloom, would lock themselves into their bedrooms, curtains drawn, for hours (even days!). By contrast, look at what we have today: Depressed Mother Lite! (I drive a Volvo—safety first!)

Before I turned off my cell phone, though, I left this message on my sister's machine: "You keep asking me if I'm okay. Well, instead of saying 'Fine' as I always do, I'm going to have to be honest and say I am totally *not* fine. But rest assured I am *not* putting my head in the oven. I simply acknowledge I'm a wreck and, for various reasons of emotional copage, will be turning my phone off for 72 hours."

When I resurfaced within the stated window, my sister was the first phone call in, of course, charging me with: "You leave a message saying you're putting your head in the oven ... and then you turn off your cell phone! What am I supposed to do with that?"

And I said, "No—I said that while I'm 'not fine,' I am *not* going to put my head in the oven—"

And she retorted, "No, you specifically said you were going to put your head in the oven—"

And then, with my right side still dead, and the phone cradled under my chin, I said, "I am sorry. Perhaps I am wrong. I don't *recall* saying I was going to put my head in the oven. I meant to say the opposite. If for some Verizon Wireless-connection reason it *sounded* like I said I was going to put my head in the oven, or even if for some reason I actually misspoke, *please forgive me!!!*"

Wailed my sister, almost vengefully: "You said you were going to put your head in the oven, you hung up, turned off your cell phone ..." (*Beat*). "I'm getting in my car right now and driving to L.A.!"

Fuck, no!, I thought.

My sister is not my mother, but more than anyone else, she fills that role for me now—like it or not. And indeed all women I know play that role for somebody—like it or not. They herd and feed and remind and buck up and do their best to stuff the nightstand with treats against life's inevitable horrors and generally expend a great deal of time and energy tending to many different people in many different contexts. The idea of Mother is like an epic, flaming Venus of Willendorf figure, an image of nurturing made up of many parts. Many women accept this role unconsciously or even unwillingly, but it seems someone's got to do it. To be a mother—even simply to be a woman—in today's world is to be made exhausted and resentful by a role or set of roles that we don't recall deliberately choosing.

Even being a temporary mother to a couple of cats (thanks to one of my many recent house-sitting arrangements) is complicated! Where is the line between allowing them a little freedom and offering them up as coyote fast food? How careful must I be with the litter box, given that I'm working for free? How irritated should I be with the hair balls, given that I'm homeless? And then there is that other mother I have, my therapist, who hectors me for not coming in, because of her deep concern and worry for me, but who will still never give me a price break. And yet I feel guilty about not calling her back—guilty!

I find that, for now, my relationship with my own girls is wonderfully simple. Recently they said: "We want you to act more like a real mom. We want you to get a real mom's job." "What's that?," I asked. "A job like working at Target, or Subway, where they have that great bakery—then you can earn enough money to buy a clean car," was their answer. In the end, we compromised by having a fab lunch at Sizzler and then afterward, with milk shakes, we read—in the car—as usual. Yes, their mother's world is mobile, but for now, anyway, my girls are content. If in the 21st century, "a good mother is she who does not put her head in the oven," then for today, this family is doing okay. **A**

Sandra Tsing Loh is the author, most recently, of *Mother on Fire*.

ADVERTISEMENT

ATLANTIC INTELLIGENCE



BlackBerry® Tour™ 9630 smartphone

Keep up with business and life on global networks with 3G reliability. Email, text, browse, listen to music, stream and capture video and pics, and even conference call as you navigate foreign territories with GPS.

For more details, visit sprint.com/holiday

Sprint

BOOKS ABOUT THE SOUTH

JOHN ABBOT'S BIRDS OF GEORGIA

Selected drawings by early artist-naturalist John Abbot, presented in full color and size.



The Houghton Library

visit our web site or call for catalogue

www.southernhistory.org

1-800-896-9772

THE BEEHIVE FOUNDATION
Savannah, Georgia

THE WALLET PEN®

Now, you always have a pen.

One of Oprah's favorite things!

Sterling Silver



www.THEwalletpen.com

COLLECTOR SEEKS OLD CHINESE & JAPANESE ANTIQUES

Porcelain, bronze, silver, jade, lacquer and cloisonné. Discretion Assured.

COMPLETE COLLECTIONS PURCHASED
416.596.1396 | goldenc@inforamp.net



WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
CONGRATULATES **BONNIE JO CAMPBELL** ON
THE RECOGNITION OF ***AMERICAN SALVAGE*** FROM
THE **NATIONAL BOOK AWARD** COMMITTEE

"Campbell sets most of her stories in a small Michigan town that's been saturated with methamphetamine, ***A PLACE SUFFERING*** from a declining Rust Belt economy and all of the usual small-town modern pains: ***LOSS*** of love, splintered families, ***DESPAIR*** about the future. But in these stories about cold, lonely, meth-drenched, modern, working-class, small-town Michigan life, there's a roughness and ***EVEN BEAUTY***."

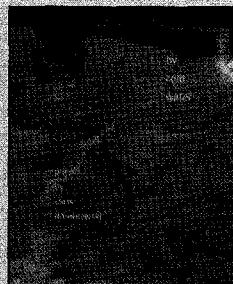
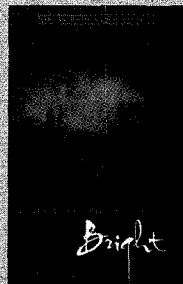
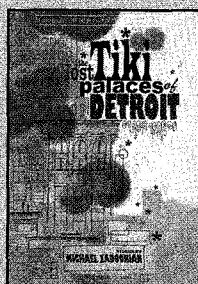
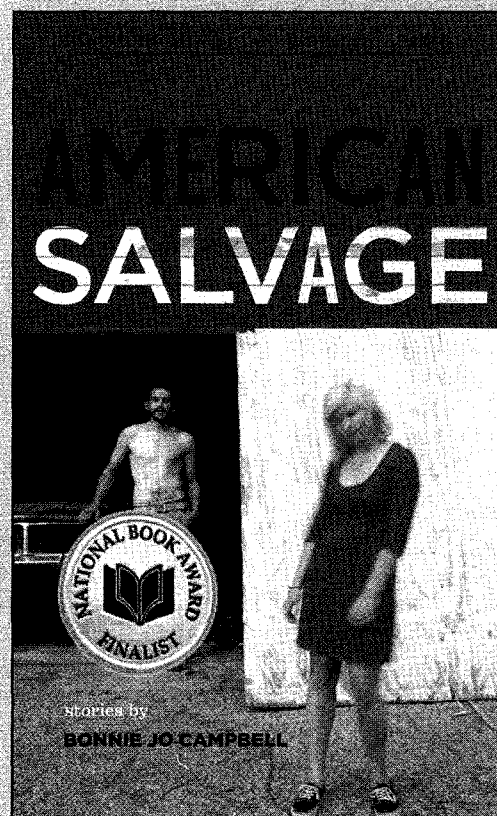
—ALAN CHEUSE, NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

"Campbell's an American voice – two parts healthy ***FEAR***, one part ***AWE***, one part ***IRONY***, one part realism."

—LOS ANGELES TIMES



Bonnie Jo Campbell is the author of a collection of stories, *Women & Other Animals*, and a novel, *Q Road*. She is the winner of a Pushcart prize, the AWP Award for Short Fiction, and *Southern Review's* 2008 Eudora Welty Prize for "The Inventor, 1972," which is included in this collection. Her work has appeared in *Southern Review*, *Kenyon Review*, and *Ontario Review*.



AND DON'T MISS THESE OTHER
2009 BOOKS IN THE
MADE IN MICHIGAN WRITERS SERIES

AVAILABLE THROUGH WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS OR WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD
WSUPRESS.WAYNE.EDU



The Zealot

ARTHUR KOESTLER'S MANIC INTELLECTUAL CAREER
By Christopher Hitchens

ICANNOT RECALL a book title that was less well-shaped to its subject. Far from being a "skeptical," Arthur Koestler was a man not merely convinced but actively enthused by practically any intellectual or political or mental scheme that came his way. When he was in the throes of an allegiance, he positively abhorred doubt, which he sometimes called "belly-aching." If he was ever dubious about anything, one could say in his defense, it was at least about himself. He was periodically paralyzed by self-reproach and

insecurity, and once wrote a defensive third-person preface to one of his later novels (*The Age of Longing*) in which he described its style as modeled on that of a certain "A. Koestler," whose writing, "lacking in ornament and distinction, is easy to imitate." The author himself was written off as "a much afflicted scribe of his time, greedy for pleasure, haunted by guilt, who enjoyed a short vogue and was then forgotten, like the rest of them."

In fact, Koestler succeeded in achieving several things that transcended his own time and made him into what

Danilo Kiš called the prototypical Central European intellectual. He was enabled to do them because he believed that the intellectual ought also to be a man of action. He took part in the antifascist struggles of the 1930s and '40s first as a true-believing Communist and then as an ex-Communist, and out of this synthesis he generated at least

KOESTLER: THE LITERARY AND POLITICAL ODYSSEY OF A TWENTIETH-CENTURY SKEPTIC

By Michael Scammell

RANDOM HOUSE

one work of nonfiction (*Spanish Testament*) and one novel (*Darkness at Noon*), which between them helped redefine the essential struggle as the one against totalitarianism tout court. No other single individual, with the exception of George Orwell—upon whom Koestler had a marked influence—could claim as much. Second, he managed to register practically every phase, emotional and ideological, of diasporic engagement with Zionism. Third, he was able to demonstrate that an individual could make a difference in the battle of the behemoths that constituted the Cold War.

To be born Hungarian and Jewish and German-speaking is to start at a slightly odd angle to the world. For instance, Koestler was unusual in retaining what Michael Scammell calls “fond memories” of the 1919 Communist putsch in Hungary, a botched and bloody business that led many people to actually welcome the advent of the vengeful right as a deliverance. This right was organically hostile to Jewry, but not even that explains Koestler’s nostalgia for Béla Kun, which in any case makes an odd fit with his decision, as a refugee and student in Vienna, to join a nationalist dueling-and-drinking club that effectively molded young Jews into ersatz Germans. Once more his formation and evolution were against the traditional grain: most European Jews were drawn to Palestine by labor and socialist groups, but when Koestler set off for the Holy Land he did so as a consecrated follower of Vladimir Jabotinsky and the so-called Revisionists. Parlaying his fierce journalism from the Middle East into a job with a German newspaper syndicate in Berlin, Koestler was able to interview Einstein and begin a lifelong amateur engagement with science, while keeping up a keen interest in the subject of eugenics: a field that (in 1930s Germany, of all times and all places) he regarded as promising.

The word one might choose to describe this riot of enthusiasms and contradictions would be *promiscuous*. It

would certainly sit very well with Koestler’s private life, which was a hectic, alarming, and sometimes violent blend of alcoholism and satyriasis. Scammell holds retrospective psychology to a minimum but cannot escape noticing Koestler’s flight from an overprotective mother or his keen awareness of his short stature. We have Koestler’s own word for it—in *Arrow in the Blue*, which I think is the best of his volumes of memoirs—that he habitually felt awkward and uneasy and sometimes an impostor. This book provides persuasive evidence of acute manic depression, combated in one way by sex and booze and in another by devotion to a series of causes. Otto Katz once said to him, “We all have inferiority complexes

Otto Katz once said to Koestler, “We all have inferiority complexes of various sizes, but yours isn’t a complex—it’s a cathedral.”

of various sizes, but yours isn’t a complex—it’s a cathedral.” Koestler liked this remark so much that he included it in his autobiography, thus attaining the status of one who could actually brag about his inferiority complex as if size mattered.

It was often believed in those days that absorption into the historic movement of the working class was the cure for the angst of

the petit bourgeois and the deracinated intellectual. This could help explain the utterness of Koestler’s surrender to Communism. Not even a visit to the famine-racked U.S.S.R.—where he traveled around with a completely credulous Langston Hughes—was enough to unpersuade him. He set off for Spain and the civil war as a dedicated agent of the Comintern, and if the Spanish Fascists who arrested him had guessed his true identity, they would have shot him out of hand. Had they done so, they would have unknowingly dealt anti-communism a frightful blow. Koestler’s experience of Franco’s cells in Málaga, with victims dragged to execution almost every night, helped furnish the stark raw material for *Darkness at Noon*: certainly the best jail book since Victor Serge’s *Men in Prison* and almost as influential in combating Stalinism as *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Koestler’s decision to abandon Communism almost as soon as he had been freed from Spain—because of the hysterical faking of the Moscow purge trials in 1938—was expressed in such brilliantly diagnostic and dialectical terms that it bears quoting:

It is a logical contradiction when with uncanny regularity the leadership sees itself obliged to undertake more and more bloody operations within the movement, and in the same breath insists that the movement is healthy. Such an accumulation of grave surgical interventions points with much greater likelihood to the existence of a much more serious illness.

To say that Koestler’s zeal replicated itself in the anticommunist cause would be to say the least of it. Scammell takes us once again through the story of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and the CIA, but spends time illustrating what few people understand even now: the CIA’s hold on the financing of intellectual warfare was actually used as a *brake* on volunteers like Koestler, who were regarded as too vitriolically anti-Soviet and temperamentally hostile to compromise.

Having temporarily abandoned Zionism for Communism, he resumed his engagement by covering (and participating in) the violent birth of Israel, initially taking the side of the Menachem Begin ultranationalists but eventually becoming sickened by the violence of the Zionist right and finally worrying whether there should be a Jewish state at all. Scammell is not quite in his depth here: he conflates the Stern gang and the Irgun and gives superficial treatment (as he also does, bizarrely, to Koestler’s part in producing *The God That Failed*) to a subsequent book, *The Thirteenth Tribe*. In this, his last semi-serious work, Koestler suggested that Ashkenazi Jews were actually descended from the lost people of Khazaria, who before vanishing from the northern Caucasus a thousand years ago had somehow opted to Judaize themselves. One implication of that theory was that no authentic Ashkenazi Jewish tie to Palestine could ever be established. “Arthur just rather enjoys betraying his former friends,” I remember Patricia Cockburn snorting

"The definitive history of American news coverage of the rest of the world."

—*Dallas Morning News*

"The most authoritative book ever written about the evolution of American foreign correspondence. . . . Indispensable."

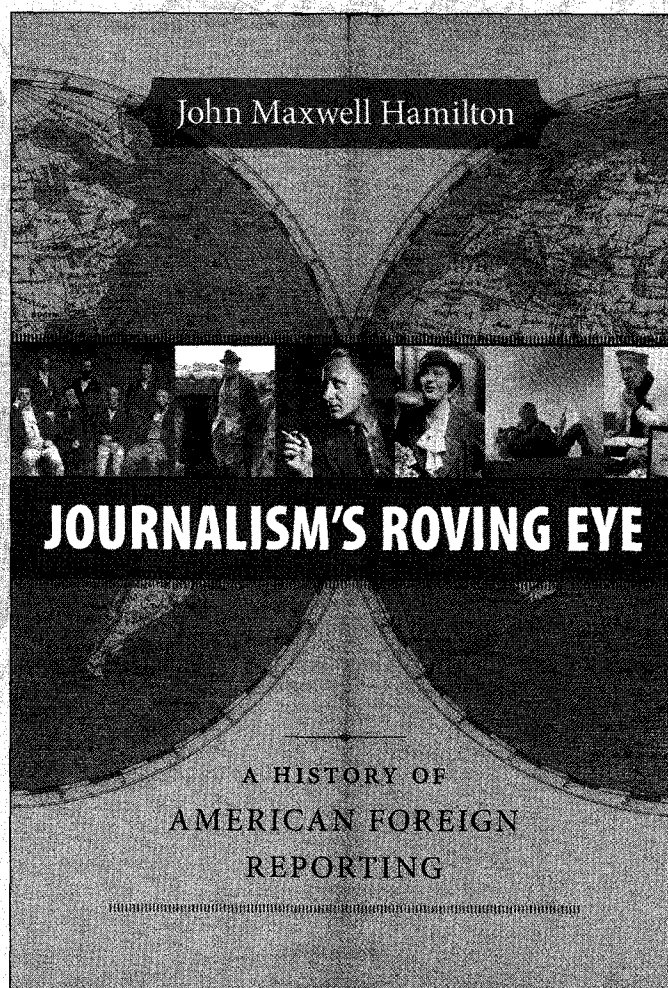
—**Andrew Alexander**, *The Washington Post*

"Remarkably extensive and penetrating. . . . Hamilton documents why skilled journalistic sentinels abroad are indispensable to the well being of the United States."

—**Seymour Topping**, former Foreign Editor and Managing Editor of *The New York Times*

"A story as compelling as the dashing figures who bring it alive. . . . This is a rich, engrossing and, in the end, heartening story. Hamilton couldn't have picked a more important time to tell it."

—**Geneva Overholser**, Director, USC Annenberg School of Journalism

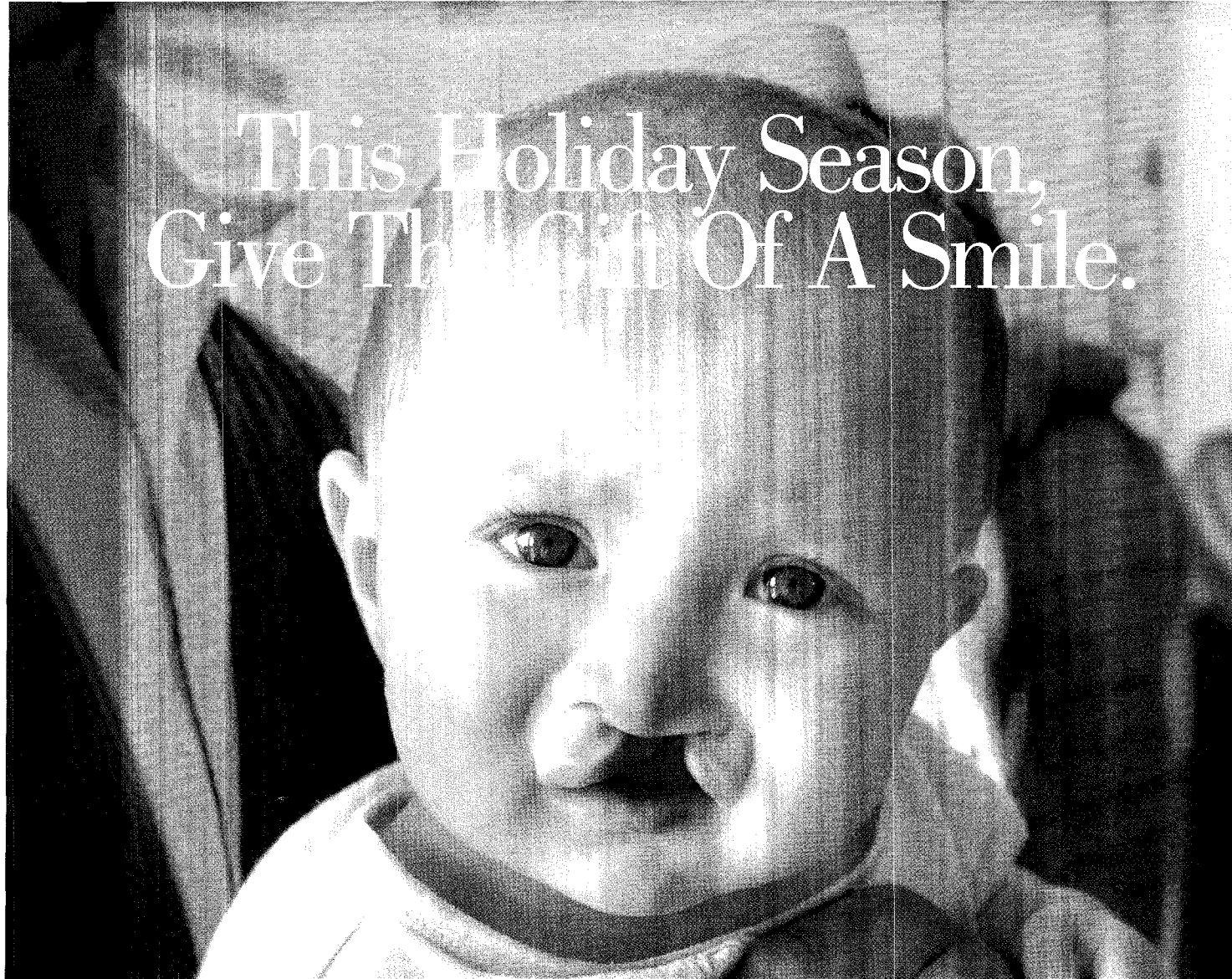


 **LSU PRESS**

Available in bookstores or online at www.lsu.edu/lsupress

672 pages, \$45.00

This Holiday Season, Give The Gift Of A Smile.



Smile Train provides free cleft surgery which takes as little as 45 minutes and costs as little as \$250.

It gives desperate children not just a new smile—but a new life.

**“...one of the most
productive charities—
dollar for deed—
in the world.”**
—*The New York Times*

Your support can provide free treatment for poor children with clefts and other problems.

☐ \$250 Surgery. ☐ \$125 Half surgery. ☐ \$50 Medications. ☐ \$ _____

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____ eMail _____

Credit Card: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

☐ My check is enclosed.

Smile Train-Dept. Mag.
P.O. Box 96211
Washington, DC 20090-6211

Z09121058ZFBY28

Donate online: www.smiletrain.org or call: 800-932-9541



SmileTrain

Changing The World One Smile At A Time.

A Healthy Diet During Pregnancy Can Help Prevent Birth Defects And Clefts. Diet is an important part of pregnancy. Eat a healthy diet that contains lots of fruits and vegetables and foods fortified with folic acid. According to the U.S. Government, women who plan to have a child should be sure to take sufficient levels of folic acid (400 micrograms per day) during pregnancy to help prevent neural tube defects and reduce the risk for cleft lip and palate. When folic acid is taken one month before conception and throughout the first trimester, it has been proven to reduce the risk for neural tube defects by 50 to 70 per cent. Be sure to receive proper prenatal care, quit smoking, and follow your health care provider's guidelines for foods to avoid during pregnancy. Foods to avoid may include raw or undercooked seafood, beef, pork or poultry; delicatessen meats; fish that contain high levels of mercury; smoked seafood; fish exposed to industrial pollutants; raw shellfish or eggs; soft cheeses; unpasteurized milk; pâté; caffeine; alcohol; and unwashed vegetables. For more information, visit www.SmileTrain.org. The Smile Train is a 501 (c)(3) nonprofit recognized by the IRS, and all donations to The Smile Train are tax-deductible in accordance with IRS regulations. © 2009 The Smile Train.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when this effort was published in the 1970s.

That might have been unfair—she remembered how her husband, Claud, had sweated to get Koestler out of jail in Spain, only to be rewarded with apostasy—but in his last two decades Koestler abandoned every kind of scruple and objectivity and became successively bewitched by “theories” of levitation, ESP, telepathy, and UFOs. He was enthralled by Timothy Leary and played for a sucker by the paranormal spoon-bender Uri Geller. The sleep of his reason did not even bring forth monsters: poor Koestler simply gave a fair wind and his once-valued imprimatur to a succession of pathetic quacks and mountebanks.

In a noble if melodramatic way, Koestler had once held a sort of dress rehearsal for suicide with Walter Benjamin, as both contemplated being taken alive by the Gestapo. (He kept the pills Benjamin gave him, while the latter swallowed his on the Spanish border a few days later.) By comparison, his own suicide in 1983 was an affair very much lacking in grandeur. His mind and his body were certainly both giving way, but he seems to have allowed or perhaps encouraged his healthy wife, Cynthia, to join him in the extinction. An earlier study by David Cesarani was lurid to the point of sensationalism about Koestler’s callousness toward his wives and other women (to say nothing of other people’s wives). It has been plausibly alleged that in his compulsive seductions—of Simone de Beauvoir, for one—he did not always stop quite short of physical coercion. Scammell does his best to plead extenuation here, but is obviously uncomfortable. Just as many of the people who believe in numinous coincidence and supernatural intervention are secretly hoping to prove that it is they themselves who are the pet of the universe, so many of those who overcompensate for inferiority are possessed of titanic egos and regard other people as necessary but incidental. At least this case is a tragic one when considered as a life story, because it shows us what a noble mind was there o’erthrown. ■

Christopher Hitchens is an Atlantic contributing editor and a Vanity Fair columnist.

The literary magazine by children

“The New Yorker of the 8-to-13 set.”

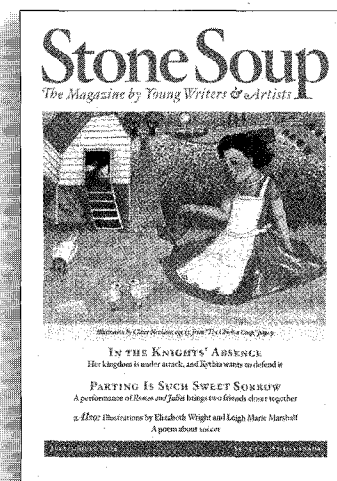
—Ms.

Inspiring stories, poems, and art by children and young teens—a great gift for budding writers and artists

6 issues per year for \$37

stonesoup.com | 800-447-4569

P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063 USA



The Boston University MFA in Creative Writing is Pleased to Announce Travel Awards in Fiction, Poetry, and Playwriting.

A generous donor has made it possible for us to send a good number of our students abroad after they complete the two semesters of our workshops. Those chosen may go to any country and do there what they wish, for a typical stay of three months. We sent off one-fifth of our students in the summer of 2009 to three different continents; in the summer of 2010 we hope to similarly support up to one-half of our graduating class.

Our creative writing program is challenging and intensive. After a year of study with our faculty—in poetry, with Robert Pinsky, Louise Glück, and Rosanna Warren; and in fiction, with Ha Jin, Leslie Epstein, and Allegra Goodman—we are pleased to offer an experience that can be no less challenging but we hope full of pleasure as well.

For information about the program, how to apply, or the Robert Pinsky Global Fellowships, please contact world@bu.edu, visit www.bu.edu/writing, or call 617-353-2510.

Application deadline is March 1, 2010.

Boston University Graduate School of Arts & Sciences

Boston University is an equal opportunity, affirmative action institution.



the Atlantic HOLIDAY EMPORIUM

LOBSTER POT PIES & DESSERT



Perfect for holiday celebrations, our Seaturm Sampler includes two of our award-winning lobster pot pies in a delicious sherry

cream sauce paired with two of our yummy wildberry crisps. Send them as a gift or serve for easy entertaining. \$62 plus shipping.

www.hancockgourmetlobster.com
800.552.0142

SLIM LINE HOODED CAPE

Classic comfort and style.

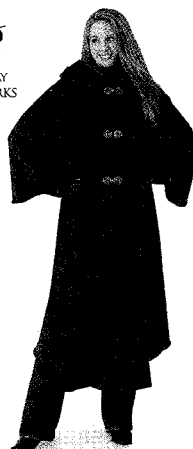
Offered in black, blue, camel, charcoal, cranberry, & purple.

100% Merino wool
(P/M/L) \$330
XLong \$360

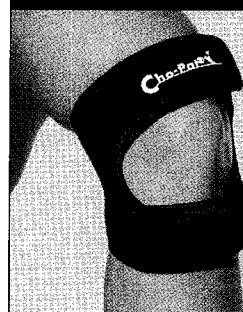
100% Cashmere
(P/M/L) \$795
XLong \$850

Made in Maine.

www.cascobaywoolworks.com
888.222.9665



DUAL ACTION KNEE STRAP



Knees take a beating! Cho-Pat's patented strap applies pressure upon the patellar tendons both below and above the knee to

reduce subluxation, improve tracking and elevation, and provide support and stability. Easy to use, comfortable, allows full mobility, and available in six sizes for more specific and effective results.

www.cho-pat.com
800.221.1601

NORTH COUNTRY WIND BELLS®



Holiday Bell™ & Cardinal Bracket rings three melodic tones echoing the sounds of bell buoys on the sea.

Family-crafted in Maine by a green company! Visit us online or call for a catalog.

Special flat rate shipping \$4.95.

www.mainebuoybells.com
877.930.5435

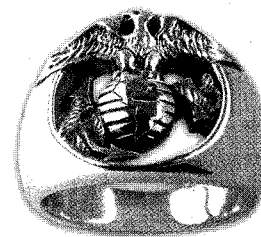
HONEY, I SHRUNK THE TIPI!



Introducing our child-size 7 ft. Montana Tipi! Constructed from heavy 12 oz. canvas, and easy to set up, indoors or out. \$249 complete with poles, door & carry bag, plus \$26 s&h. Ships the day of order, Visa & MC accepted. Look online—we have full-size tipis also!

www.alpinetipi.com
800.224.5286

EAGLE RING COLLECTION



Thirty of our nation's distinguished US eagles, masterfully handcrafted into the most striking ring collection in the world. Heavy in weight, extreme in detail; our original designs are registered in the US Library of Congress. Made in the USA. 100% guaranteed.

www.eaglerings.com
888.512.1333

ANGEL KITTY



Fun new jewelry from Dallas Pridgen. This whimsical new kitty is available as a pin, pendant or bracelet in sterling silver or 14K gold. Please visit our website or call for a free catalog.

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
800.477.1856

ATHENA PHEROMONES™



Unscented cosmetic fragrance additives for men and women ATM

Enjoy more affection with Biologist's pheromones. Developed by Dr. Winnifred Cutler, co-discoverer of human pheromones in 1986.

"I remain completely 'enamored with' this product and wouldn't still be married without it" —Lee, WA

4-6 month supply from \$98.50.
www.athenainstitute.com
610.827.2200

SIGNATURE PLUS LTD.



www.IDSafety24on7.com

Do you know that you are at risk? Your passport and credit cards carry a chip which can be read remotely by thieves without your knowledge.

Protect yourself from Identity Theft!

Our ID protection wallets and personalized luggage straps give you ultimate protection against identity theft. Visit our web sites for more details.

www.the-strap.com

the Atlantic HOLIDAY EMPORIUM

NATURAL IS BEST



Wholesale herbs, spices and teas since 1969 and Summer Field Spice – our own salt-free culinary blends prepared “in house” with no additives or MSG. Contact us for a catalog of the finest certified organic herbs.

www.herbspicetea.com
800.227.2830

PERFECT HOLIDAY GIFTS

Gift Fruit Groves LLC



Oranges are the gift that everyone likes the best. Really! Order your Holiday Gifts now!

www.GiftFruitGroves.com
800.848.7952

WINE TEASERS WINE GAME



- ✓ Amazon.com
- ✓ Select Barnes & Noble Stores

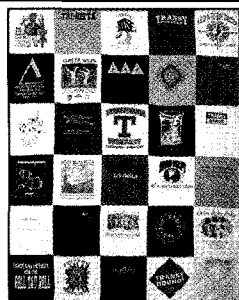
“Cunningly devised so that wine nerds and neophytes can play together.”

—Peter Hellman,
The New York Sun

This year, stuff stockings with the most fun wine game on the planet! Endorsed by *Wine Enthusiast*, *The San Francisco Chronicle*, and many more, this travel-sized game is always a hit!

www.wineteasers.com

T-SHIRT QUILTS



Campus Quilt turns your t-shirts into an awesome new quilt. We do all the work for you and return your completed t-shirt quilt in as few as two weeks. As featured on ESPN and the *Today Show*. \$129 and up.

www.campusquilt.com
502.968.2850

REFLECTIVE IMAGES



Contemporary interpretations of classic motifs, made in Santa Fe, NM with 100% recycled gold and silver. Signed by the designer, Helen Chantler. Free color catalog. 888.733.5238

www.celticjewelry.com
www.artisanweddingsrings.com

SPOIL HER THIS CHRISTMAS



Ruby Velour Lounge Set

Choose from hundreds of great PJs and lingerie. Every PajamaGram comes with lavender bath confetti, gift card, and do not disturb sign, delivered in a beautiful hatbox. ALL FREE! Send a gift you'll both love!

www.pajagram.com
800.GIVE.PJS

EARTH TONES

The Environmental Phone Company
Donating 100% Of Our Profits To
Environmental Causes Since 1993

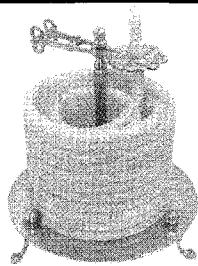
Wireless Phone Service
Long Distance Service
Internet Access

www.earthtones.com
(888) 327-8486

Contract-free cellular service.
Competitive rate plans.
Turn your phone service into Action!

www.earthtones.com
888.327.8486

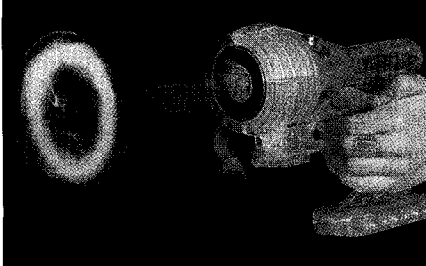
THINK GREEN, THINK BEESWAX



Our coiled beeswax candles are environmentally friendly, toxin and carcinogen free, smokeless and dripless. Self-extinguishing brass base included. Makes a wonderful gift! Made in the USA. Other sizes and colors available. Call for free catalog or visit our online store.

www.longlightcandles.com
866.583.3400

ZERO TOYS

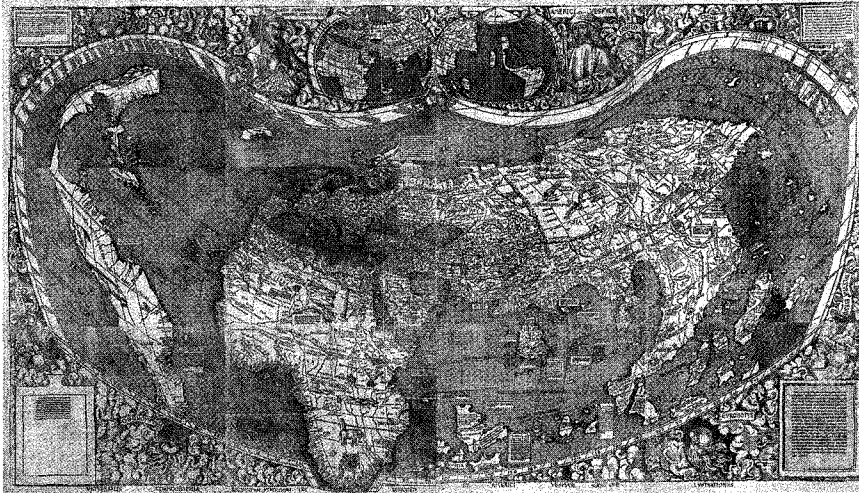


Amazing toys for Spaceship Earth. Affordable toys and gadgets for all ages. 100's of items including educational, science, construction, retro, just for fun, radio control, the very unusual and much more on our site.

www.zerotoys.com

COVER TO COVER

A Guide to Additional Releases



The Fourth Part of the World

Toby Lester

FREE PRESS

What's in a name? In the case of America and the mysterious Renaissance map that first called it such, nothing less than a global cast of century-spanning characters, epic explorations, and literally cosmic ideas. In this marvelously imaginative, exhaustively researched account, Lester—a longtime *Atlantic* writer and contributing editor—parses a 500-year-old parchment and, using its story as the basis for his own, charts a course for today's Western worldview. And what a voyage it is: tracking how two little-known German scholars, residing in rural France, made an improbable leap of cartographic faith with their Waldseemüller map; how their epoch-accelerating work delineated America from Asia; and how, after being lost and found in the churn of history, "America's birth certificate" was acquired in 2003, for \$10 million, by the Library of Congress. Guiding the reader Virgil-like through the Age of Discovery, Lester introduces a chronologically and conceptually vast array of Great Men (Columbus, Vespucci, Polo, Copernicus, et al.),

competing theories, monastic sages, forgotten poets, opportunistic merchants, unfortunate slaves, and more. That he relates it all so cleanly and cogently—via elegant prose, relaxed erudition, measured pacing, and purposeful architecture—is a feat. That he proffers plentiful visual delights, including detailed views of the legendary document, is a gift. This map, Lester writes, "draws you in, reveals itself in stages, and doesn't let go." Nor does this splendid volume.

Pops: A Life of Louis Armstrong

Terry Teachout

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT

Teachout, an estimable critic, biographer, and former jazzbo, draws on newly available recordings and writings to limn the fullest portrait to date of the most popular and beloved figure in 20th-century music. This volume candidly explores the intersection of messy life events (drug use, marital strife, embouchure woes, and a public, segregation-prompted lambasting of President Eisenhower), personal paradoxes (a moody, profane, passive disposition at odds with the signature smile and deeply charismatic persona), and

great art. It also offers shrewd analyses of many Armstrong compositions, including the chart-topping yet critically dismissed later works. Best of all, it smartly—and simply—finds unity in contradiction:

He was a man of boundless generosity who preached the stony gospel of self-help, a ferociously ambitious artist who preferred when he could to do as he was told, an introspective man who exploded with irrepressible vitality when he stepped into the spotlight, a joyous genius who confounded his critics by refusing to distinguish between making art and making fun.

The Man in the Wooden Hat

Jane Gardam

EUROPA EDITIONS

In 2005 Gardam published *Old Filth*, an atrociously titled novel widely acclaimed for both style and story, in which an irreproachable English barrister reviews his life. This companion novel presents his marriage from the point of view of his stalwart and pragmatic wife, Betty. It's a long and, from all appearances, contented union, built on a foundation of lingering sexual secrets, and for Betty (though not for her husband), shot through with disappointment. Gardam's tale shifts between Hong Kong and England over the course of the second half of the 20th century (*Filth*, the barrister's nickname, is an acronym for "Failed In London Try Hong Kong"), and she evokes both exotic and domestic scenes with a few intense, luscious, painterly details. Although a superb illustration of the simultaneity of selfishness and selflessness in marriage, the novel renders Betty a far less developed character than its predecessor did her husband. This is hardly the *Mrs. Bridge to Old Filth's Mr. Bridge*. ■

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, GEOGRAPHY AND MAP DIVISION

The Atlantic Monthly (ISSN 1072-7825) is published monthly except for combined issues in January/February and July/August by The Atlantic Monthly Group, 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037 (202-266-6000). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., Toronto, Ont., and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription queries: Atlantic Customer Care, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235 (or call 800-234-2411). Privacy: we make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive this information, please write to the Customer Care address above. Advertising (212-284-7647) and Circulation (202-266-7197): 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037. Subscriptions: one year \$39.95 in the U.S. and poss., add \$8.00 in Canada, includes GST (123209926); add \$15.00 elsewhere. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement 41385014. Canada return address: The Atlantic, P.O. Box 1051, Fort Erie, ON L2A 6C7. Back issues: send \$7.50 per copy to The Atlantic, Back Issues, 1900 Industrial Park Dr., Federalsburg, MD 21632 (or call 410-754-8219). Vol. 304, No. 5, December 2009. Copyright © 2009, by The Atlantic Monthly Group. All rights reserved. Postmaster: Send address changes to Atlantic Address Change, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

By Jeffrey Goldberg

It has been a longtime goal of mine to become an advice columnist. I live in a fairly small town, and there is a free paper that everyone reads that is distributed at grocery stores, the library, and most local businesses. I recently obtained a life-coach certificate and I am thinking of proposing to the editor that he add an advice column. I would welcome your suggestions for five or 10 things that make an advice columnist successful.

K. R., Queensbury, N.Y.

Dear K. R.,

Writing an advice column is not for everyone. Consult your doctor before deciding whether a career as an advice columnist is the right step for you. Side effects of writing an advice column include dry mouth, marked drowsiness, sleeplessness, distension of the coccyx, hatred of fondue, stigmata, premature brake wear, Munchausen Syndrome, Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy, Munchausen Syndrome by Two-Thirds Majority Vote, cataracts, thrush, cloture, and a desire to wear funny hats to funerals. Do not attempt to operate a computer while writing an advice column. Do not attempt to visit Latvia while writing an advice column. Avoid diphthongs, the Guggenheim Museum, and the words "sprocket," "croque-monsieur," and "pants" when writing an advice column. Erections lasting more than four hours, though rare, require immediate editorial attention. Erections lasting less than four minutes should not be discussed in public.

My husband and I are law partners and we travel frequently together for business. We get along well, except for one issue: he insists on cleaning up hotel rooms before the chambermaid arrives. I say the chambermaid is paid to clean up the room. He doesn't go into restaurant kitchens and cook his own food, so why should he clean up the hotel room? Who is right here?

H. W., Los Angeles, Calif.



Dear H. W.,

When the revolution comes, and the chambermaids and busboys and janitors rise up in righteous fury to judge the lawyers and the lobbyists and the CEOs, you will find yourself defenestrated, or at least disbarred, but your husband will see statues raised in his honor. Which is to say, I also clean up my hotel room before the maid arrives. No one gets through life without troubles, but I think that poorly paid hotel workers get through with more than their share. Why not pick up after yourself and make life a little easier for someone who works harder than you do?

I recently moved from the city to the suburbs with my wife. Some kind of animal is living under our lawn and it digs holes, which could cause visitors to stumble. I think this creature is a mole or a possum, but I'm not sure. I want to call an exterminator, but my wife is a vegetarian and objects. Is there a nonlethal way of getting rid of such creatures?

P. D., Westchester, N.Y.

Dear P. D.,

Did you explain to your wife that she does not have to eat the mole? Yes, I suppose you did. If you are committed to finding a nonlethal solution, I suggest buying coyote-urine granules

and spreading them across your lawn. You can find coyote-urine granules, as well as fox urine and bobcat urine (in spray or liquid form), on Amazon.com. The smell of predator urine on your property should frighten away voles, burrowing moles, and other pests. As a bonus, coyote-urine granules go great on salads.

Let's say I'm at the airport and I recognize a distinguished *Atlantic* correspondent (James Fallows, Robert Kaplan, or—oh, the goose bumps!—Jeffrey Goldberg). What is the proper etiquette in this situation? Will it be awkward if I approach to request an autograph on my copy of *The Atlantic*, and use my camera phone to snap a few pictures with him?

A. J. M., Mountain View, Calif.

Dear A. J. M.,

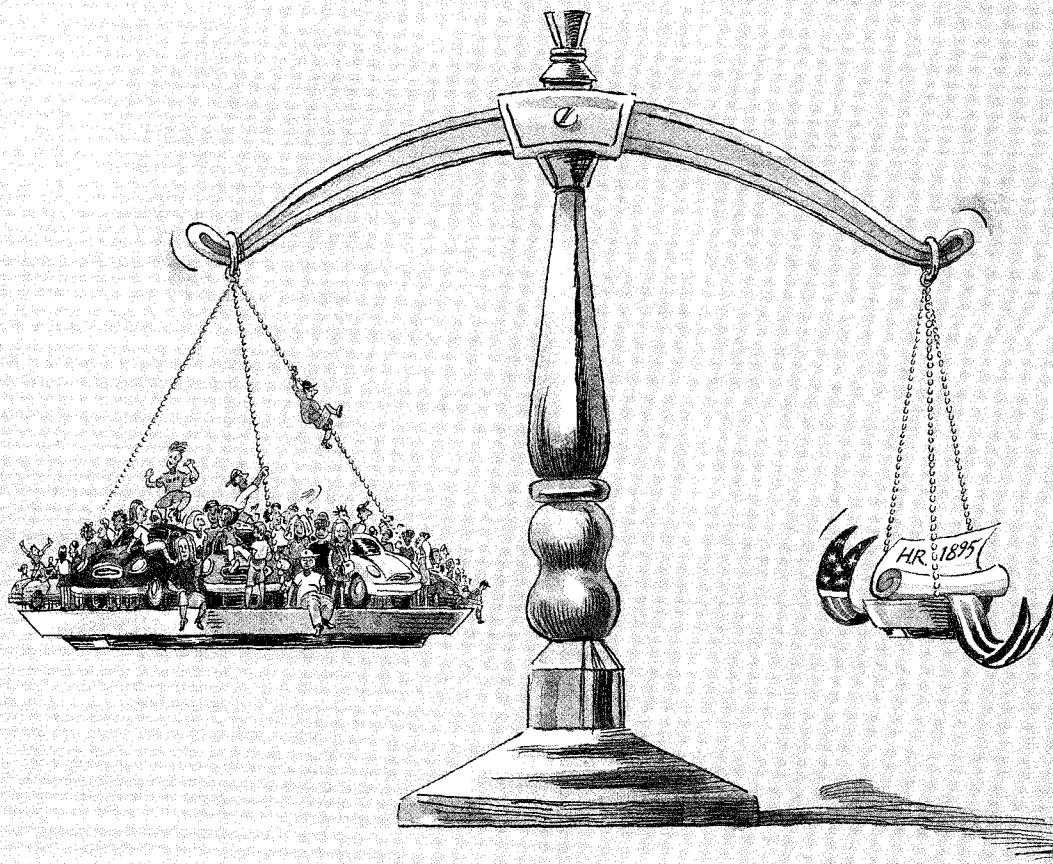
Robert Kaplan is under 24-hour guard by a detachment of Gurkhas, so I don't suggest approaching him. James Fallows travels the globe by invisible glider, so you're going to have difficulty there. Me, on the other hand: if you buy me a Pretzel Dog, I'll talk to you for five hours. **■**

To submit your question or request for advice, please e-mail advice@theatlantic.com. Include your full name and address.

A new bill could stop thousands of teens from dying in car crashes.



ONLY YOU CAN HELP IT BECOME A LAW.



On April 3, **Congressmen Tim Bishop (D-NY) and Mike Castle (R-DE)** introduced a bill to help stop the #1 killer of teenagers: car crashes. Called the STANDUP Act* (H.R. 1895), this would establish one national law designed to reduce the number of teen driving deaths.

Allstate believes this proven way of preventing thousands of teens from dying should become law.

SUPPORT THE STANDUP ACT OF 2009

The STANDUP Act creates a national Graduated Driver

Licensing (GDL) law that: limits nighttime driving, reduces in-car distractions, puts a cap on the number of friends in the car and increases the required hours of training and supervision. **When states have implemented comprehensive GDL programs, the number of fatal crashes among 16-year-old drivers has fallen by almost 40%.**

Thousands of teen lives hang in the balance. Let's help tip the scales in their favor. Support the STANDUP Act of 2009. Go to allstate.com/STANDUP.

It's time to make the world a safer place to drive. That's Allstate's Stand.



Allstate
You're in good hands.

Auto
Home
Life
Retirement

*The STANDUP Act is the Safe Teen And Novice Driver Uniform Protection Act of 2009.

Sources: Insurance Institute for Highway Safety Fatality Facts 2006; Centers for Disease Control and Prevention 2008. The Cupped Hands logo is a registered service mark and

*That's Allstate's Stand is a service mark of Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL. © 2009 Allstate Insurance Company.

